

Cuban Link, Excuse Me Father

In the name of the Father, Son, Holy Spirit Amen
Please forgive me Lord I know I'm misbehaving
I'm staying up at night just blazin
Thinking about my life and this ---- -- situation
Satan's waiting patient with his temptation
Trying to make his way so he can take control
I know I God's creation I won't sell my soul I know my foundation
Show me the road where I go right or left love or hate life or death
Am I bait for the snake only fate knows the rest
I got questions - yeah... Oh Lord I got questions

Excuse me Father ... can I get a little bit of your time
I don't mean to bother but I got a lot of things on my mind
See I got these problems and I don't want to go tot my nine
And I'm trying to solve them but it feels like I'm running out of time
running out of time - so I call upon ya - so I call upon ya
I call upon ya - I call upon you

Pardon me Lord It's kinda hard for me part open these doors
It's got to be more to life than just parties and broads
My mind is so lost although my heart is guided by yours
I crossed the road and ended up where I started before
From Poor to Entrepreneur performing raw without an album in stores
doin tours from Cali down to Harlem N.Y.
Problem of all sorts can't dodge 'em keep getting caught
I thought the art of war was stronger than the arm of the law
I caught a felony and though I got locked up before
It all fell on me all without probable cause
I heard you telling me jealousy's a part of this sport
I felt your energy like Lazarus I'm guarded by dogs
Who though I'd be the one the audience applaud
Who thought I'd get to see my face in the Source
Who'd thought I'd be double crossed
I know God was the force that kept my soul strong threw it all
It's too far to walk the dog and throw it all out the door
Help me Lord!!

Excuse me Father ... can I get a little bit of your time
I don't mean to bother but I got a lot of things on my mind
See I got these problems and I don't want to go tot my nine
And I'm trying to solve them but it feels like I'm running out of time
running out of time - so I call upon you - so I call upon you
I call upon you - I call upon you

Now I lay me down to sleep I pray my lord my soul to keep
And if I die before I wake I pray my lord my soul you take
I'm just a man I make mistakes learn to separate the real from the fake
Gotta keep the faith by praying everyday
Shine you light on me Lord before it's too late

Excuse me Father ... can I get a little bit of your time
I don't mean to bother but I got a lot of things on my mind
See I got these problems and I don't want to go tot my nine
And I'm trying to solve them but it feels like I'm running out of time
running out of time

Excuse me Father (repeat)