Don't mean much
It don't mean much to me

Yo, so they may be like KB you got it goin' on In twenty years they'll forget me like Kevin in Home Alone So grown and blown, morning then its gone That's the history you're grasping, man ain't much more (Talk about it) (Hit me) No one will care what you invented Half the stuff that we use we can care less 'bout the original I ain't trippin' I love to lift up inventions But more than liftin' inventors, who invented the inventor That's God (Talk about it) My whole clique Christ lovers, My outfit it might be plain, but I fly with the right brothers Life covered, Jesus he saves well Free's the mind for those doin' time in a brain cell Jesus 'til I expire, I may have a good gift Fire stones fall from the sky, I'll never tire Serious don't use the word play, this consonant word play Competent conquerin' content content e'rrday

We lost judged
Dead men walking on a dead earth
Looking for a heart and a soul search
Everything I want
It don't mean much
It don't mean much to me
Money, fame
Coming for your heart
Sex, drugs
Secret of the dark
Everything, everything the world wants
It don't mean much
It don't mean much to me

Yeah, Lord sometimes its envy on my lips, lust on my hips Feet prone to slip because I'm so weak We often fake like we're meek, say we're the least, speak deep But the Lord is like son please We exagerrate our strengths, hide our mistakes That's a bad place, cuz we only make his grace cheap When I'm angry my pride wants to slay me I know one person who needs to take up his cross daily, that's me Yeah, and our deepest desires might be the worst thing Our hearts are wicked, you don't know what that curse brings I get something new then I look at you If you have one and a litle that that, I want two, greed We have peasants mimicin' the life of kings Yeah you have fame and things, you never had peace Made in his image, but then we made a mess Win, lose, or draw, he's a picture of success Say cheese

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You make a song about Jesus, you never going to hell Yeah that's written in the first book of (what was it) nowhere I know that's no bail , but his fare won't go well Lord help 'fore our days end, like a hotel 'Cuz death doesn't care how many albums you sold And death doesn't schedule like this time or no Death clock reading it's sooner time to go But it'll be soon time to go Chose God and grow Watch the throne all you want, but it'll never be ya'll seat The throne's occupied like it's palace on Wall Street My God so great that He puts great to shame Ain't a man bad enough, he ain't bad enough the same Jesus, came here to save the worst of sinners How you think I'm able to rap these verses with Him To the earth He entered Full of mercy in a Death and the ressurection He got your boy singing

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