

# Goodbye

Andy Mineo

Uh, uh, they thought I was a singer.

Look, I'm like ink so fresh I could smear it  
Just signed my name, I already feel it  
It's like a bulls-eye on my head that I'm wearin'  
But it's not a Bulls snap-back cap that I'm talkin' 'bout  
Walking out my faith, live from that New York City  
Livin' where it ain't pretty, Wash Heights  
Where they puff haze, play music all night  
That's why your boy came, so we could show 'em Christ  
Y'all don't get it, I been saved, living for His things  
Switched the name, used to go by C-Lite  
But then I put it in the grave, 'cause I'm steppin' off stage  
Still the same dude livin' what I say up on that mic  
Cap and gown, graduated now, 23 and I'm in a new season  
Wow this is crazy! God is so amazing  
He been using all that pain He allowed to shape me, Chiselin'  
Every little thing of me that isn't Him  
And sin is still wacker than it's ever been  
Jesus coming back again, when he does all that  
"I used to go church" stuff is irrelevant  
Following Christ ain't a one time event  
It's a lifestyle, not what you use for your girlfriend  
So there it is hope y'all listening  
Yeah the same mission but the team look different

Don't believe the lie. You're living in a world that's passing by  
And all the pretty things that you thought were fly  
You can't take 'em with you when you die  
Everybody sing, oh, Goodbye!  
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Rap aficionado, from the 'Cuse where they move for Otto  
But now out of my window, I can see the Apollo  
I changed cities, still people remain hollow  
Everybody Tweet, but they don't know who to follow  
Watch me kick it, Salvation minus Crucifixion,  
You got a better chance at the Lotto with no ticket  
It's horrific, rhyme for Jesus but flow wicked  
You hear the truth, but don't wanna do it like those dishes

Newsflash, new trash in the media  
All them old lies, watch what they feedin' ya  
If it's no good throw it up, like bulimia  
If it's no good throw it up, like graffiti huh  
So think fast, Ramadan, Autobahn  
Girlies wanna move fast tryna use they body wrong  
They gettin' naughty but, you know it's probably 'cause  
They want male attention, 'cause they father gone

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Say goodbye to the liar, say hello to the fire

Say peace in the storm gone, like it's on tires  
Thought you was a Don Juan so you co-conspire  
With the evil empire, Evel Knievel, conniving people  
Are putting commas in God's word  
Careful who you worship when you waving at concerts  
My finger's on the detonator like I'm playin' Sega  
See ya later to the hater of love  
I made this statement because I'm sick of  
Being in your daily with that hatred and lust  
I got kids, and they got ears and they be opening up  
To bright ideas, when you feed 'em bull  
I feed 'em truth, 'cause I understand speakers are tools  
Either a key or a noose. Either get you out or get you through  
But it all depends on what you're get into  
See that gettin' is forbidden if you get into that fruit man  
Get up in them Scriptures so they get into that loop fam Salute.

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Goodbye, Good-ggoodbye, Oh! Goodbye!