

Urban Missionary

Thi'sl

He a urban missionary
A urban missionary
He swoop down with some news that's good,
He a urban missionary
A urban missionary
He learned the gospel and bring it to the hood.

Once upon a time I was posted on the block,
With a 40 on ma hip and a pocket full of rocks,
Out there acting bad stedy duckin cops. dodgin,
Seen awhile bunch of people so I pulled over stopped.

It's some church folks I wuld say to my suprise,
This preacher came to me asked what else I do but grind,
I stud there for a minute and I took a little time,
I told imma rappa so he asked me for some rhymes.

When I was finished he stud there with a smerk,
Then he asked me if he could take ma to some rappers from his church,

He took me to this dude who look just like me,
With sum timz on his feet and a fresh white tee.

When that dude spit I seen the fire in his eyes,
He told me for my sins was the reason jesus died.

I told him that was dope I asked him what's his name,
He reached n shook ma hand and told me it was flame.

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I know this dude that live off in the worst part of the city,
Where bangers get bust and them boys live gritty.

Right outside his crib they be posted sellin dope,
But he moved there cuz he know the gospel bring hope.

He take em in his crib bring em right up off the streets,
Give em food for the belly and some books the can read,
I'm glad he moved in cuz he so into a need,
If it wunt for dudes like him I'll be still smokin weed.
Out the on the block tryna come up on some g's,
Prolly be up in my grave may I rest or I peace,

He took us in his crib and let us meet his wife,
I was already saved but that day saved my life.

I sat in told stories how that drama got rea,
How they shot uo in his house wife almost got killed.

I sat there with tears in my eyes, every word that he spoke lit a fire deep
inside,

If you everytake a trip to the westside of the chi,
Lord life that boy up and his name ron dye.

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There's a dude on the corner who out there smokin weed,
He neede to hear the truth cuz the truth a set him free,

There's a baby in the buildin who aint got no food,
Cuz her momma out there tryna get it from them dudes.

Aint nuthin wrong with you goin over seas,
But itz people on ya same street need to be freed.

If you wanna do a mission you aint gotta look far,
Itz some people who need to hear the truth in ya backyard.

At the bustop,
Girls at the beutyshop,
Dudes at the barbershop,
The people at the carwash,
The dude sitten next to you at the coffee shop,
We suppoze to hit the hood til it look like godz block.

Until we die we some urban missionaries,
Until we underground and in the cemetary,
Itz time to go to war aint no time to be scary,
They need the living water that flowing out ya belly.

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