

# Believe It

Derek Minor

Yes Lord  
Oh yes Lord, yes Lord  
Thank you choir, for that amped beat selection  
Brother [?], you got them sounding mighty fine today  
Nah nah, Bigot, I'm a need you to stand in front of the door  
Oh, you may need to stand in front of the door  
I believe I'm a say somethings and folk ain't gon' like tonight  
Oh, you ain't gon' like me...  
Can I testify? Can I testify?  
Judge

By now you should know that I mean what I say and you better believe it  
I just tell you once, I don't repeat myself so you better believe it (you be  
tter believe it)  
Believe it  
You better believe it  
Believe it  
You better believe it  
Believe it  
You better believe it

Please pay attention, everybody better settle in  
Minor get to preaching on these tracks like a reverend  
Not like, some of the ones in the spotlight  
On private jets, better straighten up and fly right  
That treat the church like a brothel, yeah they prostitute the truth  
How many people gotta die tonight before we stop preaching to the choir  
They get scared when I talk about the drugs, and the gun  
And the hood, and the poor, like if we don't pay attention it won't happen a  
ny more  
In the suburbs, where the money at, we'll send it overseas before they send  
it to Chicago  
Cops kill a kid, bet they talk about Chicago  
Yea the hood is messed up, pray before you judge tho  
Who finna stand up  
Can't turn my back on the culture, be a vulture  
I approach ya, and tell you how my family in hood  
And it ain't looking good, so if I move to L.A  
I'll never be Hollywood  
Yes this's personal, it's a not a show, if it was just for dough  
What's the point of even doing it for?  
When there's people that I know straight hooked to dope  
I got truth that they need know, let me talk about it

By Now you should know that I mean what I say and you better believe it  
I just say this once, I won't repeat myself so you better believe it  
You better believe it [x8]

Oh yes Lord, yes Lord  
Choir, y'all better get it together  
Let me preach

They don't wanna hear what I gotta say  
They don't wanna hear what I gotta say  
They don't wanna hear me talk about how Sunday service  
Is the most segregated time in the USA  
What kinda sermon do you think that preach to everybody watching

Here's another man shot and we don't talk about the topic  
We don't even pray about it, all we say about it  
No comment, don't rock a boat about it  
I ain't scared, It don't matter what the cost, I'mma say it  
Till there's prices on my head, and I'm dead  
Go to Chucky Cheese if you looking for a token  
I'm only bout spitting real truth that's potent  
Fighting for the found and the lost, slave and the free  
And I'll give my life cause he gave it for me  
I speak for a king and we made in his image  
When you looking at yourself, His reflection in the mirror  
Gimme me the mic, run it again, y'all in my aim now  
I'm running from nothing, I give em the key, unlocking the chain now  
I say what I want, and I'm keeping it real, that is the way now  
I know what I'm doing, they seeing the movement  
It's making em ready for change now  
Give it away now, give it a, give it away now  
Give it away now, give it a, give it away now  
A lot of people talk and I ain't heard a thang now  
And if I say it, then believe it right away now

By Now you should know that I mean what I say and you better believe it  
I just say this once, I won't repeat myself so you better believe it  
You better believe it [x8]