

I Hate It

Propaganda

Hey, healthy, wealthy
Hate it, name it, and claim it
Like sickness is a sign that you out of the will of God
I hate it like liars and preachers who reduce the King of Kings to a
slot machine rabbit's feet
The audacity, ya'll know what I mean
Like thinking that Obama has completed King's dreams
I hate it
I'm sorry like we earned it, it's over
When the po-po pull me over, I shouldn't be nervous? Please
St. Angeles ain't get the memo
Playa, these billy clubs have evolved to tasers
I voted in every election, still don't trust my government
Sorry that's what happens when you're raised by a Panther
I believe welfare is a band-aid on cancer
The problem's still sin and only Christ is the answer
Married out my race because love don't see color
Neither does hip-hop, Odd Thomas is my brother
Watch me smother a beat and brothers attack me
And question my theology, I see no wrong in battling
Answer to the culture, roast the emcee sick
And listen up quick to every word you spit
I hate it like Fox News, CNN, TBN
A wack rapper charging mediocrity to ministry
Loose cannon bragging 'bout stuff he ain't accomplished
Time is slightly off and the devil is his accomplice
Whole orb is nervous and mad cause I ain't
And shaking in they jeans like phones on vibrate
The future of product pushing: penance penicillin
Best influence the nation could ever wish when
Clock strikes seven, the perfect lesson is back
And hanging on my words like knowledge is crack
I'm still a foot soldier, with or without a mic
And they find me among the hostile, unashamed of the Gospel
Hate it, impatience and bad theology
A bill collector's calling me like I don't know I owe 'em
I hate that I owe 'em, hate it more that it's my fault
Hate when my sister cries listening to Satan lies
I hate what God hates, hate the saints' angst stick
Her kids keep facing such emotional drain
Caused quite a few confusions not saying what I meant
Admittedly administered multiple mismanagements
Painting pictures of how my faith looks
So I got my face in this Book man instead of this Facebook
Tax payer, mic slayer, ya'll just talk a lot
I'm realer than fat caps, my chisel-tip marks a lot
Ya'll can draw the line, find me in the parking lot
Cyphering with little tikes, offering the keys of life
Sing!