

Run

Lecrae

You know your boy, Crae, running for the prize, I'm gunnin'
The one that don't rust or break all of a sudden
The Holy Spirit got your boy doin' a dozen
Push up, push up, come on, work it out cousin
I run from the flesh/it be tryin' to rise
And I'm done with livin' gettin' drunk and high
I'm a son of El Shaddai, the most High, who most def want me to do more then
get by
I look in the sky and I'm so inspired, to run for a God whose my soul's desire
My sole desire to run for Jesus
And give Him all the credit like I run for visa
I'm done with pieces/I found my dime
I run to the wife that the Lord provided
And we decided that we would run together for God's glory alone homie we ain
't lyin'
I run to the Word cause my soul is thirsty
No runnin from affliction though they may hurt me
I do preach wrath but I speak on mercy
And grace by faith, you can call me churchy

Run, this is your race, boy. Run, don't stop.
Run til your blood vessels bust like a glock
Run like a Nascar run round the track
Run, boy, run, boy,

Naw I ain't sweaty and my breaths pretty steady
My feet don't hurt and my legs ain't heavy
I'm still in the marathon, I keep the pace steady
Temptation is quick/but the Spirit stay ready
My eyes on the prize/yeah, they fixed on Christ
Hydrated in the Word but the joints are tight
That's why I get with a coach, who can stretch your boy
Who can push, pull, train me and test your boy
And blooka, blooka yeah you heard the gun
That means run off the blocks, run!
The Son is where I stay focused
Avoiding sin and I pass the baton to the faithful men
And we never run in vain or for finite prizes
So when the race is done there will be no surprises
The world says quit/we ain't tryin' to hear it
Cause to quench our sin's thirst is to quench the Spirit

We still in it, dawg
We can't quit, ya'll
All my cousins who runnin wanna stick wid it, ya'll
Jezebel is jumpin/your path, you best run
They tempting you to puff, puff, pass/you best run
Keep ya kicks laced, get your grips straight before you quit, you kick, this
is the big race
Forget a medal man it's bigger than that
Forget a 4.2 40 man you're quicker than that
The Holy Spirit got the breath you breathe
So if the cramps kick in, it's the all the breath you need
Wait on the Lord to renew you man
Don't stop, keep going, you can do this man
Keep the Word in your grip, keep the Word on your lips, keep a tight knit Ch

ristlike crew for fellowship
And before you see the end and the race is done
Find some people who are seekin' and teach em to run