

# Take It To God

KRS-One

Yeah, once again, word up urban inspirational  
KRS-One, Professor Ecks, whattup Dan? Woo  
Temple of Hip-Hop, let's do it

By the sound of the track, you know who is back  
It's the teacher, philosopher of conscious rap  
Rappers tired of me sayin where hip-hop is at  
Cause they know they unoriginal, copycats  
Watch me bump this gospel rap, never wack  
In fact, I tell you where the tracks is at  
TV is wack, they wanna show us beatin Iraq  
When the question is, is where is Chandra Levy at?

Murdered God and left for dead like hip-hop  
And admit to Condit like conduct, to kill Ecks the dread  
And Kris crucified the false prophet  
John F. Kennedy to these MC's, I draw and cock it  
Cock on cocky cops for the love of the art  
Punish the part, partition  
Pardon the pause, poison pens penetrate the mental  
I walk with Kris so my body's a temple  
Body instrumentals and body your squad in the body of a God

Just think, just think, what if Malcolm X returned  
or Dr. King returned, tell me what have we learned?  
As we takin our turn, tell me what have we earned  
or is the ice and the cars our only concern  
Mo' money, mo' money, you be yellin it out  
And on TV can't you see you be sellin us out  
So in 2010, look to 2002  
Who you think they gonna respect, me or you?

Behold, the God, in the form of the man  
Walkin off water and (?) flesh absorbs in the sand  
Moor gets the land, divorcin the clan, I'm off into sand  
Off and I'm slayin delicate arms from porcelain hands  
Slaughtered the lambs, charge it to the game  
Cats take hip-hop's name in vain  
Disrespectin the forefathers who came (uh-huh)  
Goddess hurt 'em right now, like when Marvin was slain

They don't want it, nope, they don't need it, nope  
Just stay weeded and hope, I don't read what you wrote  
Best believe they ain't dope, they deceivin these folks  
with they meaningless quotes, I got my feet on they throat  
What they speak is a joke, they really weak and they broke  
Have a seat and take notes, on the streets I'm the Pope  
MTV is they hope, they repeat what they wrote  
I'm an MC that won't, let them tempt me with coke

Nope, flesh of my flesh, blessed by KRS  
Used to love her, they (?) haven't made a date with death  
Follow no man, enslave the Ecks, Professin the student  
I vibe with the teacher obliged to drop (?) liver than heaters  
Lyrics liable to eat us like the survivors of Jesus  
Now the, blind is the leaders, your styles is egregious  
Gets now the brow beateth to underground emceeth

The game is overheated, overweeded, and misunderstood

Word, just a ride in they boat, with a platinum rope  
No doubt, they sellin us out, what's happenin loc?  
Quit this rappin I won't, cause MC'n is dope  
If I can't do it for the love then do it I won't  
How many times we note when these rappers is dope  
Satisfied, that's why I'm renewin your hope  
Broaden your scope, when cleaned out your mind  
my rhyme is like a new bar of deoderant soap

In this land of men mice and mimes, I holds right for the laws  
Live life like Christ, makin bread from mics and applause  
The snakes fight with Tyson like jaws for what's rightfully yours  
I might th 'em all, tell me - is it life or it's war?

Goooyyyiiyyiiyyod, Goooyyyiiyyiiiod, Goooyyyiiyyiiyyod  
My God, your God, our God.. is God, is God  
Change is gonna come, where you goin to run, but to God?  
To God, run to God, run to God  
Run to God, and let him in your heart  
Change is gonna come, the change is gonna come  
Make it your change, run to God, in your heart  
Let God in your heart, he will fillt he part  
Goooyyyiiyyiiyyod, in youuuuuuur heart  
Take it to God, take it to God God  
Take it to my God, your God, take it to God  
Take it to Goooyyyiiyyiiyyod, take it to Goooyyyiiyyiiyyod  
Take it to Goooyyyiiyyiiyyod, take it to God  
Just take it to God, run and, take it God  
Take it to Go-awd