

Soulja Slim "Pray For Your Baby"

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Featuring Master P Trenitty

[Master P talking]

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When ain't nothin' else happenin'

And ain't no more money

The only nigga gon' be here for me huh

Is the nigga that made me my mama

Ya heard me?

[Soulja Slim]

I thank the Lord I got my mind right

My lifestyle was drastic

Tryin' to avoid the casket

Don't want my son to be a bastard

But y'all wouldn't know

But I seen that a couple of times

The Lord talked to me

Told me put the foolishness behind

It's not worth dying

Tryin' to represent where ya come from

Or makin' beef, because you feel like your that big G

I went the same way, but today, I'm on a higher level

I'm on a paper chase and runnin' behind it like a rebel

I want it all

So me and my mama can ball

The only one that pushed me up, in my downfall

And my pop, been in pennitentaries

10 wasted years

My mama wasted tears

But she brought me up, by herself, without no help

Used to catch whippings with a leather belt

But that ain't stop nothin'

I was a Soulja always into stuff

Elementary school I'm cuttin'

Gettin' caught wrote on the B roll

Mama, come sign me out

I don't like these phony people

Down here to come sign me out

Come bomb me out central lockup

I shoulda put the glock up

And the two quarters I rocked up

Chorus: [Master P]
Mom, I love you cause you made me
But pray for your baby cause this ghetto got me crazy

[Trenitty]
I remember Indo sticks and concrete bricks
Dope fiends fix, Deathrow cliques
That pops them shits
Takin' hits
Had to make more grits
Than a homeless man, hungry man
Had to watch my mom twerk here body, for a ceilin' fan
Pops incarcerated so I hated as a child
But as I grew, I got to know him so I dug his style
Livin' foul, the law was: get it how you live
Friend or foe, never forgive, crack that niggaz rib
By any means ness, get your cake support your fam
Don't give a damn, robbin' neighbors for some ham
Even spam was a good dish
See we was poor, when we were sick, moms made us
well with a kiss
I'm through, my most respect is due, so I spits my gat
Cracks my back
Makin' sure she gets the lack
So well deservin'
Pervin' in some shit I bought her
That's what she told us: remember that blood is thicker
than water

Chorus

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