

Trick Daddy "I Try Feat Ron Isley"

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[Trick Daddy]

Our father who art in heaven
Thank you Lord
Lord thank you Lord

[Trick Daddy speaking over chorus]

That's right
Y'all could stand up and rejoice now
We about halfway through the road
We got about another hundred years to go
Thats for sure
God is good thats right God is good
In fact God is not good sometimes
He's good all the time

[Chorus 2x: Ron Isley]

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 yall

[Verse 1]

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 borrying
From a nigga
Told me to check on his old girl
Make sure its 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 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

[Chorus 2x]

[Verse 2]

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 'cause 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
Aint 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

[Chorus 2x]

[Bridge - Ron Isley]

No matter no matter no matter
How hard I cry how hard I cry
Oh no matter how hard I cry
Ooh Yea

[Verse 3]

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 its 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 whoseever ain't forgiving
Y'all gonna have hell getting in heaven

[Repeat Chorus till fade]

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