

Letters

Chance the Rapper

Dear Emerald Avenue Church of God

I hope this message reach you well, I wrote this with a broken heart

See, recently my Aunty Carolyn passed away, and half the way to the funeral

I realized this it's some shit that niggas just gon' have to say

You think you outlasted

That wasn't just my Aunty in that casket

You just buried KOK and Sunday schooling classes

The only saint you see on every Sunday season passes

Somebody need they ass kicked

Who told you your gossip could be louder than your shout?

Who told you to walk inside this house like it's your house?

Who lied to you, told you I wouldn't have nothin' to say?

You think I won't—, man, don't even trip, I'm on the way

I'm on my way, I'm on my way, I'm on my way

I'll be there soon (I'm on the way)

I'm on my way (I'm on the way)

I'm on my way (I'm on the way)

I'm on my way (I'm on the way)

Dear mega church, I hope this letter finds you 'fore I do

Fund a new building to hide you, I'll still be behind you

Elaborate theatrics to blind you

Nickel and dime you, but I knew

I've watched you worship idols

Branded Bibles, sell it for double

Brandish rifles, curse and libel

Withhold shelter from niggas for survival

First Lady's walking around with furs and titles

Watch you spit in a man's face and call it "God"

But when it's really on your dogma, it's Silent Bob

You just take them government checks and smile and nod

I rebuke you in the name of the Child of God

I boil a pot of Living Water 'til it's scalding hot

And pour it on the altar of the false fallen gods

That means the church and the state, I'm here to separate

Y'all think I'm finna play with it, matter fact, I'm on my way

I'm on my way, I'm on my way, I'm on my way

I'll be there soon (I'm on the way)

I'm on my way (I'm on the way)

I'm on my way (I'm on the way)

I'm on my way (I'm on the way)

Dear black church, this is the real world

Don't you forget about them four little girls

Killed in the church while they played in the nursery

Four Sundays ago was their anniversary

Jesus was a teacher, King was a preacher

Malcolm was a PK and so was Aretha

I say a little prayer when my hand on my heater

You reachin' and I'm slaying off your ear like I'm Peter

Don't lay down now when you know that we at war

Don't lay down now when there's fire at your door

Don't lay down now when you know that they should feel a noose
Know it ain't shit to lynch a Dylann Roof
Instead, you let the killer loose
And kick out folks that you can't handle
Find more money, try to hide more scandals
That light glow from the mob is not more candles
These is torches to burn it d-
Matter of a fact, you gon' see we on our way

I'm on my way, I'm on my way, I'm on my way
Let these words be said in love (Be there soon)
(I'm on my way, I'm on my way) That the truth will set you free
(I'm on my way) Take the log from out my eye
(I'm on my way) Set fire to the tree

When the empire falls
And the Kingdom stands tall
Let 'em bow on bended knee
Saying word to them all

Dear Body, bruised and broke Body
Abused, confused and soaked Body
The light of His eye, the love in His hands
The one that got His love in advance
The love of His life, the covenant stands
The body, the nobodies
The ones that went back in search of more bodies
The ones that placed coins and mourned and washed feet
Ones that watched the lil' bodies that lost all heat
The body, His child, His pride, His joy
If I have no words, my sword, my voice
I write to you with tattooed tears and heavy shoulders
An angel with a hand on his hip, the gun holstered
What is violence, if not silence?
So sling that rock and slay that giant
Slow load that Glock, niggas, kill that tyrant
So sing that song, we sing that harmony
A hum of a hymn, touch the hem of his garment
A young drummer boy did a stint in the army
A rum-pa-pa-pum 'til the walls come crumbling
Strung up on wood but the sun comes in morning

Dear Body, protect the body
"Who's all coming?" "Just everybody"
Line those dots, connect everybody
Love, Chance, P.S., bless everybody