

Now lemme blow your high
I give you truth over beats while you twistin' that lie
Prob'ly wonderin' why you should listen to I
'Cause if your faith's in the world then you believin' a lie
They say that money make the world go 'round
But all I see is cats pray to God when they world go down
Like, "Lord Jesus save me, this pistol that they aiming
Might send me to a grave, then I meet the one who made me"
C'mon, so should I care if I'm the next to blow
When thugs move diesel on the block, Texaco
A dead prison, waitin' on parole like Plaxico
Or runnin' from they foes 'cause they know the Macs will blow
When it's done if your faith ain't in the Son
Whether businessman or thug homie this the outcome
Death, separation, condemnation
By he who is just, sent to judge the whole nation
So I'm anticipatin' for all of the girls you slayin'
And all of the dope you slangin', hell might be your destinatio
n
There is not a heaven for a thug
Whether blood or you cuss you will bow before the judge
Yeah, better keep duckin' them slugs
'Cause one day the Lord will say "enough is enough"
And out of you and me, I'm the worst of all
'Cause what you doin' homie I done did in my thoughts
We like to judge the outside but
God knows in our heart is where the crime, bruh
The church regular who don't listen to secular
But hate his brother [?] just as dead, bruh
Or the goody-two-shoes with her nose up
With no compassion, her heart still froze bruh
Or the rapper steady rappin' 'bout the Savior
But in the back of his mind all he want is paper
We should all be dead
So Christ set us free through the blood that was shed
If our faith's in him, no condemnation
Past present future sin - propitiation
You wonder why I cling to the King
Minus his mercy then I'm brain dead G
So come taste and see
That the Lord is good, in him there's peace
PRo