

# Desperate Cry

(Hook)

I gotta get out before I go out. Lord I gotta get out before I die.  
I gotta get out and there s no doubt, Lord oh Lord hear my cry.

I'm crying out Father cuz there's something on my mind.  
It overwhelms me so that I just can't realize.  
See I'm tired of seeing friends of mine killed,  
not by will, cuz they chilled on the wrong side of the hill,  
they were raised in, schooled in, and most importantly lived in,  
their entire lives seems like they were caged in.  
It's just not the way to express our true freedom.  
It goes against the fact that we just want to build up  
the dreams that we had since we were children  
now we listen to them but does anybody hear them?  
Seems like our dreams just keep on fading  
into a realm of darkness that don't end.  
From coast to coast all across the land,  
feels like I'm trapped in the hood with my gang

(Hook)

Johnny C was with me as he fell on his knees.  
Right in front of my eyes he was killed tryin to be O.G.  
Now that he s gone, I see his life flashing before my eyes.  
I cry, why oh why was he a victim and he had to die?  
His only dream was to have a family and to go to school.  
Now his son is fatherless and I feel like such a stupid fool  
for not having stopped him before it was too late.  
I tried to hint but he just wouldn t take the bait.  
Now he's pushing up daisies 6 feet underground.  
His wife and kids have no man to be around,  
but I'll tell you now that there's a man who really does still care  
Just come to Him cuz the end is coming very near.  
You're sportin' the colors and you just wanna bang.  
Feels like you trapped in the hood with yo gang.

(Hook)

(Prayer)

Father,

This is my desperate cry out to you.

I'm scared Lord, God.

I don't want to die here.

I don't want my family and my friends to die here.

I don't know what to do.

Please Lord, hear my prayer....

and get me outa here.

Now I sit in my room and recollect about my past  
wondering why some of my Homies didn't last.  
Enough is enough I just can't stand it anymore  
when an innocent girl gives up to be a whore?  
Thinkin' about the days at school where she went,  
the classes we passed and all the times that we spent.  
How can she go on and not know what she's done?  
Contaminated with AIDS, now who'll admit that he's the one  
that did it? Now he know's that he's infected.  
A brother that's scared so now he starts injecting  
the drugs in his blood to forget about his pains.  
Forgetting that Christ died and his pain is your gain.  
Goin' around trippin' everyday be the same.  
Still you feel trapped in the hood with your gang.

(Hook)