

Slaughterhouse

"Pray"

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[Intro: Joe Budden]

Lord..

Please continue to guide, direct, and protect my niggaz
From the world, and from themselves

[Chorus: Joe Budden]

Lord can you please shine that light on your sons
They sent you a million prayers, you ain't answered
near one

{"Ohh, it's a shame, baby baby"} It's a shame
I'm down on both knees, Father talk to 'em please
All you put 'em through is pain, but will it ever cease?
{"Ohh, it's a shame, baby baby"} What a shame

[Joell Ortiz]

Yowwa! What up world? I'm Joell
Sixth floor, project door, broke bell
Only child, no brother, no sis
Moms runnin out the door to go sniff
My highwater pants don't fit
Afro growin all wild, no pic man
{"Ohh, it's a shame, baby baby"}
Is what my teacher said for class pics
My pops? I don't know where he at
He left one day, he said he'd be back
The stove keep me warm in the winter
I'm tired of Beefaroni for dinner
My grandmoms got a bad liver
I'm just watchin her fade away
Man, I don't know what else to say
So at the end of every day I pray, I say

[Chorus]

[Royce Da 5'9"]

What up world? I'm the SHIT
I'm headed to Hell in a hand-basket
I pop pills, abuse liquor and kill niggaz
When I die, God ain't gon' judge, he gon' deal with us
That's why them reckless quotes come with my drama
My pops while coke-infested, cum in my momma
{"Ohh, it's a shame, baby baby"}

I know, right?
For those nights that I was havin them seizures
For those mornings that I was havin trouble breathin
C'mon listen; I was only a fo'-pound baby
So I grew up into grown and went fo'-pound crazy
Daddy was gangsta, mommy was passive
Boxin gloves for Christmas, I needed classes
My daddy beat our ass, that's probably why we
assassins
But he'll do anythang for me; Joey pray for me

[Chorus]

[Crooked I]
What up world? I'm a lost soul
Challengin the devil standin at the crossroads
I just shot a dirty snake with my .38
He shot me too, now I'm waitin at the Pearly Gates
I seen the angel Gabriel and I came real
A lame tried to kill me, so I aim steel
{ "Ohh, it's a shame, baby baby" }
Ask God is that somethin that he can't feel
I had a six-shot popper and I brought it with me
I put his thinkin cap somewhere he never thought it
would be
I didn't son him, he's a daughter to me
Instead of hangin with thugs he's slangin drugs,
shoulda got a college degree
But growin up in the hood'll leave your mind baffled
We put haters in the past like time travel
That's my murder story, I'm past purgatory
I need prayer though, Joey put a word in for me

[Chorus]

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