

Black Child "The Prayer"

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[Black Child]

Ghetto gospel
All thugs gotta pray
Hear me Lord, yo

If killin niggaz is wrong, God forgive me for my sins
and all my evil thoughts like fuckin my girlfriends
God bless my family, and the bitch I bagged in the
Camry
and any extra guns that come in handy
Not to play but pray for things that's corrupt
But the Lord knows this world, is all fucked up (uh-huh)
In God's eyes, every nigga is created equal
To some crackers, we evil cause we livin lethal (Fuck
'em!)
And anything we gots to get, gotsta get got NIGGA
Even if somebody, gotsta get shot NIGGA
Why not? A whole lot of thugs died on my block
And I see the killer's still free, so fuck cops! (Fuck 'em)
We got no love for the Lord, that's why we pack gats
When them shots pop, bitch cops, where they at? (uh-
huh)
Probably somewhere, at Dunkin Donuts
while Black Child got niggaz on the corner with they
hands cuffed

[Chorus: Black Child]

Now let me load my heat, before I go to sleep
And pray to God I don't end up six feet deep
Cause if I die, before I wake
Let me die on some pape's and all my niggaz at my
wake
I said, if I die, before I wake
Let me die on some pape's and all my bitches at my
wake

[Black Child]

God, please forgive me for all my sins Lord, please -
Psalms 23

The Lord is my sheppard and the gun's my weapon
Reppin my upper sections (yeah) they blessed with

protection (nigga)
It's nothin on this earth, that my soul should warn
Copped a house, a big Benz, all my friends puff blunts
Nigga we lust to bust, and guns we trust
The gods copped me a path, now that's right-eous
I'm tight cause my peeps was breathin they last breath
Where we was, bubblin, in the, valley of death
I went to jail and end up bein the last nigga left
Now I, fear no evil and hear no evil
Just threw the silencer, on my Desert Eagle
Nigga to free my people, I'm prepared for the enemy
And thugs who won't pull out and put slugs up in me
Lord gave me the energy, now pass the Hennessy
Word to God, all y'all niggaz is gon' remember me
Heh, Black Child, Black Child

[Chorus]

[Black Child]

Shit, if I die
Lord, have mercy - street niggaz pray

Now let me hit the streets so my kids could eat
Compton! Oakland! Inglewood! Long Beach!
All the thugs in the street got love for me
Hollis! South Side! B.K.! Q.B.!
I don't give a fuck nigga, I die for I-N-C
And ride for, e'ybody that'll ride for me
All my bitches out there that gave me slow nizzie
when bottles of Remi, keep 'em so pissy

[Chorus]

[Black Child]

There's no lookin back
Word to God
Bless all my hood people, all my good people..
Aight c'mon nigga, let's go..

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