

# God Man

Flame

You say you would die for your block, and you would die for your dawgs  
But would you get on the cross, and then die for us all  
I can hear Him cryin' "Let this cup pass from Me"  
Yet some sin against Holy Ghost which is blasphemy  
Now picture pain the worst on earth ever existed  
Experienced the mischief, endureth the crucifixion  
He died although 40 percent wouldn't believe  
See He died although 10 percent wouldn't receive  
See He died although 20 percent wouldn't understand  
And only 30 percent revered Him as the Son of Man  
Now knowin' this He still said "Nevertheless, not My will but let Yours be done"  
33 years of pain, sufferin' and sorrow  
Rejection, ridicule in a tomb that was borrowed  
Foxes have holes, birds have nest  
But even the Son of Man didn't have a place to rest

They forget You're the Godman  
Your Word says You were tempted on every hand  
yet they promise up and down that you don't understand  
Could it be an excuse to continue in sin  
Could it be in their greed that they want more  
As if dyin' on the cross wasn't enough for them  
Let's pretend and defend like it's the last rhyme  
This is what I would say to persuade minds  
Listen

The first Adam straight died with his bride  
And the second Adam straight died for His bride  
And we have a high priest who can really sympathize  
With our weaknesses and see the lies  
And the disguise in us lived in Nazareth that's similar to our urban streets  
Til He was 30 and rejected by His town peeps  
Know what it's like to be shun, hung, spit upon  
And still be the Son and one with the Father  
Feel the agony of the main people hatin' on you  
The ones that read about you and suppose to be waitin' on you  
Know what it's like to be dogged out  
But gotta fight cause you called out  
Plus in the garden of Gethsemane  
He made the choice to surrender to His enemies  
Know what it's like to walk the earth and get no love  
Treated so cold like hands and ice with no gloves

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No tongue should ever speak He don't know strugglin'  
Heartache, heart break and sufferin'  
Spit on, whipped on, and thrown down

A prophet without honor in His hometown own town  
We waitin' to see the spectacular and miraculous  
He cracked the grave and resurrected the miraculous  
Showed His love and died for us while we were yet sinners  
You're either generation X or blessed winners  
Took many lashes and then shed blood  
Cried and sweat blood, God, now that's love that's love  
What more can He do than He's already done  
Than to love the world so much that He sent His only begotten son  
What more can He do to say that He loves your life  
Than to wrap in human flesh and become the Christ