

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