

Delivered

Bizzle

Yo

What's all the controversy about?

Bizzle

We living in a world where

Nobody likes to take accountability

We lying, but we hate to be called "liars"

We steal, but we hate to be called "thieves"

We all about ourself

But we hate to be called "selfish"

I'm saying, man up

I sit and think about the way this world is operating

It's so not the same as what the love of God created

I pray to God that I can find a way to block the hate, and

Let the love flow, but it's like their hearts are constipated

My Blood and Crip homies know I don't rock with banging

I don't knock 'em as people, but I gotta knock the hatred

Grabbing a .40 cal and mowing down a foe, who prolly

Would'a been your homie had you only had a conversation

I feel obligated to conjure a plot to change it

It's hard not to hate it when mobbing through Compton daily

I ain't get it from videos or watching cable

E-block to the Sac', homie, I can take you

But never mind that, 'cause I don't need approval

I promised I'ma change the game, and I'ma keep it to you

And it's a shame that I can say the realest things

But if I mention God's name, you gon' see it like I'm preaching to you

Well, I guess it is what it is, homie

You made your bed, this here is for your kids, homie

Tell your son don't listen to the feds

I'ma feed him inspiration 'til it's dripping from his beard, homie

And tell him all these rap stars live in big mansions

And when they say that they deal crack, they're just rapping

They made it to a place where they never hear clapping

But they're rapping it to cast us where it still happens

And tell your daughter not to let these songs mislead her

Into thinking if he buy her something, he can mistreat her

And what's sad is, I expect it from the fellas

But from what I'm hearing, tell her, don't be following these chicks neither

And she ain't gotta show her body just to get attention

If he don't like her for her mind, then he can hit the exit

Louis Vuitton, Gucci and Prada gifts are expensive

But she's worth more than anything money can get, this

Isn't just rap, more like a seed, planted

In your spirit for healing your family tree's branches

Keep standing tall amongst these cactuses

Now ask yourself just what kinda cat this is

If he was just in it for thee dough

Then why would this be the route that he go?

And I don't got no model or no blueprint to follow

'Cause ain't nobody done it like this before

Is this Christian rap? Homie, I don't know

I'm just a Christian man that got a cold flow

That came just when cats said it was no hope

Looking for the lost so I can show 'em the road home

And for the nonbelievers, I'm tryna rap to y'all

But if you hate me for it, then cool, handle y'all's

But if it's so fake, why're you worrying?
'Cause I don't see nobody hurrying to diss Santa Claus
Huh, so, obviously, it gotta be more to it
What else you gon' turn to when you go through it?
Blow kush, get to sipping on Patrón
For the pain so, for a minute, you can feel like it's gone?
Quit falling for the lies they told to you
And go to Christ, let Him fix what's broken you
As I provoke hope in you, throw in the flow
With the help of the Holy Ghost in the vocal booth
I hope "The Messenger 2" was a blessing
And, by the way, I do have a message:
Those with ears to hear, stop playing
Know that God's patient, but try not to keep Pops waiting

Message delivered