

# 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