

Jay-Z, Pray

Mind state of a gangster from the 40's
Meets the business mind of Motown's Berry Gordy
Turned crack rock into a chain of the 40/40's
Sorry my jewelry is so gaudy
Slid into the party with my new pair of Mauri's
America, meet the gangster Shawn Correy
Hey Young world, wanna hear a story
Close your eyes and you can pretend you're me
I'm cut from the cloth of the Kennedy's
Frank Sinatra havin' dinner with the Genovese'
This is the genesis of a nemesis
Mother America not witnessed since
The Harlem Renaissance birthed black business
This is the tale of lost innocence
And the incense burns and the turntables turn
And that Al Green plays
I see my mother's afro
As mama taps her toes
As she rolls her J's
And my papa just left the house
In search of a killer of my uncle Ray
And she's trying to calm her nerves
As I observe this is just one day
And what tomorrow has in store
We can never be sure
As all we can do is... pray

As I head to my homeroom
I observe the ruins
Dope needles on the ground
I hear a car go vroom
Drug dealer in the BM with the top down
As the girls start to giggle
I ask why you laugh?
They say you're too little
One day you'll understand
When you become a man
'Bout things you have to get you

Fast forward freeze frame
On my pistol fistful of dollars
Ignorance is so blissful
I ain't choose this life
This life chose me
Around here it's the sh*t
That you just do
I just left school
The same BM is pulled over
By the boys dressed blue
They had their guns drawn
Screaming "Just move"
Or is there something else you suggest we can do?
He made his way to the trunk
Opened it like "Huh"
A treasure chest was removed
Cops said he'll be back next month
What we call corrupt
He calls payin' Dues
Now when the rules is blurred
As they is and were
What am I supposed to do but... pray

Pray the Lord forgive me
Pray He guides me for what I'm 'bout to go through...

Pray

Anywhere there's oppression
The drug profession
Flourishes like beverages
Refreshing, sweet taste of sin
Everything I seen made me everything I am
Bad drug dealer of victim, I beg
What came first
Moving chickens of the egg?
This is why I be so fresh
I'm trying to beat life
'Cause I can't cheat death
Treat shame like shamelessness
Aim, stainless at anuses
You know the game this is
Move coke like Pepsi
Don't matter what the brand name is
I stand behind mine
Everything I do I'm a man behind mine
I'm not an angel, I'm sure
But every night before I lay
I drop my knees to the floor
And I pray