

Excuse me, I have revival  
Let me praise my God

R.I.P. Breonna Taylor  
R.I.P. to George Floyd (George)  
I ain't tryna hate on my own kind  
But Warnock ain't my only choice  
And Herschel either, I love believers  
But some of these folks don't rep the Kingdom (Uh-oh)  
I'm prolly gon' lose more shows and money  
But I'ma mess up y'all whole agenda  
Some of y'all wanna be stars  
Y'all got some big lights and worship guitars  
Y'all play the chords at the end of the message so make sure the melodies tug at your heart  
Sponsor some kids, just to show off what you did and then jump in your luxury car  
Drive past the hood and the poverty, get to the stadium just to watch people play ball  
Aw, naw, you doin' too much, you ain't doin' enough  
Who you foolin' ain't us  
You act like Jesus ain't risen, like we ain't forgiven, like we ain't got truth in our clutch  
Some of us hate on each other, we bang on each other  
Like we ain't been covered in blood  
We try to cripple each other, we trip on each other  
Like we ain't in need of His love  
Meanwhile, these people confused, so they pray to the universe  
Our life is how people view the church  
Say we want and peace we say we want unity  
We need to move as a unit first  
I still believe in the church, but it's gon' take us to put in some work though  
Either you hatin' or helping, and if you gon' help then put on your church clothes

I have revival, leave me alone

Holy Father, God in Heaven  
Show Your power, let it come  
For Your Kingdom and Your honor  
To Your Spirit and Your Son