

Benediction (feat. Rick Ross)

August Alsina

Started off in the streets
We would take collection from the fiends
People dyin' all around me
So I gave you my testimony
We were down from the beginnin'
When the world wasn't listenin'
Now that I got your attention
Let us end with the benediction We are gathered here today
Paying our respects to bein' broke, hope he's in a better place
Cause life out here ain't sweet, oh no
I would close my eyes to sleep but didn't dream no more
So I had to make a way for my home, you know
Now I'm in a place where I ain't gotta scheme no more
The good life, I'm done with the hood life
I did what I could didn't always do what I should and I was misunderstood
So many nights I tried
To hide how I felt, I would cry inside
And I ran through the streets till my feet got tired
Cause I ain't wanna have my shoes on them power lines
But I made it, and it made me
I know I did wrong, I pray to God he forgave me
Cause I made it, it didn't kill me
So it made me stronger, I pray to God that you feel me, that you feel me...
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Our father who art in heaven I pray you free me from my demons and keep me level
I know you kept my out of prison where I was headin' When I heard someone killed my brother,
one-eighty-seven I hope he made it to your presence, for me he was a blessin'
At least I know he's restin' and he ain't out here stressin'
Tryna get to the good life, and out of this hood life
I pray that my step-pops lay off that crack pipe
So mama could sleep at night, I know it's been hard on her
I was ripping through the streets, it was hard for her
Now I'm up in hotels on the ocean shore
When I was sleepin' on the floor at the corner store
But I made it, and it made me
I know I did wrong, I pray to God he forgave me
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So it made me stronger, I pray to God that you feel me, that you feel me...
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Bottle after bottle, snatching Belaire out the bucket
Rightin' all my wrongs for these homies out here thuggin' Pray for benediction, pretty women
on my premise
Condo out in Cabo, screaming "GABOS" to my nemesis
Gold around my neck I'm ballin' for these final minutes
Nothing lasts forever, for these sins I seek repentance
Shots fired, another gone, I feel that man's pain
Daddy sat me down and said: "that came with the game"
Shake my head, roll up the window, turnin' up the music
So much anger in these songs for these soldiers that we losin'
A mastermind is one who's feedin' others off his talent
I owe it to my city but it's time I pay my balance
I'm in Holyfield's estate, I started with a pallet
I made my first tape, I gave that shit to Khaled
Thankful for my supporters, everyone that ever bought us
Grateful for every lesson these by any streets taught us
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