

Gimme A Second

Lecrae

Gimme a second, gimme a second yeah
Gimme a second, listen what I'm sayin to you
Uh huh, listen, gimme a second
All I need is a second yeah
Gimme a second, uh yeah

Hey listen Cole talk that college talk
Wayne talks gangs
Jay-z's talkin' money mayne and (Kan) ye talk fame
And people say I talk about the same ole thang
Reason that I sound the same cause the truth don't change
Look, people get it twisted like a lemon in the spirit
If I ain't talking killin' I must be talking bout healin'
And I ain't talking bout how Jesus gonna make me a million
With my hands to the ceiling I got that spiritual feelin'
Head bowed down, knees to the floor
You a Christian and you rap? That must be the way you flow - No
I talk reality like mama on her death bed
The birth of a child, the soldier losing his left leg
Who gon write songs to give him hope in his chair
Addicted to pain killers, wife left last year
Your favorite rapper was probably tryin' to make his next hit
Talking looking what I got, who I shot and who I tip
Couldn't be more common if them boys made sense
Couldn't be more common if Serena was they chick
And this is not a diss, this how reality sound
Let it off my mind, this how my mentality sound

Everything I do, I do for you
I don't wanna single a thing, I don't wanna sing a thing
Ain't got no kind of angle
I ain't tryin play you, ain't gotta know my name,
You ain't gotta know my name
But in my short time on this Earth
I done died, been rebirthed
And I know this sounds strange to you
So give me a little time, let me spit a couple lines
And I promise it might just change you too

I sound like the mad rapper 'cause I'm crazy
The radio be like "we love you", but they never play me
I be doin' shows like "you ain't even gotta pay me"
I just wanna spread the same message that done saved me
You see I probably grew up just like you
Tellin' my heroes "Man I wanna be just like you"
I got in trouble went to court
Judge showed me couple inmates and he told me man
They started off just like you
I never rolled around strapped
I was busy chasing girls and money
I play ball and smoke weed thought the world was funny
I went to church a few times with my head on a swivel
And I was lookin' for the bad ones that sat in the middle
I couldn't remember a sermon, I never caught the spirit
And if Christians was tryin' to rap then I'm not tryin' to hear it
I never would've imagined that I would be rhymin'
About the same God that I couldn't confide in

Never planned to get married, raise a family, help kids grow up
Visit people in prison, I was busy tryin' to blow up
But see, now I'm unimpressed with the way these folks dress
Or the engine in the truck, all I want is soul rest
And I'm so blessed, look at what He did to me
How could I keep this to myself? Somebody bled for me
Nah, you just gon' have to hate this
'Cause God's the only reason I'm able to say this

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