

# Trick Daddy, I Cry

(feat. Ron Isley)

[Trick Daddy]

Our father who art in heaven  
Thank you Lord  
Lord thank you Lord

[Trick Daddy speaking over chorus]

That's right  
Y'all could stand up and rejoice now  
We about halfway through the road  
We got about another hundred years to go  
Thats for sure  
God is good thats right God is good  
In fact God is not good sometimes  
He's good all the time

[Chorus 2x: Ron Isley]

No matter how hard I cry  
It just don't seem loud enough  
Lord I hope you're hearing me  
This goes out to the lonely streets  
And all my brothers sick of crying yall

[Verse 1]

I got a letter from my nigga in prison  
He said he shooked them and its  
Too far to drive don't even worry about a visit  
All he needed was a couple pictures  
And a few dollars  
That way he ain't have to worry about borrying  
From a nigga  
Told me to check on his old girl  
Make sure its all good  
For her and the kids  
But hell I already did  
And then he asked me about his shorty  
I hate he asked me about his shorty  
Cause its been some years since I saw him  
Him not knowing his baby's momma's horror  
And ever since the days he's been gone  
She's kinda trapped in a storm  
But he goes on and on about when he gets home  
And then he mention every nigga that did him wrong  
Put him right back where he started at  
But he ain't snitched  
So he feels them that niggaz in his click  
They ought to pay for that  
He did his time day for day without turning snake  
Cause real OG's don't even take pleas

[Chorus 2x]

[Verse 2]

See when I pray I pray for everybody  
I pray that God bless America  
That way these terrorist can't tear us up  
But I'm sick and tired of a lot of other things  
And the bottom line is  
We gotta set examples for the kids  
We first ought to teach em love  
Cause these days us niggaz got  
Too much hatred installed in us  
The radio and TV they just can't get enough

This great big old world  
I guess it still just ain't big enough  
But y'all listen cuz I'm holding on playa  
The Lord ain't brought me that far  
Just to drop me off here  
Y'all keep arguing about religions  
While y'all referring to y'all old books of the bible  
Y'all all out to miss the last bus to heaven  
See everybody gonna wait  
Aint gonna do be no fighting, no pushing, no cussing  
Nope not at the gate  
Cause everybody gonna meet there  
Niggaz you ain't even like in your first life  
They gonna walk by you and speak  
So

[Chorus 2x]

[Bridge - Ron Isley]  
No matter no matter no matter  
How hard I cry how hard I cry  
Oh no matter how hard I cry  
Ooh Yea

[Verse 3]  
Even and 'Pac and Biggie become the best of buddies  
Invest some money stay together in heaven  
I know them niggaz gonna have so much gangsta shit to tell me  
And its gonna feel so good seeing them together  
So I'm sending my deepest condolences  
To those who lost family members  
To the hands of the men that befriend us  
Y'all remember we all in this together  
But whoseever ain't forgiving  
Y'all gonna have hell getting in heaven

[Repeat Chorus till fade]