

Faith

David Banner

It was just me in that red Astro van
A box of cd's and a pistol in my hand
A pistol in my hand, a pistol in my hand
It was just me in that red Astro van
A box of cd's and a pistol in my hand
A pistol in my hand, a pistol in my hand
Yeah them boys talk down and they all going hey
I give it all to the Lord so I called this song Faith!
I called this song faith, yeah

Mississippi nigga with a 50 sack of weed
I told them I got that Cali but this here from Tennessee
Sick of leavin' over knees so I had to move quick
I ain't tryin' to ball pimp I'm just tryin' to hit a lick
Then I met this young miss it was back in 96
At a house party rollin' up some dolja in a swiss
Really thought she was a trick so I hit her with my pimp game
Step out to my lac and I'ma show you how to grip grain
I'ma show you how to mix them sprite with them eights
Show you how to ride rock steady on them skates
At the time I never knew this girl would be my soul mate
She said keep me close and ill keep your ass safe
Then I taught country slang and we rolled from my estate
Gave her an AR and started bustin' on them fakes
Then she whispered in my ear no matter how long it takes
You can make it, every myth about your home and your state
We can break it, and no matter what you do let them boys know you smart
Stand up for the poor and keep God in your heart
Now matter what you do let them boys know you smart
Stand up for the poor and keep God in your heart

I remember falling to my knees asking God for some tracks
He said, make your own son you ain't gotta sell crack
Cut them sappers like they raw and let them fiends smoke that
Go to N-Y-C on faith, im thinking to myself my Lord is that safe?
Uncle Swac gave me a pistol and I left the next day
Homies in Manhattan till I met Mrs. D-A-Y
In her home she let me stay, studio to studio
Me I'm on my grind, everybody at the crib thought I lost my damn mind
The Noreaga bossed up and bought a beat
This put me on feet, I found a damn way to eat my Lord

Two years later I'm in the A pimp
But in my soul I feel I need to move back to the Simp
A town they showed me love, they put me on the map
But if I love mississippi I gotta move back
So stop in Birmingham man just for a minute
Niggas stole my red van man and everything in it
Drum machine keyboard and all of my clothes
But I had my pistol with me I'ma kill these hoes
When I left I was with little homie in the Regal
So I grabbed my cell phone and I called Big Siegel
I said, "Meet me in the Ham big boy it's going down"
God yelled, "Stop my son and turn around!"
They took your possessions but your souls on safe ground
2 months later I was riding through the Ham
Gotta ten million dollar deal yall, damn!

Haha thats faith my nigga
Thank you Lord, thank you