

A.G. f/ Party Arty

"Pray"

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[Chorus: repeat 2X]

Now lay me down, to go 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

[Party Arty]

If you ever heard me in the drama then you knew that I
was gon' win
Cause I push a nigga wig back like a strong wind
It come to the beef, it's on and I'm all in
You die in the hospital you was born in, you borin
I'm haulin, performin, tourin often
All my sons rep the same name like Foreman
I'm Foreign, like the Legion, and it's writer season
But I got more Family Ties than Michael Keaton
Homey you don't like I'm eatin when I grab the mic I'm
cheatin
You can take it like a man or you can take it like the
beatin it is
Party Arty creep in your wiz
Icey now, Mike Tyson style, eatin your kids
I got niggaz in the fight club pleadin with wigs
Pulled up like he in the 6, yeah that's me in the mix
Holla at me if you needin a fix
Your boy 80 got a ki' in the bricks, I'm seein the chips

[Chorus]

[A.G.]

Ghetto niggaz barbecue when the lights black out
Flame your grill, hit the building, come right back out
I saw the slug enter his mug, come right back out
The rich wanna know ghetto, you don't wanna know
ghetto
Nigga no one says hello when we holdin our metal
Either I go or you go and we go until it's settled
Masks and ratchets, flickin my ashes
Four in a Jeep, so after I pull it I pass it backwards
And the rest is like a Hughes Brothers movie
"I ain't know he'd come back like that," now take this

Fuck _The Matrix_, we results of slave ships
Now we deal with boats of coke
And I hope he don't get caught by the coastal guard
Meanwhile make sure my vocals hard
Local turned global star, with my social card
I pull 'em, 2 at a time, like those 2 broads, so...

[Chorus]

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