

Come on
Yeah
Come on
Break it down now
Mr. DJ
Would you play
Ah, yo, yo, yo

Hey yo, mr dj would you please flip the beat on
I got so much to say I need two mics to speak on
You been pre warned that if the path that ya be on
Is leading you to hell then I tell ya to be reborn by...
The only name that I speak on
He's the only way I claim that I keep on
It's a shame that you state that I be wrong
But wait one day we gonna find who's gonna be wrong
The only strength that I lean on
He'll come back fast snatch us up and well be gone
Catch us up to the clouds and just beyond
Resting my feet on golden streets through the eons
With every mic that I breathe on
Shine brighter than five million light bulbs in neon
I'm the rhyme writer God provided to be on
The track so the fact is that I gotta put the heat on cuz

Jesus (and all I got is just)
Jesus (and all I drop is just)
Jesus (cuz all I rock is just)
Try knocking us but you can't be stopping us
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Jesus (and all I drop is just)
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Skip the cris I'd rather sip the living agua
Cuz ever since I tasted it there was no need to bother
So the father sent his son to the slaughter
And he's the lion king but his name aint mufassa its
The great physcian he's my doctor
The great commission is reason why I gots ta
Keep slinging it out like Peter Parker
And keep holding the mic up to my mouth like Bob Barker
I don't even try to hide it
See why fight it see he's the reason I'm excited
But why is the body of Christ chopped and divided
Man if you like beef go peep the atkins diet
Every person is invited
All the way from the best to the worst one it's provided
That God will turn a messed up life around like mine did
Open your eyelids it's time that you recognized that its

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What I speak well you can choose to listen
But first go to the tomb tell me just who is risen
Cuz all I know is just know is whose body is missing
That's why I make a passion for Christ like Mel Gibson
I don't keep nothing hidden
Don't confuse what I speak as nothing more than religion
Religion got nothing to do with Jesus's mission
Religion's why they kill innocent men women and children
See he is really quite different
And every time I'm speaking I'm really quite specific
And he's the reason why the rhymes I write different
And the only thing I'm getting high is hands that I've lifted
One day he'll pay a last visit
So fast that when it happens if ya blink ya might miss it
And that's when those who was dissing would be wishing
They would've listened cuz they missed it the clock's ticking now

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