

I'm bout to get up in my zone
It's time to get my Gameface on
It's time to get my Gameface on

Gameface, all day
Ey day, all time
I drop these gems up on your head
Like an avalanche in a diamond mine
You chasing at your 'dollah' signs
I'm chasing at my God and I'm placing my faith up in His grace
I'll run this race
Bottom line
And I came down to try to find who's down to ride & roll with me
I'm Gameface up here tonight cause how You died and who You be
And I'm goin' in
I'm showin' them
Just what You give and done for me
And I know I live
I know my sin is gone and I been redeemed and

I'm feeling like a beast
Someone let me out
I'm feeling like I'm free
Someone let me out
If you're feeling just like me and
Someone let you out
Then get up on your feet
It's gametime, let me hear you shout!

Go-goin' in for the win (Gameface)
Body full of adrenaline (in my Gameface)
Turnt in my zone, goin' hard like I'm LeBron
Wa-wa-watch me take it home (in my Gameface)

I'm running hard and I run for God and I live it...

Wa-wa-watch me take it home (in my Gameface)

Turn it up, let it bump in the trunk
When I'm packing 'em up and I'm blasting the vocal
Heard enough from the rap and the junk from the cats that are up
Put the rap in a choke hold
I'm back and I laugh at the fact that you packing a Mack and I'm packing a n
o doze
Imma break it down, shake it down, take it down, make a sound
Kinda, kinda fast or in slo-mo

Oh-oh-oh-oh-ok G we're the A-Team
That hard work, we see action
They, they trying to skip the labour
Sit them boys in the C-Section
We live this, no Theoretics
And we got class, don't need credit
Train ourselves in godliness and it's obvious
You know the problem is?
That my clique strong, and our wins long
Beastmode, don't switch off

And our day starts before it hits dawn
And we finishing while ya'll getting up
I hate the pain when I wait to train
5AM I don't like
But Imma buckle down, suffer down
Cause Imma be the champ for my whole life
Ok G, against my team
Ya'll boys won't float like Macy's Day Parade on the money they making or
But they money won't save 'em see
They think that my guys won't break 'em (take 'em down)
They don't really wanna wake us (haters clown)
They don't really wanna play us
You boys better step Channing Tatum
They know

Hey, KJ, thought you'd never see the day
When I'm on this remix
Show me, homie, what they play
He says own that
He says all that
He says all that
That's exactly what I did
Grace grace grace grace grace...
So I take the ball, and I'm running hard
And I run for God and I never stop You get all of me
You get all of me

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Someone let me out
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Someone let you out
Then get up on your feet
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I'm running hard and I run for God and I live it...

(In my Gameface)...