

Souled Out

Lecrae

Man I consider my life nuthin'
If I could just finish the race
And complete the job the
Lord Jesus gave me
I live to tell the world his message
Romans 1:16 "I'm not Ashamed"
I Ain't Ashamed

We Souled Out
Seeking God's face till we fold out
You want it, we got it
We ain't tryin' to hold out
Break me, shake me, mold me
I rather die like Christ than live unholy.

1 - 1 - 6 a band of misfits
Who get sick at the
State of the world
So we hit strips and spit
Christ Jesus, who scooped us out of the
Dirt
And cleaned us
We were slave to sinful ways but Christ
Freed us
Believe us
Because of the bible that supercedes us
Not to the intellectual thesis
They say we believe in a fools faith
Cause kids can grasp it
And salvation is granted, to those who
Ask it
But even if you don't know systematic
Theology
Or eschatology
You know Jesus is who you wanna to seek
We ought to be
Sowing seeds and teaching* truth
Diciplin' groups of young soldiers
And reeping fruit
Aww yeah
This a part of our lifestyle
Might sound good on wax
But we livin' it right now
I wish you would catch me on tapes and
CD's
But never see me in the streets in 3-D
B, Please
We ain't come here to appease
We came to spit these spiritual
Soliloquies
Why killers squeeze triggers
And hammers clap
I'm a shove on my bullet truth vest
And hammer back like that

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Man I do this for the, Way, the truth
The life, Jesus Christ
Until my soul take flight
The worlds the same
Everyone want to cop a chain, cop a
Dame, cop 22's on the range
Want to cop big fortune and fame
And claiming that they the reason that
The cops get trained
Stop the game
I came here to drop a name
Jesus
The same one that blocked the pain
How many thugs you know hard enough to
Stop the flames
It's like
Standing on the tracks tyrin to
Block a train
You got the game
Messed up
Stop and change
Mind trapped all wrapped up in locks a
Chains
The same God you pray to before you
Sleep at night
The same God you direspect when you
Creep at night
Seek the light
Ain't no trin' to plead for life
Talkin' bout' I sorry God
He like
Leave my sight
The key to life
Is none other than Jesus Christ
If you a slave to your ways
Be free tonight

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I spit these bars
Not to get no chicks in cars
Not for spinners on the wheels of
Expensive cars
Man I do this for the folk who like to
Lift their arms
Pray to god who gave us life
So he can give us all
Man I do this for the blocks in tha
Hood
The rocks in tha hood
Jesus Chist, Cornestone
Gettin' props in tha hood
Folks think we crazed and delerious
Cilqued up 40 deep
All saved, all serious Yeah
And if you curious
We got some proof man
We got some answers
We got some truth man
Tellin' folks you know that God is
Wathchin' you man
Romans 10:9 is all you got to do man

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