

Call His Name

Bizzle

Yeah
It's Bizzle
Your worst enemy's enemy
Young, Fly &
Saved
Gotta smooth it out for a minute
Ayy
Now, if you ever in need, just believe, and

Don't pick up the phone
When you feel you're alone
My Lord will come down off that throne
And lift your spirits up
I know you go through it some days
We all do
But He's there whenever you need a change
Just call His name

Trust me, dog, I been at the bottom
I chose not to stay, went straight to the Father
Well, not straight, 'cause I strayed like Amala
Way I spent days tryna chase me a dollar
And I ain't finna go into details
But this came after the weed sales and selling them E-pills
The enemy turned me to what I despise most
Let's just say that it involved a female
I'm telling you, he's not to be joked with, he's on it
He studies his opponent and waits for the moment
He'll strip you down, break you down to the lowest
Throw the money in your face and we all fall for it
And when he gets you, he'll make it look so purdy
'Cause when you're in the dirt, you can't tell you're dirty
Felt like I sold my soul for fast money
But I told Christ and He went and got it back for me
True story

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I know that everything ain't always gravy
You think about the same things all day lately
Them bills sky-high but the money flow low
And, suddenly, nothing seems funny no mo'
And when you do get money to sit on
You go out, the ignition switch in your whip broke
You try to beat the light, but you seen a flash in your back window
The ticket don't come in the mail until your chips low
But that's life and that's gon' happen
But don't let that cause a bad reaction
The Lord never said it'd be easy
You just said "I'ma see it through" and "Believe Me"

The weeping'd endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning
Kinda like we know the sun coming when the storm ends
But you'll forget about them labor pains
Once you look into that baby face, that's a metaphor

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Yeah
It's all good, homie
We all fall to the enemy sometimes
But jus know what team you play for
It's a war, know what team you fighting for
'Cause the enemy'll strip you down
And he'll act like he doing you a favor when he give you
One of his outfits to wear, one of his jerseys to wear, like
Like, "C'mon, I got you"
He'll break you
And then offer you money
But it always come at a cost
And a lot of us pay that cost
A lot of cats in jail right now paying that cost
A lot of cats in the ground paying that cost
He'll leave you hanging, but God never will
I promise, He promised
I don't even know what to say
So I'm just gon' let the beat ride out
I just hope y'all listening, Bizzle