

Truth Travels

Flame

Dawg the truth a travel
When we spit get a grip like boots and gravel
We bout to take it to the streets and scream from the roof tops
From the hood, to the burbs, to the booth, to the boondocks

A yo
The I, I see our generation is fallen
Sick like Mardi Gras and we don't live in New Orleans
Real like '95 when bloods and crips was bangin'
When my homie said "Flame forget school I'm slangin'"

They skip school they bangin
Roc choppin' and slangin', posted up they hangin'
Till he hit wit a banga

Now he's covered in blood but not the blood of Christ
His ice is bloody and not even his diamonds shine

His soul is lifted, the sad part he wasn't gifted
With the gift of life through Christ we're given

STOP! Better yet go straight to the cross
The cross of Christ who came just to quicken the lost listen

The word says He's the judge of the quick and the dead
The healing hands that restores us we sick in the head

Bless the one that bled, when our hearts were hard
He called us forth, and visit our spiritual grave yard Father

Dawg the truth a travel
When we spit get a grip like boots and gravel
We bout to take it to the streets and scream from the roof tops
From the hood, to the burbs, to the booth, to the boondocks

We're the Christians that witness out on the front line
And if we losin' our breath its not from runnin' from one time
It's from grindin' shinin' and spitin' bars of truth
Exhaustin' our whole heart to school yards of youth
Feel like I'm fastin' cuz dirty I ain't ate in a while
We been preachin' while heathens are fakin' a smile
They not happy knowin' your daddy is locked up
He snorted so much coke his nose is stopped up
Ya mommy got knocked up, ya homie got chopped up
Yet he still poppin' them rocs and you throwin' ya block up
We spit Jesus dirty for more reasons than one
Cuz time is leakin' even more of a reason to run
Call me Flame cuz my temperature's 209
I feel the fire preachin' Jesus before we run outta time
It's one Christ one hope one life for real
And since we all gotta die hope I die in the field

Dawg the truth a travel
When we spit get a grip like boots and gravel
We bout to take it to the streets and scream from the roof tops
From the hood, to the burbs, to the booth, to the boondocks

No doubt fam where I stand with the team
I'm a runnin' back the head coach Christ the King
John 1 shows us how Christ esteems
We champions now through Him despite the ring
Like Aragon He comin' back like "Return of the King"
Like Sam I'm walkin' with Flame to carry the ring
Opposin' squad hate to come through and bury your dreams
But like John man my eyes have seen some scarier things
But we take it to the streets because they need the truth
Break bread and fellowship and go and feed the truth
Drop seeds and intercede that they heed the truth
Edify and strengthen them so they don't leave the truth
Flame fam I'd bleed for you- but that goes without sayin'
Cause I know Christ He breathes through you
No doubt what we came to do, what we about to do
Hit the roof tops and shout the truth

Dawg the truth a travel
When we spit get a grip like boots and gravel
We bout to take it to the streets and scream from the roof tops
From the hood, to the burbs, to the booth, to the boondocks