

## Westlife

### "Now I Pray"

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[Noreaga - talking]

Uh, (yeah), gangsta, killa (killa)  
killa beats nigga (beats nigga) Iraqians (Iraqians)  
Do it like this (send Iraq to the heavens)

[Noreaga]

Yo, yo, yo guns, wars, banana clips holdin  
Tec nine's the wet clothin  
These niggas heard we mack moldin  
It's all gravy how I fuckin my eighties  
No women, no babies, Versace niggas get crump crazy  
You think I'm soft how I'm up in the loft  
And gettin sucked off, with some Cristal on my cock  
And plus duck sauce and two Spanish bitches lickin it  
off  
Nah, ain't shit changed I'm still pickin you off  
I stay drunk wit a lot of reefer  
These niggas gay like the guard that was in "Sleepers"  
Two ways without beepers  
These little niggas more leapers  
I got gangstas that gangbang on all creatures  
Shoot your whole face up and fucked up your features  
Iraq soldier, see the Henny made me fall over  
And still fuck 'til I'm dead sober  
I don't care about your balls, your hood, or your weed  
Fuck your whack ass thoughts I can throw some speed

[Chorus] - 2X

Now I lay me down to sleep  
I pray the lord my soul to keep  
If I should die before I wake  
I pray the lord my soul to take (uh)

[Noreaga]

I desecrate the nations, gee I'm a sick individual  
Jose Louis yo, Analog digital  
Cigliari Trarabelly, Run Isreali my niggas run deep in  
your roots  
Allah Kelly got your project shook, everytime you look  
Cause I pray fifty niggas every flight they book  
Your more story, get up outta the club, it's drunk NORE

Hands around my two Spanish bitches holdin my liquor  
Across the street these niggas scopin me, hopin I slip  
Like I ain't on point, but what point is this  
Do they know my fingers stay itchy, my whip do a buck  
sixty  
Do a 360 donut, and shoot 50 niggas in they fuckin  
faces  
I dumped their bodies by the horse races bloody  
valore, a couple Nore faces  
Yo keep hatin until you will see  
More volts in your chest plate it's hard to breathe  
It go

[Chorus]

[Break - Musaliny]

Uh, ah  
Hey yo this street life we live it  
This thug life we live it  
If you ain't frontin, we live this shit

Hey yo this street life we live it  
This thug shit we live it  
Thugged out ain't playin, we live this shit

[Muze]

Hey yo, hey yo, it's Muze vinity chin tap your chin  
Send a shot through your limb, think we ain't gonna win  
Stuff valar I know they way I'm livin ain't right  
But's that's life live and learn 'til I get my game tight  
I came up a broken home, rolled wit chrome  
Pops was never known on the block 'til my cheddar's  
blown  
Fiendin for the day I was on, fat beats since the day I  
was born  
Too know he snatched me and my other half  
Thugged out never gettin cash  
No mom would put a foot in nigga's ass, mash  
Coast to coast wit the Cali most  
Tally wit toast and party wit my cousin's ghost  
You bitch nigga, what

[Chorus]

(\*talking\*)

Uh, Now I lay me down to sleep  
I pray the lord my soul to keep  
If I should die before I wake

