

# 10 Toes

Lecrae

Huh, step back, jump shot, woo, that my bread and butter (Let's go, ayy)  
True fans, full stands, stayed down with the buzzer  
Ten toes, ten toes, stay grounded, can't fold  
Ten toes, ten toes, bounce back, hold up, wait  
Step back, jump shot, woo, that's my bread and butter (Swish), ayy  
True fans, full stands, stayed down with the buzzer (Wow)  
Ten toes, ten toes, big shoes, new soles  
Filled those, filled those, ten toes, ten toes

Love your neighbor unless it's Breonna Taylor  
Aw, man, here we go again, BLM got 'em pickin' favorites (Sheesh, woo)  
I remember when they said these Christian rappers corny, shoot, I even thought it too (Hahaha)  
Couple GRAMMYS, plenty plaques, and everybody wanna be a Christian rapper too (Wow)  
Well, get to work, go to these prisons and spit a verse  
Spend all your time tryna live the Word (Yeah)  
Only for people to call you slurs  
Nah, you don't want it  
Used to pull up in the projects, knock on every door and tell the people, "Come outside"  
A couple speakers and a mic, we was grillin' and rappin', watchin' people come alive  
Never did it for the fame or money, you could tell when Christians started fallin' back  
Ten toes down, even colorblind people still see the color black

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Too Black for my white friends, too dark to be light-skinned  
Got a couple people locked inside a prison, I ain't had no time to write them  
They in the belly of the beast (Beast) or lyin' bloody in the streets ( Streets)  
Three-fifths of a man, shoot 'em where he stands, tell me when it cease (Bah-bow-bow)  
Great-Grandma came from Africa  
Kidnapped her, beat and trafficked her  
Somehow we made it a hundred years later  
Got her Master, kids, teachin' algebra (Wow)  
And they wonder why I failed, man  
Grade school just a failed plan  
Church history ain't ever mentioned me, the brown, yellow or the red man (Hm)  
So ten toes, Earth is a mess, but He still rose (Yeah)  
Long as the tomb is empty, I got hope-a-plenty  
Ain't nobody can steal those (Yeah)  
I know that Heaven got real foes  
Me, I ain't worried, He kills those  
I just stay close to the Shepherd, the Valley of Death gotta chew on these s

teel toes (Ugh)

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Humanity is not hardwired to bear the crushing weight of deity  
We're not equipped to be worshipped  
But when you're well-known and you're worshipped  
And you've got all kinds of people just...  
Constantly, in their own way, I know not literally, bowing down before you  
That's, that's not healthy for your soul