

Title: Pray

Subject: Prayer

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Produced by: Instrumental for Red Ice Productions

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Scripture Inspiration:

2 Chronicles 7:14; Ezra 9:5-8; Nehemiah 1:6-9; 1 Kings 18:26; Job 35:12,13; Psalm 5:3; 33:15; 37:5; 55:17, 22; 66:18,19; 88:13; 115:3; 118:28; 135:5-6; Proverbs 21:13; 28:9, 13; Isaiah 26:3; 59:1, 2; Ezekiel 11:21; 14:3; 20:16; Matthew 6:5, 6-15; 7:7,8; 9:36-38; 14:23; 17:14-21; 18:21-35; 21:18-22; 26:41; Mark 1:35; 6:13; 11:20-25; 13:33; Luke 11:9,10; 18:1, 9-14; John 9 entire chapter; 14:13,14; 15:7, 8, 11; 16:23, 24; Acts 1:12-15; 2:41, 42; 3:1; 4:31,32; 7:59,60; 12:12; 16:25; Romans 10:1; 15:30, 31; 1 Corinthians 2:6-8; Ephesians 1:15-23; 2:18; 3:14-21; 6:18-20; Philippians 1:9-11; 4: 1-7; 6:7; Colossians 1:9-17; 2:7; 4:2-4; 1 Thessalonians 3:1, 2, 12; 5:17, 18; 2 Thessalonians 3:1-3; 1 Timothy 2:1-2, 8; Hebrews 4:14-16; 10:19-22; 11:6; James 1:6-8; 2:13; 4:3,10; 5:14-20; 1 Peter 3:7, 12a; 1 John 1:4, 9; 3:22; 5:14-15;

(Verse 1)

This world wicked, packed with hypocrites(tics) that talk Christ but don't live it
Pulpit(ed) hucksters get rich with it
my spirit is vexed, see all I see is bad news on my T.V. set
Who can be trusted? No man

I search and I'm disgusted man, as I'm driving to work
I seen the Amber Alert, another kid abducted now what
they kicked God out of schools but now in schools
they got kids acting fools and packing tools

We need to pray to the Father for our sons and daughters
who are now taught by rap tunes and Harry Potter
camera flashbulbs flutter
mad tragedies, wide spread disease front page cover

High speed chases and hatred between the races
parents are catching cases yo for spanking their kids
this world done lost it's lid man I'm groaning
now you want to try human cloning good Lord man

Yo! It's like a jungle, sometimes I get to panicking
9-1-1, left me stiff as a department store manikin
it's perilous times I'm standing in, but I'm a cool out,
I've ruled out, suicide, though I've, thought of pulling my tool out

Cause I was created, not delivered, by a stork, so then
I'm a let God take my life not Dr. Kivorkian
and keep, hope alive, cause God got it locked like a deadbolt
tonight, we putting prayer, back up in the spotlight

(Hook)

Now I lay me down to sleep
I pray to the Lord my soul to keep
Our Father which art in heaven
Help us to always pray
Forgive us of our sins
And give us mercy today

(Repeat 2x's)

(Verse 2)

Yo these times are the saddest, so I pray like a mantis
but where's the church in all this madness huh!
instead of praying for direction from the great I AM
we'd rather watch Jerry Springer about the Ku Klux Klan

But, we don't understand our need to communicate
we got a lot of interruptions plus we lack faith
we don't talk to God we must come to grips
that we suffer from a whack case of bad prayer habits... (Selah)

But if you're lacking practice
then God will make your life sticky as a cactus
and it's a fact that this type of breaking method
will cause you, to hit the floor more and lean way over your mattress

His line is never busy cause He's always there for us
prayer is like a walkie-talkie weapon checking back up into headquarters
and you know like soldiers know, must obey His orders yo
let this song, remind us, to pray, when we hear the chorus yo

(Hook)

(Verse 3)

Very often I escape from the world into a quiet place
enter into intimacy
communicate to God, alone, when nobody else can see
jettison this earthly suit, slip in-to immortality

Alone with my thoughts lying motionless
my words cry out like a voice in the wilderness
I sling shot prayers to God that explode into Inglewood skies
like the 4th of July

Even if I don't get a reply
I get peace, euphoria, ecstasy
when I become a prayer warrior, standing next to me, Cokey, Rayza and Chuck
and if Slack dials the prayer, then E-Nuf will hang up

Praying gets so hard sometimes I fall asleep or get stuck
but once get going, I don't really want to get up
cause God's operating on my heart just like surgeon
prayer don't change Him it changes me that's what I'm learning

Dawg and that's the truth
His answers to my prayers, drop out of the sky just like parachutes
it's not a foreign language if you're fluent in it
let's take some time out and give the Lord God a minute...

(Hook)