

## Therion

### "Pray For Your Baby"

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[Master P talking]

Check this out

When ain't nothin' else happenin'

And ain't no more money

The only nigga gon' be here for me, huh

Is the nigga that made me, my mama

Ya heard me?

[Soulja Slim]

I thank the Lord I got my mind right

My lifestyle was drastic

Tryin' to avoid the casket

Don't want my son to be a bastard

But y'all wouldn't know

But I seen that a couple of times

The Lord talked to me

Told me put the foolishness behind

It's not worth dying

Tryin' to represent where ya come from

Or makin' beef, because you feel like your that big G

I went the same way, but today, I'm on a higher level

I'm on a paper chase and runnin' behind it like a rebel

I want it all

So me and my mama can ball

The only one that pushed me up, in my downfall

And my pop, been in pennitentaries

10 wasted years

My mama wasted tears

But she brought me up, by herself, without no help

Used to catch whippings with a leather belt

But that ain't stop nothin'

I was a Soulja always into stuff

Elementary school I'm cuttin'

Gettin' caught wrote on the B roll

Mama, come sign me out

I don't like these phony people

Down here to come sign me out

Come bomb me out central lockup

I shoulda put the glock up

And the two quarters I rocked up

Chorus: [Master P]  
Mom, I love you cause you made me  
But pray for your baby cause this ghetto got me crazy

[Trenitty]  
I remember Indo sticks and concrete bricks  
Dope fiends fix, Deathrow cliques  
That pops them shits  
Takin' hits  
Had to make more grits  
Than a homeless man, hungry man  
Had to watch my mom twerk here body, for a ceilin' fan  
Pops incarcerated so I hated as a child  
But as I grew, I got to know him so I dug his style  
Livin' foul, the law was: get it how you live  
Friend or foe, never forgive, crack that niggaz rib  
By any means nass, get your cake support your fam  
Don't give a damn, robbin' neighbors for some ham  
Even spam was a good dish  
See we was poor, when we were sick, moms made us  
well with a kiss  
I'm through, my most respect is due, so I spits my gat  
Cracks my back  
Makin' sure she gets the lack  
So well deservin'  
Pervin' in some shit I bought her  
That's what she told us: remember that blood is thicker  
than water

Chorus

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