

TRU (Master P) "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 gotta 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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