

# Prayer Song (feat. Adam Ness)

## Noname

If you wanna help me then kiss me and fuck me later  
Gentrify all my people, there's heaviness on the table  
If you wanna help me to put me inside the cusp  
Put the cigarette inside my back  
Keep the hospitals over run-run-run  
Run chicken little  
How my city gonna run off shits and giggles?  
Politicians overzealous with the provolone  
Ischa riddles and incidentals,  
they crashed the rental with God and temple, and bible  
Don't nobody got no holy  
Everybody got an iPhone  
If wanna help me then kiss me and fuck me good-good-good tonight  
Inglewood tonight  
LA be bright but still a dark city  
So come get your happy and your new titties  
Go find your doctor, you can get Kimmy'd sorta how we used to love you  
America the great  
It's Grateful Dead and life for me  
Apple pie on Sunday morning  
Obesity and heart disease  
Can you hear the freedom bells?  
Can you see the rusty nails chipping a way out on the coffin?  
Approach with caution, hallelujah, amen, amen  
I was lost but thinking I was truly free [amen, amen]  
Darkness lingers in the wake of slavery [amen, amen]  
Hold me close, don't let me fall into the deep [amen, amen]  
The lost have risen, a new religion, hallelujah, amen, amen  
Demons behind your back will call you crack bitch  
I seen myself all on the dash, could've sworn it's a gun  
I ain't seen a toddler in the back after firing seven shots  
A demon 'bout to get me, he watching me kill his mom  
The hood is overflowed, these niggas is on the rise  
Bake a cake with flour its battered and gentrified  
Why oh why my dick getting bigger  
This violence turn me on me on  
My mama finally see my baby on Channel 2  
She love me better when I be keeping the streets clean  
Why oh why my house getting bigger,  
corruption  
Turn me on  
Ain't no police locking up these niggas better than me  
And my wife think I look like a man, I feel manly

I tell Stanley, when you grow up you gon' be like you dad  
A free man in the land of the noose  
They ain't tell me how to crouch and shoot  
I did, they only taught me how to check her pulse, she dead  
When I win it's like confessional, trying to find me a therapist  
They taught me how to say amen  
AmenAmerica the great  
It's Grateful Dead and life for me  
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Lyrics provided by <https://www.songlyrics.band/>