

# Payback

Bizzle

Yeah

C-Life on the beat boy

Runnin' for the squad, push the rock like I'm Rondo  
Holy spirit livin' in my body like a condo  
Covered by the blood in this mug like a poncho (Yeah)  
Up another level on the devil, this that God flow  
Christ came, tell 'em Christ reigns in the convo (Yeah)  
I met my Father, guess I got to let my mom know (Let my mom know)  
I met His daughter, threw that ring upon her pronto (Had to marry that)  
If we the body, He the head, I call Him honcho (Honcho)  
This that elevator, send the hater to the top floor

Tell the industry, that Biz and me gon' pick the lock though  
Kick it in, when they see us, I bet their hearts will drop low  
It's real hip-hop bro  
They say it's not though  
But God told us, preach His gospel  
And we will not fold (Yeah, yeah)  
This is pay back because since way back  
They played crap, injecting us with poison, like a caged rat  
In the laboratory, why you think we stay track  
But we gon' preach this freedom word  
And mental slaves at

Really, I'm just tryna' get the vibes back (Get the vibe back)  
Jesus on my mind, it be like that (It be like that)  
GOM for life, we don't hide that (We don't hide, no)  
Messenger for Christ, I'ma die that  
Whoo, you hatin' on the squad, darlin', way back, way back  
I just talk to God, we go way back (Way back)  
It's for the lost, tryna' find their way back (Way back)  
Ridin' on the devil, call it pay back

Got that living water all around me  
Get a wash though  
We gon' shine, brighter, auto-body, like a car show  
I said auto-body, hol' up, prob'ly, that's a bar bro (Skrرت)  
Ricky Bobby, hol' up, copy that's a...  
A new life better than my old one (Yeah)  
I went lookin' for the static back in '01 (Hey)  
I was livin' hella tragic havin' no Son  
True to Christ, new to life, I ain't gotta own none

Own nothin' like no debt  
But nelnet like not yet  
Bills comin' on a feel runnin'  
But still nothin', but we don't quit  
A lot of ya'll, ya'll in your bag  
Right away, give the two step  
When squad gettin' that to debt  
We got it on lock, like a vice grip  
I got a mission, I reside  
Who the truth is, I recline  
When it's finished, 'til that time  
I play my part, I go A.I  
Got no time for pretty pie

I don't eat that, give my rye  
Bread of life, my appetite  
The truth, the life, be the fuel for the payback  
I was deep in evil with my carcass  
He released the noose beneath my conscience  
He removed the tube that held me bondage  
He rebuked the foolish and the nonsense  
Praisin' that, the faith of God to shake that  
Fear we gain, the grace behind the paycheck  
Armored up, we fightin' time for combat  
Devil man (Take that, take that, take that)

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