

Lucretia Mcevil**"Pray For Me"**

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(Todd Nitty)

Here's the tale of a young black male
raised in these city streets
out here hustling to make ends meet
In a world thats so corrupt
thats ran by greed
money and the power
for me I'm a survivor
I do what I have to and only God can judge me for that
So before you cash your stones down on me
I want you to take a look at yourself in the mirror
And ask somebody to pray for you
Cause that's all I'm asking is to pray for me,
understand

I was born around gangstas, hustlers, and killers
Drug dealers with math figures making hella scrilla
In the city of Chi the home of the G's
If ya dont work ya dont eat that's been the code of the
streets
As for me I was brought up at an early age
learned how to cook cane started to gang bang
and its a damn shame I chose game
but see I'ma knuckle headed nigga with no one to
blame
and I'ma gonna keep on tipping under the street lights
and be wondering which nigga wanna take my life
until then I'm staying two feet in front of you haters

(chorus)

I'm living the street life
and I just cant get away
I dont know if I'ma gonna make it to another day
so everynight I pray
oh I pray
I'm living the street life
and I just cant get away
I dont know if I'ma gonna make it to another day
so everynight I pray

well I'm surrounded by rats, roaches, and dope fiends

my whole world is being weighed up on a triple beam
man I dont know whats in store for me god
will I reach 21
why is life so damn hard
see thats the question thats asked
and is there a heaven or hell can the young black live
or will he be chained in the cell
I don't know as for me I only trusted a few
I had to hustle to survive now what else could I do
they say theres chances for everybody thats bullshit
that little girl had no chance when that bullet hit
I mean it blew to the sky
and all you heard was a cry
oh lord don't let my baby die

(chorus)

Til the day that I die I'll stay true to my neighborhood
fuck with my neighborhood nigga I wish you would
Ain't shit changed like oh once said
And oh no fool my nigga Fred ain't dead
neither is Pook or Kansas City
true og's still here with me
my homie boo, boo what up
and you know I cant forget about my nigga nigga
Novesnake
nighttime boats and herbie
Shine and Cherelle would ya pray for me
I rock genuie death so dam senseless
big houses what the fucking radio been missing
and theres one more nigga that be true to my heart
Mr. Motion you the reason while I'm breaking em off
so our
I peed em to dead
whole reason was love
to that nigga twist for believing in me
I got a shorty to feed
my priority is to make sure this shit dont have to
struggle like me
and if I could ask for one more wish
I tell em I wanna hug ya cuz I'm missing ya since

(chorus)

so I'm asking to pray for me
mamma pray for me
daddy pray for me
baby pray for me
please pray for me
pray for me
pray for me

pray for me

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