

## Bow Down

Bizzle

Yeah, here we go  
Bizzle, Datin, Bumps  
God over money  
Err'body want to be a god  
But can't nobody do, what God do

We willing to try any way, but the way of God  
You whether play a god, 'til AK involved  
And they sprayin' off, and you lay in the arms of your baby moms  
Prayin' 'cuz it's hard to stay a god, when you facin' God  
Say bruh, you gon' wake up in three days or nah  
Any man can put on death, God can take it off (Yeah)  
And what He did for him, He can do for you  
But you gon' have to bow down, and acknowledge who is who  
He the Father, you the child, baby, coochy coo  
He's supreme, you are just dokie in a gucci suit (Whoo)  
How many times you did what you never thought you would do? (Huh?)  
Thoughts in your mind, that a ruin you, if we knew were true (Huh?)  
We are all filthy, homie, and that's the crisis  
None of us are righteous, only the Lord Christ is (Jesus)  
It is Him, who gives life to the lifeless (Yeah)  
You can't buy what's priceless, my advice is  
Bow down

Father, forgive us, for we know not what we do  
We try to reach the world, but they don't hear us  
They don't see that we renewed (Uh-oh)  
Bow Down

So, you think you're a god, huh?  
So, tell me, what did you create?  
Did you put the sun, stars, and the moon in place?  
Did you form the earth, then create the human race?  
Do they worship you, do billions turn to you in faith?  
No, yeah I kind of figured that  
'Cuz you're confined and limits that  
Are not confined in Him in fact, He's outside the time  
I don't know what goes on inside that mind of yours  
But it's safe to assume that you were just blind with pride  
Here's todays mathematics, boy, you ain't the lord  
I read Genesis one, and your name ain't involved  
How could you claim you God?  
When you can't even wipe your behind right  
You got doodoo stains, when you change your drawers  
Newsflash, you're finite being  
You grown, prolly still pullin' on you're night light string  
You're terrified of the dark, and when that fright, might scream  
Hey, He's the light you cry for, you ain't like my King  
His name's Jesus

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For those that never heard my name just once  
Let's get this part up out the way, what's up, my name is Bumps

I serve a King, and if you want His place, okay good luck  
You sleep, I'll wake you up and serve you like I made you lunch  
Yeah, rapper's today basically faked the funk  
Nothin' to say, hey, it's okay if it creates a buzz, just make it up  
Let me say this for those who play too much  
Ya'll need minute restrictions, and oh by the way, you suck (Haha)  
It's not just skill that I take issue with, there's all the lyin'  
The kids that listen in and if and when they thought to try it  
But we are trackin' all the awful things that may have happened  
A chain reaction, the result of things, you made attractive  
It's no excuse, to tell the truth, homie, you ain't a savage  
Because it sells, just be yourself, just look how great, B' rap is  
And I don't mean to sound condescendin'  
But yo, we not competin', if God's with me, the odds of beating's me low  
Not that it's even close, but doubt that each these souls  
Piranhas feeding ya, deep in your conscience, thinking you know  
I'm not the one that you're in war with and that's more important  
The one you fightin' is a titan, and His sword's enormous  
The day the Lord assured it on glory, man, you're an orbit  
'Cuz to Him is sorta like what a basketball court's to Jordan  
They go hand in hand more than Mormans, in Portland, Oregon  
It'd be your misfortune for tryin' to award abortion  
Or, you can give it to Him now, and live forever as a free man  
Like Morgan, get it, wow

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