

Keep My Spirit Alive

Kanye West

Ooh, ooh
Keep my spirit alive
Keep my spirit alive, alive

More than anything
You can take it all, but the Lord on my side
Spirit won't die, yeah
Oh, my life
Is in His hands, so I don't stress, I pray and strategize

Yo, flushed the work just in time and they raided
Thank God, thank God
Screamin' through the GT roof like nigga, we done made it (Skrrr)
Thank God, thank God
Hundred round drum didn't jam when my shooter tried to spray it
Thank God, thank God (Brrr)
Drop a thousand grams got two thousand grands, we'll be waitin'
Thank God, thank God
I was facin' fifteen and I beat it (And I beat it)
Just spent about twenty up at Neimans (Up at Neimans)
Did two-hundred in a demon (In a demon, skrtr)
I'm the illest nigga and I mean it (And I mean it)
My homie droppin' bodies for no reason (Boom, boom, boom)
Now his kids see him on the weekends (Argh)
Got the baking soda for the remix (Remix)
Millionaires on, I can see it

More than anything
You can take it all, but the Lord on my side

Yeah, don't hate me 'cause my heart is full of love
No weapon formed against me 'cause I'm covered in the blood
Layin' in the hospital when I got shot, fam
Mama prayed for me, said she left it in God's hands, yeah
So I'ma leave it in God's hands
Everything I'm doin' now is God's plan
Doctor said I wouldn't walk no more, now I stand
Then I ran, here I am, Machine

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Well, between a mix of bad schools with the fast-food
Bad-had tools and a bad mood
If you don't turn to a Lil Gotti, they gon' drain all the strength in your l
il' body
They turned me into a Lil Gotti, uh, yeah
Not Wakanda but Wakanda is kinda like what we 'bout to make
And who gon' make it? Kan, duh
Who the squad? Donda
Who the mom? Donda
Who can see? Don, duh, get Don C
Who needs practice? I don't do rehearsals
And I don't do commercials 'cause they too commercial
Give it all to God and let Jesus reimburse you
She said "You in the studio with who? I'ma hurt you"

How I'm forty-two and you got a curfew?
How nerves dictate how they gon' curve you?
Quiet all the cordialness
We walk in God's spiritual ordinance
We know the blacks, the orphans, refused to be runaways
Rebel, renegade, must stay paid

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