

# Heaven Or Hell

Lecrae

They tell me "'Crae murk the track"  
Hurt the rap  
Naw dawg, let me pose a question to you  
"Have you heard of my Dad?"  
Purchased us back, put man's curse on his back  
I worship for that, it's my whole purpose in fact  
Purple and black, is how we looked I'm certain of that  
And man I cry when I think of how the Curtain was cracked  
But He rose in three days, that's a pertinent fact  
And since He created to save me, I serve him for that  
I read His Word all the time so He stay on my mind  
Flesh rise all the time so I stay on the grind  
When it's time to go to Heaven I don't pray I'm in line  
I'm a hundred percent positive I'm waiting for mine  
Ain't no ifs, ands, or buts, whos or whats  
You walking away from Christ, man you losing touch  
Take away your man you doing too much  
The world's feet rush into evil, pursuing they lusts

I hope that ya'll listening well, there's only two places to dwell  
And if you representing the first, I pray you're representing well  
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Some of ya'll got it twisted  
Hell, why risk it?  
Life, can be fixed through Christ, I'm a witness  
And I don't care about 5 mics or a hit list  
I'm getting kinda used to gettin' dissed as a Christian  
Let's get one thing straight,  
Out the gate, I'm the type of dude to put a slab of truth on your plate  
And I don't care if ya heard it twice  
I ain't trippin' if you just left church, ya heard of Christ  
Let me tell you what was holdin' me  
Six hours on the Cross while His Holy Blood flowed for me  
What you know about a sacrifice?  
When you step off the throne for the same one that snatched your life  
Man, let me tell you dawg Christ is real  
Without Him you got nothing,  
You're living off of life's appeals  
Make Him Lord in your life  
Cause ya'll in Death Row talking bout ya kinda like that deal..

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Hey yo, I might have to bleed for this  
I'm not ashamed of Christ, there's Romans 1:16 for this  
And I don't care if I'm blinded dawg  
Everytime I trip and fall, I just be reminded dawg  
And you call yourself grinding dawg?  
You can served more birds than churches  
But you still dying dog  
I don't care what city you from  
Whether from the suburbs or from the slums but Christ still gon' come

And matter of fact, if He come now  
You can be a six-eight, heavyweight, but your knees gon' bow  
Ain't no telling Him to ease on down  
And when the trumpet sound  
And \*blat\* everybody see that ground  
I don't care about fame and wealth  
Put my God on a shelf? Naw Dawg I'd rather hang myself!  
Forgive me if I can't contain myself!  
Cause if YOU DIED, and didn't hear the Gospel, than dog I blame MYSELF!

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