

When You Step

Flame

In the hood you get props if you shot somebody
If you got shot, everybody thinks you tight
Lives being taken' fast like a Mazarati
How we give a thug props cause he takes a life
If you get locked then you get stripes for doing some time
Get praised like Christ for doing the crime
Wrote this song at night with you on my mind
Doing anything in life cause you wanna shine
I know we living in America where we got everything that we need
But yet we still don't know
About anything or why we exist
So we keep poppin Crys trying to chase that dough
Yea it's true
And we love to party
All the ladies trying to make their figures look like Barbies'
All along while we dying inside
Cause we spiritually blind and we don't hear the Lord calling

Now when you step do you step to the beat of your own drum?
Now when you step do you step with the king who is awesome?
Now when you step do you step...are you marching in line man?
Step up, let's go, walk right, run it back now
Step up, let's go, walk right run it back now
Are you marching in line main?
Step up, let's go, walk right run it back now
Step up, let's go, keep it crackin like O O O!!

They don't want truth so they can't see error
They ain't come up in the C.C era
Wanna see Ceara in the PC area
Like they get trapped in the B.C era
See error they don't see Pharaoh holding the whips
Might seem narrow
Can't see the Devil man blowing them a kiss
Give 'em what they want
But ain't showing them the risk
Showing them the ice
Showing them the rest
Showing them the life
But ain't showing them the rest
-rest like a little bit of sleep
They shop the mall in the middle of the week
Walk out with bags like a little bit of sleep
Won't work Wednesday like the middle of the week
Drummer plays just to get 'em on their feet
And they step to the step to the rhythm of the beat

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In the hood you get props if you poppin' work

If you try to work some cats think you soft
Say you gotta have heat when you walk the block
Cause on the streets you never know what's popping off
But that's the way we make it
We slaves to all that
We gots to fall back and think about life
Cause it's precious and it's sacred
A gift from Christ that we can't get twice
Yea I know that we chase the riches
We must admit this it add significance
Or at least we think it does
And when it fails we inhale and drink it up
So we drown in our own depression
And keep suppressing the truth that we know
Of the fact that God exist
And we dismiss the question of where will we go when we die?

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