

Give Us The Truth Pt. 2

Flame

Give us the truth...part 2 (part 2, part 2, part2)
Give us the truth
For every email, for every phone call
For everybody that came up to me at a show, Here's part 2...listen yo

After the platinum show the two I did with cross movement
I said my goodbyes 'cause I had to fly back to St. Louis
I left there too early for my first semester in school
I was exposed to so much truth that I had to choose
Between what I had learned and what I was taught to do
At my church on my zone I was so confused
The first sunday morning back it was a culture shock
Watching the sheppard and sheep explode like a soda pop
They're heads was shaking, they shaking over these chintzy sermons
People spitting and shouting but nobody's discerning
I left the building
My feeling were crushed I felt forsakin'
The one place I was supposed to come for restoration.
And worship of a Holy God and exalt Him in praises
Spent the whole prayer time rubuking the satan
Spent the whole sermon time just talking 'bout money
While I was dieing inside and spiritually hungry.

Give us the truth
That's what we need if we're gon' properly teach
If we gon' seek and we gon' properly reach.
Give us the truth
That's what we need if we gon' carry our cross
And if we gon' affectively disciple tha law.
Give us the truth
That's what we need if we gon' walk up in holiness and boldness and meek and
lowliness.
Give us the truth
That's what we need in this race we running
Proper lessons as we wait for his second coming (for real)
Give us the truth

I left tha crib
Moved into the dorms
So depressed that I ventured in porn (it was a crazy thing)
I felt the disconnect from Jesus' arms
So I ceased to write these rhythms in palms to disobey the King
I told my teachers that I was living in sin
And my bible I'll never read it again and threw it in the closet
And anything that had to do with God
Marcus T. he was going the opposite into lifestyle
I called phanatic and turn to the cell
Ad said for ministry I would go to jail 'cause I was in no position
To minister to anybody at all
Cause I wasn't sure if I was a christian at that moment dog
I was skipping classes
Hanging with the masses
And my days were black and grey like cigareete ashes
All I know is that I wanted to die
But suicide met me into God
Then I felt Him shook me.

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But it was obvious
God in his providence
Put me with people to guide me and got me outta this
During the chapel service
A cat named Paul Wausher
Preached the gospel and drove me up to the Lord's alter
And I confessed my sin
And he presed reset again
I started ova and felt like a solider for Jehovah
I called my old pastor and apologized for how I behaved
As of that day we agreed to go our seperate ways.
I met this girl named beth who told me about a church home
First I visit, became a member, and then it was on
Then the pastor gave me a stack of books
Now I'm back with raps and hooks
Took a summer and spent three hundred dollars on tapes and books and learned
from these biblical scholars
Now I'm back and I'm walking in light
Living my life
Glorifying Jesus Christ

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