

The Fever

Lecrae

Them are flu, when I catch the fever
You can't control my life like Lecrae say
You could have never shut them mouth of a believer
Big foot can't fit into my sneaker

OK, I'm tatted up with my J's on
Hat cocked to my fay-shion
Folks thinking we Ned Flanders
Okely-dokely, game on
They don't hate me they just think they know what I'm a say
I can't promise that them TV pastors ain't gonna pray
On your grandma with your auntie nem'
Promise y'all I ain't none of them
And you can call me lame, just don't
Call me fake and then call me friend
Cause I don't pretend, boy I live this
Some of y'all on the fences
Oh girl you took home with you
Man she swore she was a Christian
She might be and likely
She like you and just like me
An imperfect person, broke and hurting
Trying to do the right thing
And I'm courtside like Spike Lee
Keep it mellow nightly
OK, G?
Cause I ain't 'bout that drama in my lifey
That bad one? That's wifey
You know she bout that life, B
She got red bottoms you ain't never seen
And her soul's covered up nicely
That's blood dipped, I mean blood bought
No SuWoo, but this blood talk
Never thought they'd see us
Have a concert in the club, huh?

Who could step in these size tens?
White boy, cool grey elevens
Since age twelve I represented
Now I'm digging them 13 letters
My church clothes these leather pants
Boy sick? I got medicine
We found the light; Edison
Do God exist? We the evidence (Whoop!)
We the children of the Light, you know what I mean?
That's why I'm hating on the darkness like Paula Deen
Cause in my hood they masked up, like it's Halloween
We going hard for the Rock, but we not sevein
See and the mission we live for is bigger than everything you could attain
They trying to hate us for sharing our faith but I bet that we do it again
Your hubris is humorous, real talk we true to this
Y'all rappers acting like Ludacris
We unashamed, get used to this, boy

We have to drop it one away

We have to choose Christ for a better day
Yes sir, we have to drop it one away
Live to see me friends them gone astray

Ay, look. Perpetrating not likely
We live here we don't sightsee
Ain't trying to brag on my service
Telling my left hand where my right be
And it's real rap, no faking
Not some rap dudes who couldn't make it
This ain't the life I chose, boy
It chose me I can't shake it
I can't feel 'em
How come they can kill 'em?
How come I can't hit 'em?
They be drilling me with codiene stripping
Plus they popping pills
So I feel what's popping on the charts is popping body parts
And yeah, sometimes my music's for the church, I call it body art