

# Unashamed

Lecrae

A yo man let that beat drop on em  
Yea, oh you know I'm liking that right there  
Wats good yall  
It's yo boy Lecrae  
Some call me crazy  
I'm here with my 116 clique representing to you  
We just want to put it down for the Lord Jesus Christ  
City to city and state to state, we keep running into more 116 clique members  
People who are unashamed of the gospel of Jesus Christ  
Let me tell you where we're from dog...

New Jerusalem, that's my home  
Let me put it in a song, so you'll never get it wrong  
No shame in the message, that's the reason I live (reason I live)  
Christ up in every song, He's the reason I'm here  
All they rhyme about is guns, money, sex and drugs  
Eighty percent of these dudes is fictional thugs  
We don't kill nobody, we don't rob no stores  
We don't trap, we aint strapped, we don't smoke that dro  
We aint pimpin, we aint trippin, if we tippin on some fours  
den youll probaly hear dat Jesus music comin out our doors (comin out our doors)  
we aint ashamed, you can call us lame,  
but everybody gotta die and stand in front of the King

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Watch this so you can really know what time it is  
God is resurrected and I'm here to glorify Him  
Ma Jesus, Jesus, ma Jesus might make a great tune  
But we gotta lead em dipset to the weight room  
I gotta date soon, but it aint soon enough  
Father keep pruning us, cause its proven we known for screwing up  
I cant front cause the pressure is still thick  
And when sin in looks like the pressure, I'm havin to turn quick  
A sin sick, so merk it like John Owen  
You know when Jesus the Christ you can pay him, but still owe him  
We shoul da died and been buried for our wrong actions  
Instead Christ died and carried them on his own back (What?)  
This is a known fact, but some say that its fiction  
This is our lifestyle, no its not a religion  
See I survived death back in 2002,  
And religion is not at all what got your boy through  
Yea your boy crayola, I don't do payola  
No floors full of baking soda, just Jehovah  
I get played to the left more than I get paid to write  
So I aint worried about eating dog, tryin to display the fight

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You see me on the block, the ava void in the land  
We look the same, but we different  
We bring God to this thang  
While being vocal by the Lord and not a piece on chain  
But don't get it twisted, its reasons these boys unashamed  
How bout 39 lashes of beatings, they laughing and teasing  
These blasphemous heathens reject the passion of Jesus  
He fasted from speaking even with nails bashed in His feat, and the cross,  
He gasping and wheezing, His lungs collect as He's breathing  
The chief priest stone in the court of this chief  
My Prince of Peace minus the pipe who bought my grief so no more chiefin  
But like the rims that hit the curb (curb) we call em shoulder blades  
We got out crosses on our back like our shoulder blade  
This is death and resurrection that turned about my direction  
Stepping toward perfection had nothing to do with me (do with me)  
But the gospel is the power and power been men to pow out  
We powed in the pavement takin the message to the streets

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