## **White House**

He wore a 4-piece he's doin' all day He had put on Front Street: plenty to say Started with a Bullet: started buggin' out Now he's Red Tag: Confine to a cell. There was a blanket party There was a lock down Somebody was Stitched up: Blook In, Blood Out The Hooch: got deep the mainline squeezed Fence parole rabbit drowned in his ink

Taking it to the Square: Bumpin his Gums: The rev was called to clear the air up some Don't mean nothin' don't mean a thing CON SOFOS (Twice as bad back at you) L.W.O.P. If you can't Make Paper: prepare for pay back He had been debriefed he was courting out Started with the moan and grown, ended with the clicks Phones off the hook lifers in the bricks

Lean and Lurch here comes the church On the one crew trying to feed me the word Then it just happened like a house tossing Who says it's fair Due Processing Here's the righteous here's the holy The redeemed of the Lord and godly This is reality this is carnality This is life. Life is a felony

From the White House to the Church House From the School House to the court House

From the White House to the Church House From the School House to the court House

Do your own time - Do your own time - Do your own time Do your own time - Do your own time - Do your own time

Rest your neck kick the deck Find peace within your head When you press the bunk the shakedown comes It's best to know Jesus what he has done Of all the kings that have ever reigned All the priest that have ever prayed All the men elected president Of all the armies that's walked on land

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Do your own time - Do your own time - Do your own time Do your own time - Do your own time - Do your own time

My Life - Love christ My Life - Love christ

## Bride

My Life - Love christ My Life - Love christ My Life - Love christ My Life - Love christ

He took the form of a servant became flesh and blood Got the prize of the poor got dragged through the mud Let me give you a hook down Jesus was a walkalone Smoke on the horizon the King's sittin' on the throne

He pardoned my sins he acquitted and forgave I was a dead man walking to the sting of the grave An exchange took place I was granted freedom Don't need no governer with his twisted reason Not by works or my own righteousness Cause I wear filthy rags and I just can't brag Comes by grace the measure of faith Crucified the rebel that had been enslaved

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