

Little Boy

Kirk Franklin

Little boy, where you goin'?
Tell me what you gon' do, you gon' be
Tell what your future
Is college in your dreams?
You like that money and them shiny things?
Got shot at seventeen
At your funeral we sing a sad song
Your momma's baby's gone
I hear the preacher say, "Rest in peace little boy."

Little girl, where you goin'?
Do you even know you too young for them clothes?
I know you think you grown
But let him see yo mind not the crack or yo behind
Baby, Take your time and realize tomorrow has trouble of its own
Oh, and one more thing
You deserve a king 'cause you a queen, baby girl

What happen to the days when we knew the way and we used to say Jesus
Now everyting is gray when trouble comes we pray
Something gotta change

I've seen the lightning flashing
And I heard the thunder roll
See it won't be long God is showing up our wrong
You better get right church
Before it's time to go home

Momma, Daddy, what you doing?
Ain't took a trip in years
Busy with both your careers trying to make your mark
Even bought a house but you kids live at 106&Park
It's getting dark
Don't let the sun go down
Now your children ain't around for you
Ain't no money in the world worth you losing family
Just tryin' to help you see baby

If we ever need The Lord before, we sho' do need him now
Sho' do

Preacherman, where we goin'?
Church, what does it mean?
Talent show or lottery?
I know I've been guilty
It starts inside of me
Together, we can make a change
And one more thing
When you judge his name
Be careful, the preacher ain't you God
See his job is to give people Jesus, baby
Jesus, baby

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Before it's time to go home
(2x)