

Aw man y'all done messed up and let us in ya hood
To preach the way the truth the life in ya hood
Forget the 'lac with the steering wheel made of wood
It's time we see the truth of Christ in ya hood

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I'll never stop what I'm doing, grooving moving for Jesus
Steady grindin' in the streets just to reach all of my peoples
Momma, daddy, sister, brother, uncle, cousin and them
It's time we get it in for Jesus, start a buzz up for him
Man, but something's always stopping ya, maybe your love for sin
Or the lack of love you showing when you cursin' at men
Man how holy is he to you, how impressed by him are you?
Is your life a story all about him or dawg does it star you?
The answer's your actions, the fruit of your passions
Plus the proof of the facts and who it is that you casting
Make a switch, change your rolel, 116 became the mold
The word to the Colossians to know God is in control

Hey dawg its T-dot, coming from the street block
Just to rep the chief rock, cause I think that he's not
In the place where he's got the chief spot in ya life like the top
'Cause life is all headed for the end like the sign that reads stop
It's ashes to ashes and dust to dust
You breathe in breathe out, then its back to the dirt
The fact of the earth is life is nothing more than vain glory
You're born, you suffer, you die, it's the same story
So come on dawg get closer to the life of this Teacher
The preacher, Savior, Creator, our Lord, King, and our leader
Of this holy culture movement, man we might insult your crew
When you hear that to make it in, you gotta go through him
You're a sinner, he's the Savior, you're created, he's Creator
But no matter how you spin it, you gone have to meet the Maker
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It goes love, joy, hope and peace
My motivation for the ministry while hittin' the streets
Man we aliens, souled out on a mission fishing for heathens
Representin' the kingdom, I'm praying that this truth can reach them
Like a telegram message that was sent through the wire
Or a Pauline Epistle that's divinely inspired
'Cause all men need Jesus just like air to your lung
So in order to truly live dawg I dare you to come
Stop trying to do it yourself like McNabb on the run
'Cause no man is worthy enough to compare to the Son
Or foot the bill for our sin that no money can pay
So all your good works now are worthless without faith
And, only Jesus Christ can truly free Pimp C
Even if he get up out of prison dawg he still ain't free
So remember without him we're a heartbeat from hell
Confess the name and rep him well before your heartbeat fails