

Fig Tree

Da' T.R.U.T.H.

I said walk with Jesus
Walkin in my freedom
Talkin like a leader
Everytime da weeks up
Get back on my feeta
Laid out on a beach chair
It's ok to ease up
Little time for leisure
I enjoy my life but
If I get too cozy
I'll blow up my light bulb
Then the world won't see
Trample over cold feet
Then I'm good for nothing but
Rappin over cold beats
Man there goes another one!

Tryna make friends with the A list
Becomin preoccupied with my paycheck
Sorta like I play chess
Caught up in da matrix
Had a bigger heart when I was workin down at payless
Now I get board meetings
Rather make record deals
Set up in a board meeting
Talk about record sales
Now on a tour to keep money on my credit cards
If I lose focus on Jesus then I'm better off!
Bein cursed
I don't think that we're alert
When we only read the verses wrote in our church!
But dats da gospel industry
Travel in dat culture
What happened to the ministry
Man it's gettin so stale
Recyclin the same songs for fear dat it won't sell
Therefore we won't tell a sinner that they'll go to hell
Goin to da workshops
Creepin into hotels
(Shhhhhhhh)
If you don't say a word then I won't tell
A futile king james just indiscretion grow stale
Cover it up with fig leaves
Then I'm just a fig tree