

## Jennifer Lopez F/ Puff Daddy

### "Waiting on God"

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(\*talking\*)

K, we ain't got one reason for everything, you know I'm saying

This right here, is for all my survivors, all of em you know I'm saying

Grow to the way, you know I'm saying

All our soldiers world wide, you know I'm saying

Midwest, Northwest, East, West whatever, South

To all our thugs, you know I'm saying, all the way to United States

New York, I-I gotta get this off my chest one way or another

Go on, speak to em

[Fiend]

Hate made the child and spoke up, would evolve a ton  
And assisted the murder rate, when that revolver run  
It's hard to run, when you don't know what you running from

Yeah I own a gun, but that don't mean I can't be the one  
To catch ya names, five shot cause he or she was shameless

Leaving me and my people, arm's brainless

Painless as it seem for me, if I was to go now

Tell me who gon fiend for me, dream of me

Speak be having a team for me, survivor nigga

And tell him what it mean to me, my er'thang

I wanna end, what the devil bring

And make it to hear, the angels up in heaven sing, until then

[Hook - 2x]

I'm just sitting here, waiting on God

So I could ask him, is life suppose to be this hard

Cause the true fears, I know he care for me

Just wanna know, if there's a place up there for me

[Fiend]

At the sun let the moon take over, and every winter get colder

From a struggling tell you, soldier gon speak soldier

But I can't kill the beef, between that side and that  
coast  
And I can't say what's so white, just like black folk  
The road is thin, so is hope for black men  
Your own even Benzo, glocks I pack twelve's  
Acquainted, since I roamed the allies painted  
Looking at the hustlers, on the wall they all became  
famous  
Ghetto love, but died as a often it's been thugs  
Sold to a under cuff, saw the cuffs and bust  
I did the game off em, they brainwashed em  
Wasn't 18, now removing the red stains off em

[Hook - 2x]

[Fiend]

At 13 y'all know they right from wrong's, that's why I  
write these songs  
For em, to let the ghetto choose to know that Fiend gon  
speak for em  
I can't ignore em, if my eyes were sowed shut  
And my ears were overstuffed with words like, boy I  
don't give a..  
I'm not the recipe, just recognizing when he blessing  
me  
And know my gun won't solve, everytime he testing me  
Until the death of me, I continue on his legacy  
Got a bad temper, but won't let it get the best of me  
Stressing me, I know we wasn't put here to sell rocks  
Be caught up in the system, locked in cell blocks  
I think the world shell shocked, these streets is Vietnam  
And the dopest thing I did was, put it in this rhyme

[Hook - 4x]

I mean, they got me sitting here waiting on God..

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