

# The Gates

CunninLynguists

Tell the Reverend Harris to pray for me, Lord  
I ain't gonna live  
I don't believe I'm gonna live to get much older

Lights out, so peaceful, stressless  
Things used to seem so restless  
Forgive me please, see I need to address this  
Just haven't been this breathless since I met this  
Woman who lept into my life when I was reckless  
Mothered my blessed kid, but was destined to exit early  
Guess you can say I've been blessed with the best gifts  
Reminiscing, holding her neckless in my clenched fist  
Ha, it's funny how we move in sudden directions  
Dedicated my life to the public's protection  
Never remarried cause love's an investment  
Besides, I had a baby girl to worry about  
That would struggle to blend in  
Now as I think, a weightlessness is interrupting my senses  
A pulsing tension carries my very frame  
I rise up in ascension - WAIT!  
I try to escape, but I arrive at these gates  
I see a figure standing guard who invites me to pray

I've tried it all  
At the gates of Hell  
I'm going to lay  
Down, down

I walk towards the figure that's extending it's hand  
I move to enter past the gates yet I'm met with it's grasp

Slow down son, there's things to discuss such as family  
But first, let us talk about vanity

Vanity?? Man, you're sadly mistaken  
Either that or your sanity's shaken  
If you'd examine me patiently  
You'd retract on your statement  
I haven't sinned flagrantly, I've acted as faithfully  
As any other single father  
Who raised a baby girl graciously

Nakedly, she was at your door after her mother's death  
Ignorant to racial anger and other stress  
Later had a mixed baby at her sweet sixteen  
How did that fit within your picnic scene?

Sometimes it's too late to fix these things  
The pristine dream was over  
Had to face the fact she split these genes with his sick seed  
With skin the darkest pigment seen  
And so I kicked and screamed  
Until we found the peace that distance brings

A mixed raced queen, that was your thoughts about her mama  
Up yonder went her soul, your hate grewed from ponders  
On life, being less trife with a white wife

So any instance of y'all's differences it was slice-slice

Oh my, it's not her race, my daughter's love flies blind  
I couldn't take her making the same mistakes that crushed my life  
I'm dumbstruck by these baseless allegations  
I've saved too many lives of all creeds  
For you to paint me as a racist  
I've endangered my own safety to save babies from blazes  
Black, white, latino, even asian on occasion

But why so?

How dare you question my motivation!

No need to second guess, your only aim was to be famous  
Lord knows, you've left behind scorched souls  
Black children left chilling, later found burnt whole  
So sadly, your glory's to come urgently  
Sentenced to fight fires for eternity