

Do you remember the time, when the purpose and the rhyme, was to see the souls affected.

But now its to man, every purpose and every plan, to whom the praise is directed.

We live out dream, make the crowd scream, but turn to yell at the sound man,

Since where and when did we stop checking the word and begin to start checking the sound scan.

Remember when shows were for souls and rhymes were for flows.

Now we spend one minute to pray, if even that for each day, but spend 2 hours checkin our clothes.

What happened to the passion we was having that was sparked in the beginning.

But we're quick to cry, point the speck in your eye, but even quicker to justify our sinning.

We're quick to diss and raise the fist to justify the things that we do.

But for every finger we point at them, just remember freind the re's 4 more pointin back at you.

How and when did it all begin as ministry turned to industry.

Cause did jesus need a manager, record label, distributor, or even a booking agency.

When troubles came, did he call upon the name, or turn to a lawyer to handle it.

Why do we ask God last, ignore the past, but be the first to ask our management.

Cause next to him, our glory's dim and truely pales in comparison.

Why does every move we choose seem to revolve around

we can get our groove on, but yet worry about comin on to strong.

Yet we water it down so much there aint even nothing left to chew on.

Souls become sales, and sales become a salary

give the crowd something to feel, whine about keepin it real, but dont try to keep it to reality.

Yet when its all over and the mic is hung and its all said and done.

It wont matter how many battles I won, but only the souls that I have won.

On the other side, will my silly pride cause me to hold my head up proud.

If I wont have beef with you then, tell me freind, why should I have a beef with you now.

At the end of my life when I held that mic did I really truely deserve it.

Forget if I was phat, Forget if I was whack,

I want to hear well done my good and faithful servant.