

# Trick Daddy "I Cry"

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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  
(That's right, y'all could stand up and rejoice now)  
Lord I hope You're hearing me  
(We about halfway through the road)  
This goes out to the lonely streets  
(We got about another hundred years to go)  
And all my brothers sick of crying y'all

No matter how hard I cry it just don't seem loud enough  
(And God is good that's right God is good)  
Lord I hope You're hearing me  
(In fact God is not good sometimes)  
This goes out to the lonely streets  
(He's good all the time)  
And all my brothers sick of crying y'all

I got a letter from my nigga in prison  
He said he shooked them and its  
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 its been some years since I saw him

Him not knowing his baby's momma's 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 that them niggaz in his click  
They ought to pay for that  
He did his time, day for day, without turning snake  
'Cause real O G's don't even take please

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See when I pray I pray for everybody  
I pray to 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 them 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 be no fighting  
No pushing, no cussing, nope not at the gate  
'Cause everybody gonna meet there  
And 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

Eve 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 to 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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How hard I cry, how hard I cry  
Oh no matter how hard I cry  
(Thank You Lord Lord thank You Lord)

Ooh yeah

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