

Come on  
Yeah  
Come on  
Break it down now  
Mr. DJ  
Would you play  
Ah, yo, yo, yo

Hey yo, mr dj would you please flip the beat on  
I got so much to say I need two mics to speak on  
You been pre warned that if the path that ya be on  
Is leading you to hell then I tell ya to be reborn by...  
The only name that I speak on  
He's the only way I claim that I keep on  
It's a shame that you state that I be wrong  
But wait one day we gonna find who's gonna be wrong  
The only strength that I lean on  
He'll come back fast snatch us up and well be gone  
Catch us up to the clouds and just beyond  
Resting my feet on golden streets through the eons  
With every mic that I breathe on  
Shine brighter then five million light bulbs in neon  
I'm the rhyme writer God provided to be on  
The track so the fact is that I gotta put the heat on cuz

Jesus (and all I got is just)  
Jesus (and all I drop is just)  
Jesus (cuz all I rock is just)  
Try knocking us but you can't be stopping us  
Jesus (and all I got is just)  
Jesus (and all I drop is just)  
Jesus (cuz all I rock is just)  
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Skip the cris I'd rather sip the living agua  
Cuz ever since I tasted it there was no need to bother  
So the father sent his son to the slaughter  
And he's the lion king but his name aint mufassa its  
The great physcian he's my doctor  
The great commission is reason why I gots ta  
Keep slinging it out like Peter Parker  
And keep holding the mic up to my mouth like Bob Barker  
I don't even try to hide it  
See why fight it see he's the reason I'm excited  
But why is the body of Christ chopped and divided  
Man if you like beef go peep the atkins diet  
Every person is invited  
All the way from the best to the worst one it's provided  
That God will turn a messed up life around like mine did  
Open your eyelids it's time that you recognized that its

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What I speak well you can choose to listen  
But first go to the tomb tell me just who is risen  
Cuz all I know is just know is whose body is missing  
That's why I make a passion for Christ like Mel Gibson  
I don't keep nothing hidden  
Don't confuse what I speak as nothing more than religion  
Religion got nothing to do with Jesus's mission  
Religion's why they kill innocent men women and children  
See he is really quite different  
And every time I'm speaking I'm really quite specific  
And he's the reason why the rhymes I write different  
And the only thing I'm getting high is hands that I've lifted  
One day he'll pay a last visit  
So fast that when it happens if ya blink ya might miss it  
And that's when those who was dissing would be wishing  
They would've listened cuz they missed it the clock's ticking now

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