

Amazin

Bizzle

(Runnin')

Lord, You're amazing, look what You made me
Eyes so low in the hood I was raised in
That I would ever blow, but You seen that I made it
So it's only right that I worship and praise Him
'Cause Lord, You're amazing, look what You made me
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That I would ever blow, but You seen that I made it
So it's only right that I worship and praise Him
'Cause Lord, You're amazing

Yeah, they I would never blow
Mans eyes lie, God gave me the telescope (Ayy)
Said "In twenty years, this is where you gon' be
Just be sure when you get there, you tell 'em 'bout Me
Don't forget about Me", I said I never will (Nah)
But I'm going undercover just to get a record deal (Get a record deal)
Though I still rap about the world (Still)
'Cause I gotta live here and life here's real (So real, runnin')
But I promised that I'ma hold it down
In this, for the music, Lord, I'ma try to tone it down (I try)
Living life fast, ayy, gotta slow it down
'Fore you miss it 'cause you only get one go-'round (Go-'round)
I'm tryna do it right but the right path's hard (Right, hard)
But it's like that only 'cause the right path's God (Right path's God)
So when that liquor on your nightstand calls
And you fall down, you better come right back hard, ayy

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That I would ever blow, but You seen that I made it
So it's only right that I worship and praise Him
'Cause Lord, You're amazing, look what You made me (Uh)
Eyes so low in the hood I was raised in (Yeah, let's go, ayy, another global
military)
That I would ever blow, but You seen that I made it (Yup, you already know)
So it's only right that I worship and praise Him (Bizzle, uh-huh, Lavoisier)
'Cause Lord, You're amazing

I grew up in the neighborhood where they be popping pistols at (Runnin', uh)
You talking smi-dickdack, [?] get rid of that
Coney Island on the slab where I used to get it at
36 and Neptune, smoking weed and selling crack (Yup)
I buss it down with razors, bag it up in dime pieces
Go cop some fly sneakers, tried to bag some Don pieces (Yeah)
And me and my people meet me at the pizza shop
Yeah, I'm making money but I'm feeling like I need to stop (Runnin')
This gat got a body and a Rari on it
Ballistics and forensics, trace it, homie, I'm a goner (Gone)
When I scared to ride, my homie pulled the burner out
Put it to my dome and said "I'll show you what this world about" (Uh)
How is it now that I can rap about Jesus?
I put my flag down and pledge a different allegiance
Yeah, Hip-Hop America, the beautiful
God still love us, you should see what He could do for you
Amazing

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