

Communion

XV

"If you've got any health in your body I put it there. If you have life instead of death it was I that gave it to you. If you have salvation I know!"
Yeah. Bow ya heads
God is great y'all
That's why I gotta grace y'all
Get all my homies plates dawg
Sit down and say I break look

What do you coward rappers want now?
I go back to back 'til you cats can't even front now
Come 'round with wolves in the woods when the sun down
Catch up (ketchup) when we meet (meat), that's the beef that I hunt down
Yo' music is buns now
But knew it from the get go
Few years ago they was Boomin' like Metro
Now even he listenin' like, "You dudes is not special."
My movement like "Let's go"
I jump for the dunk then get up when they set goals
No time for waitin' on constipation cause I'm with the shits
Payin' for the days I ain't came in like a membership
Wait (weight) trainin' while Drake was playin', then I flipped the switch
Then computating dollars we makin', that's arithmetic
I forgive and shit
But how they say you forgave but remembered it
I have faith but some days I'm forgettin' it
Pray I'm graced by God's presence by the end of this
So watch how I'm livin' it
Look

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My guys is audacious
My ladies got flavor, they bodies is curvacious
I ask small favors and thankful my god gracious
You know I got patience
The doc can't help me, you know we got patients
Glad that I waited my system recalibrated
Cut from a different fabric where nothing is fabricated
Was actually agitated, everybody had help
I'm sittin' here masturbating, tryin' to pop by myself
Now we Mobbing Deep, all of my niggas gotta be Prodigys
We all stars, all of my niggas study astronomy
In meantime, we see signs, talk astrology
My crew hang, like Wu-Tang, rockin' Wallabys
Skills in my skeleton
Many millions made by my melanin
Even as felons we sell from the celebit
Never been to jail again, or mental institutions
If I did a major just might give me distribution
Just to say they ain't directin' when these niggas out here shootin'
They just produce it, recycle, reduce, reuse it

They close a loop to the music, 360 degrees
You lookin' through the peep hole, I'm tryin' to give you the keys
I flipped it like [?] on haters who ain't listen to me
Ain't go the way they expected like a piss in the breeze
They didn't believe
Some people didn't have faith in what God could achieve
But they forget about grace