

Blow Your High

Lecrae

Hmm, Here we go again
Why you blowing them stems I'm bout' to flow again
I know the smoke ain't the only thing going in
I gotta whole lotta truth you can roll'em with
Feel it in your chest, yes, breath
It's what you breathe in never thinkin' that you blessed
You hear it in the back, right, left
Your body feeling right but your soul getting left
You think you gettin' high but you really getting low
The devil got you blind from the weed that you blow
You worshipping a tree instead of worshipping the king
When he made everything Romans 1:23
Chase that high all the way to into the grave
You lost in your low so you're high everyday
And everything you crave only makes you a slave
And Christ is the only way you ever gonna 'scape
If it's one hitta, quitta, get it
In your mind that your time's gon' pass
And if you gon' get it, spit it, lick it
You got one life and it ain't gon' last
You ain't stimulated, you manipulated by a hater
And he hate it when you rehabilitated
If smoke is the evidence, you takin' His benevolent gift
And telling him split while you're in hell in yo hit , so get up

Ohh, you think you high but you really getting low
Yeah, you gon' hate it but I had to let you know
That in the end we all gon' die, can't escape it if you try
I know your lighters up but I'ma blow your high (Eyyy!)
I'ma blow your high (Eyyy!) I'ma blow your high
I know you're trying to free your mind
But you just wasting time
And Jesus is alive

Wait a minute ya'll
Let me take it down a river while they rolling down the hedonism boulevard
Anything that got em' feeling, maybe money or the Lamborghini in the magazine about the sports car
Everybody wanting satisfaction
But there's no regard for The One who has it
And everybody wantin' grabbin'
But you gotta get it from above where they stash it
You can try to get high
You can feel alive
But the reality, your soul dry
You gotta find anybody with a better high
You ain't fillin' half of the \$20 bag full of weed that provides it
Gotta make a U-turn cause if you turn
You can see The One who turns
But if we never make that turn
You will never be content with the high you've earned
You will never be happy
Running with the love of kush
For the love of kush, I promise
You can either be a slave to an object
Or rather be a slave to the God who's honest
They ain't never seen a high like I got

But they fallin' in the puddle like a raindrop
Steady running from the top of the balcony
Looking over the Hollywood valleys falling from the rooftop

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The wrath of God is revealed from heaven against all ungodliness and unrighteousness of men
Who by the unrighteousness they request the truth
For although they knew God, they did not honor Him or give thanks to Him
They became futile in their thinking
They exchanged the truth of God for a lie
And worshipped and served the creature instead of the creator who is Blessed
Forever
Amen