

Hell Razah & Blue Sky Black Death

"Pray Together"

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[Intro: Hell Razah]

I'd like to give all praises to the universal father

Know I'm sayin'?

I'd like to send a prayer for out there

For all them thug angels, you know?

I'd like to give a prayer for all those that's strugglin',
you know?

Askin' the Lord to have the holy angels watch over
them

[Hell Razah]

Grandma seventy-seven, she told me Hell we headin'

So she have conversations with Heaven

Granddaddy still love the caddies, how the young girls
keep him happy

Even though he married he nasty

But he fight to keep the family tight

Make sure there mortgage is paid, there's food,
clothes, phones and lights

Up North he got a daughter that's alone at night

She fell in love with the modern day New York City life

Forty-one, workin' two jobs for money to come

Got a daughter sixteen and a son twenty-one

Tried to school 'em how the streets love to swallow the
young

She tried to keep him out the streets but he followed
the gun

He got two felonies and a baby that's one

And ain't nobody gunshots ain't makin' him run

On the low his man hittin' his sister

Meanwhile, she got a cat back on Riker's Isle sendin'
'em pictures

Tattoos on her back and she hang with strippers

Gettin' paid, young age on the stage with liquor

Got a crush for them Escalades and laid with killas

That's why Grandma prayin' that the Lord forgive us

[Chorus x2: Hell Razah w/ samples cut and scratched,
sometimes in different order]

A family that pray together, stay together

"The family must"

"My fam, got that good stuff at home"
"Y'all amongst the original"

[Hell Razah]

This for the babies that's eight years old
And ain't been told, why people in the blindfold robbin'
their own
Mommy worked hard buyin' her clothes, she cry in her
soul
Cuz pops got a habit of that coke in his nose
And he background, James Brown, King Heroin
Forty-five record spins 'til his song settled in
Back then we was proud to be young black men
'Til the streets got us trapped in sellin' Aspirin
Helpin' out on the backrent, telephone bills
It was eatin' leftovers, ain't no microwave meals
Still pops made it possible for the Big Wheel
Picture Good Times, was filmed in the hood of the 'Ville
When the C.I.A. plan got Malcolm X killed
Was a conspiracy they could've revealed
The Farrahkhan could make a Million Man March, let the
revolution start
For the families prayin' apart with broken hearts
And the slaves that was thrown to the sharks for bein'
smart
Out the dark come The Renaissance Child with ancient
arts

Everybody hold hands and bow heads...

[Chorus x2 - samples cut several times more after hook
finishes]

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