

The Argument

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I know you read about him, but tell me did you read right?
Did you Andy Mineo, tell me did you C-Lite?
Did you see heights that sees your needs until it seems you see
m to fee fi fum
Jamaican patience so you want more, mon?
No nefi [?], my levi's stretch with death in them
Jeans with dead denim unclean
For touching bodies for hobbies
We be the Levites, enough with that
God saw the treason from the start, hm, kind of like a lumber j
ack
He's happy with the sun in fact no need for other planets
Himself exceeds the ocean so no need for an Atlantic
His vantage is enough it's such that must cut up the lusts for
stuff that wasn't custom cut
So come and stuff a stomach with the glutton once it's God
Our affections are infected
We read but we don't see we backwards our actions act dyslexic
The exit is exactly what Matthew said
It's actually finding pleasure in the treasure that was buried
and resurrected
It's God. He's exactly what we crave
It's happiness then habits tend to grab it from the grave
But listen Christians slaves, here's my argument:
If pleasure is our aim, then we'll find it when our God is who
our target is