

# Don't Mean Much

KB

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'rrrdy

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 exaggerate 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 little 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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