

Trick Daddy "I Cry - (featuring Ron Isley)"

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Our father who art in Heaven
Thank you Lord
Lord, thank you Lord

No matter how hard I cry
It just don't seem loud enough
Lord I hope You're hearing me
This goes out to the lonely streets
And all my brothers sick of crying y'all

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I got a letter from my nigga in prison
He said he shooked them and it's
Too far to drive, don't even worry about a visit
All he needed was a couple pictures and a few dollars

That way he ain't have to worry about borrowing
From a nigga told me to check on his old girl
Make sure it's all good for her and the kids
But hell I already did

And then he asked me about his shorty
I hate he asked me about his shorty
'Cause it's been some years since I saw him
Him not knowing his baby's mommas horror

And ever since the days he's been gone
She's kinda trapped in a storm
But he goes on and on about when he gets home
And then he mention every nigga that did him wrong

Put him right back where he started at but he ain't
snitched
So he feels them that niggaz in his click they ought to
pay for that
He did his time day for day without turning snake
'Cause real OG's don't even take pleas

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See when I pray I pray for everybody
I pray that God bless America
That way these terrorist can't tear us up
But I'm sick and tired of a lot of other things

And the bottom line is we gotta set examples for the
kids
We first ought to teach 'em love 'cause these days us
niggaz got
Too much hatred installed in us
The radio and TV they just can't get enough

This great big old world, I guess it still just ain't big
enough
But y'all listen 'cuz I'm holding on playa
The Lord ain't brought me that far just to drop me off
here
Y'all keep arguing about religions
While y'all referring to y'all old books of the Bible

Y'all all out to miss the last bus to heaven, see
everybody gonna wait
Ain't gonna do be no fighting, no pushing, no cussing
Nope not at the gate 'cause everybody gonna meet
there
Niggaz you ain't even like in your first life
They gonna walk by you and speak, so

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No matter, no matter, no matter, no matter
How hard I cry, how hard I cry
Oh no matter how hard I cry
Ooh yeah

Even and 'Pac and Biggie become the best of buddies
Invest some money stay together in heaven
I know them niggaz gonna have so much gangsta shit
to tell me
And it's gonna feel so good seeing them together

So I'm sending my deepest condolences to those who
lost family members
To the hands of the men that befriend us
Y'all remember we all in this together but who's ever
ain't forgiving
Y'all gonna have hell getting in heaven

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