

# Spread The Opps

Lecrae

We on top, we got love, kill the opp  
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Holy Father, God in heaven  
Show Your power, let it come  
For Your Kingdom and Your honor  
To Your Spirit and Your Son  
Spread the opps out, spread the opps out, spread the opps out  
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Ooh, I think they hate me (Yeah), in my Bape tee (Woo)  
Ain't no pardons in the garden if you snake me (Yeah)  
You can't break me (Uh), tryna chase me (Yee)  
When it's rocky, I move ASAP, you can't Drake me (Shoo)  
I'm fine, I got my feet up, I ain't never scared, don't put my heat up  
I was outside and tryin', no re-up, where my opps at? God gon' eat up  
They ain't ever free us  
Lock my family up, my mama told the judge, "He ain't no killer"  
It's all good 'cause on that prison yard he preachin' 'bout the Healer  
Spread the opps out (Woo), now the cops out (Sheesh)  
Facin' death, you wanna plead but you can't cop out  
Now you locked out, I promise my God comin' back, when He do, it's a problem  
Got His attention but you don't want tension  
You don't want the smoke, it's too late, you done got it

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What's your intentions? I see your screws and your wrenches  
You tryna break up the bi'ness, ruin my witness  
Spreadin' yo' lies and opinions, you don't deserve my attention  
You's a pretender  
We was so used to the cold and my mama gave birth to a winner  
Put all the opps on alert then we out in the trenches  
And demons do not get forgiveness  
Pray for repentance for all my family that's sinnin'  
I ain't the truth, I'm a witness  
I got some blood on my hands and some dirt on my fingers  
You know that I gotta go get it, I gotta go get it  
Lord, help me kill all of my demons, I look in the mirror, I seen 'em  
I had a BM, I forced her to get an abortion  
I pray when I die, I can meet Him  
They want me cheatin', tellin' me open my DMs  
Eat all this fruit that I'm seein'  
I got some people in prison, I need to go see 'em  
If it weren't for the Lord, I would be 'em  
Yeah, I know they won't catch me lackin', see me off in traffic  
Yeah, I'm packin', got that oppa-stoppa apostolic ratchet  
'Bout that action, keep ten toe two-threes but Jesus my assassin  
If you askin', I'm still 116 until I'm in a casket  
I see my opps tryna pop out (Woo), they wanna pull every stop out  
Wait 'til my God spin the block and He let up in shots  
He gon' air every spot out (Doo-doo-doo-doo-doo-doo)

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