

# Webbie ft. Birdman and Rick Ross, A Miracle

[Webbie:]

The lil soldier with nothin clear to see wasn't nobody handin him shit  
Ridin round town glamour and glisterin  
Ya don't won't my position, I'm spittin facts  
Couldn't relax, the whole time I had weight up on my back  
Be black gon back, I got pistols on deck  
They gave cause seven flat, how many niggas gon rat  
Check my tats, ya neva heard of dis ya suppose to man  
It had to fair, now I meet da family and dem, it packed at Madison Square  
I had career, I supposed to be right back there with dem  
I owed it to him, I know it I show it  
Don't wanna blow it or pour it  
For da streets, give me a beat I'm a roll it  
Show it with dem leavin magic  
But I knew I had it in savage  
It got crucial I ain't panic, when ya'll want it, I ran it  
I remember when my granny said anything was to happen  
From slangin, hustlin, to trappin  
Laughin, prayin jackin  
I'm blowin on granddaddy and all my kids happy it's a miracle

[Chorus: x2]

It seem like I'm dreamin, ah somebody pinch me  
Am I supposed be in da spot dat I'm in, is dis really real  
All dese years, am I really here  
Have I really live what they call a miracle  
Birdman: how u shoot clips, put it in the air  
Mean mug dem niggas and have no fear  
Play the game with dem stripes, put it in his life  
Ten on da mic, nigga do it da same night  
It's a miracle, da way I bend dem corners on dem  
Get up early on dem, get dis money on dem  
A miracle, a lot I bought on, crib I paid on, thangs I got on  
A miracle, fresh crush to diamond ice, place in one price, did it for one night  
A miracle, I don't lived da high life  
Shined in high lights, did it with gun fights  
A miracle, nigga it was hell we came in  
Money didn't come in, hell we went in  
A miracle, no time lyin homie  
Time for crime homie, time for dyin homie

[Chorus x2]

[Rick Ross:]

It's truly a miracle, dat boy still a live  
Cause I was sellin bo in '95  
Ridin with my boys deallin dope gettin high  
Crackers tryin to give me time, and we ain't talkin 5  
Niggaz talk fly so dat pistol by my side  
My baby mama f\*\*kin, all my homies on da sly  
I see all through da corner of nigga eyes  
So I keep my shades on, and my face up at da sky  
Pistons get da power, snitchin is for cowards  
I got plasmas in da shower, and my bitches snortin powder  
I'm a g, my life a movie, I got rubber uzzi's in my jacuzzi  
They think I'm biggie, I'm bumpin juicy with several groupies  
I got beamers and business, bitch they all on duces  
I got da prduct, and when ya drop it, it neva loses  
Da prey get prayed on, killers get prayed for  
It dis a dream, I pray I neva wake up

[Chorus x2]