

# In God We Trust

## Manafest

Raised in a small town  
Sundays in a church house  
Beck pew, praying God, "Don't strike down"  
Bad mouth. No dad to put a smack down  
Pants sag where the sun don't come 'round

Somehow  
Stepchild got pulled out  
From a dark cloud  
Flipping my lifestyle  
Just an outcast  
Rebel of the "white trash"  
Walking on train tracks

In God we trust  
Like the sun coming up  
I know he's looking out for us  
In God we trust  
Yeah  
Like the power of love  
Shine from the skies above  
In God we trust

In God we trust

In God we trust

Skate 'til we passed out  
If the cops didn't crack down  
Ride the subway all the way downtown  
8 mile  
Open mic, free styles in a small crowd  
You know I got no smiles  
No flow, got no style  
No way, no how  
No pounds, no gold crown  
Just a skate rat  
Rolling with the backpack  
Said I had no chance

In God we trust  
Like the sun coming up  
I know he's looking out for us  
In God we trust  
Yeah  
Like the power of love  
Shine from the skies above  
In God we trust

In God we trust

In God we trust

Still growing with the faith I was raised on  
Still making some mistakes I can learn from  
If I only knew then what I know now  
No telling what road I would've gone down

Not looking back  
It's the future that I'm looking at  
Why would I focus on a story that I never had  
Anyways  
Might have been the struggle made me who I am  
Either way I can say

In God we trust  
Like the sun coming up  
I know he's looking out for us  
In God we trust  
Like the power of love  
Shine from the skies above  
In God we trust

In God we trust

The power of love  
Shine from the skies above

In God we trust

In God we trust