

# Tru "Hail Mary"

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(C-Murder talking)

Check this out my nigga.

I've been a hot boy for a long motherfuckin' time, ya heard me.

It was cool for a minute, but shit I gotta jump up out this shit.

Free from murder attempts on my life, you know.

I got a family to feed, you know.

I'm trying to jump about the game.

(Chours x2)

Hail mary

Hail mary, please help me, I wanna live

And forgive me for the dirt that I did

I been a thug since I was born

And nuttin' change but I been trapped in this game too long

Verse 1 (C-Murder)

Hail Mary

Freak or murder attempts on my life

And my soul is gettin cold and I'm facin' parole

Heavy gangsters looking burry

But who can I tell from my cell to hell, don't let me die in jail

One foot up in the grave and my back against a brick wall

I'm having dreams about a image trying to kill us all

I count my blessing but I'm stressin', Smith N Wesson

Fool testing my nuts, I'm still throwing them up

And spitting blind rounds at my shadow, tweekin' for drama

I found a call from my momma, she don't want me around

And everything I touch seem to turn cold

And every nigga that I hang with don't grow too old

Hail mary

(Chours x2)

Verse 2: (C-Murder)

Two elevens got me sweatin', will I lose my rights  
Convicted felon with 187, facin' twenty five to life  
I'm just another lil' nigga ready to ride on dem bustas  
Like a jungle sometimes, it makes me wonder why I  
trust ya  
Use to hustle for fun nigga, a young nigga, dumb  
nigga  
Now they got me on the motherfuckin' run nigga  
I used to laugh at them other niggas runnin' from the  
cops  
Now these bitch niggas sweatin' my block  
My ghetto dreams got me wishing for a quarter bird or  
something  
I ask them ballers but them niggas ain't frontin  
It's rest in peace in my future, how long will I live  
Hail mary please forgive me for the dirt that I did

(Chorus x2)

Verse 3: (Magic)

I sit and wonder with all the things I hear my people say  
Like, Magic, God is coming back some day  
Am I ready, shit I don't know, I'm just trying to survive  
I'm hustlin' and strugglin', can't you see the pain in my  
eyes  
I've been doing this shit for way too long, plus I'm way  
too strong  
It's hard doing right when all I ever done was wrong  
Thug to the bone but I know I gots to move on  
The devil's itching to get me and I don't think I got long  
Thank God for TRU, and every word I say is for real  
Ya'll couldn't imagine some the dirt I did  
Shit I used to rob, steal, click click and kill for a meal  
So close to death when I had just started to live  
My lord

(Chours x2)

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