this is where the young folks are born and the old people die we're just tryin to get by tell em meet me at the crossroads if your the good or the bad if you gotta choose now we gonna make it some how tell em meet me at the crossroads

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the candy lady told me it's y'all late dem demons comin' my souls tight bodys old, let im sick of runnin you better pray one day, look you gotta choose right or wrong, you gone, young man make a move revelations drawn closer man a 3 headed beast the chosen one might not rise from the east south side ima ride till the gas gone i wish i could call jesus up on the phone like lord im still burnin from the slave trade cant reproduce 'cause our folks got aids the black folks is killin' black folks, not gays i spray the AK and pray, why were you late

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cut my wrists in fear
when do i go from here
my mind's less than clear

do i turn in shame
from what could save
do i find my knees and pray?

its great, lord
im sorry for my sins
i prepare for the end
you just let me know when
its hard like a boulder
this world's gettin colder
but ima stand strong
till you call for your soldiers

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let the devil come and go
tell em let my soul be
'cause i got the lord with me

let the devil come and go
tell em let my soul be
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we were blind now we see in the end we'll be free

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Tištěno z plšnicky-akordy.cz me at the crossroads tell em meet me at the crossroads