

Hey yo Canon man
What's up homie?
You know, what I kinda realized is that: everybody wanna put me in a box
Nah
They trying to figure out what category I belong in man
There ain't no category for this
So I figure, let me help them out a little bit
I think it's about that time

I am so authentic, I am so authentic
They try to figure me out, but this is not a gimmick
Hi Hip Hop. Don't act like you don't know me
We got the same momma. Don't you try to disown me

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I'm just a mixed breed, call me a day walker
Cause I walk in the sun but at night I'm a stalker
If you're looking for blood, come run in my lane
The vein never runs dry, there is plenty of it mayne
I speak an ancient language, they don't understand me
It's called the truth, I break it down, they try to reprimand me
As long as she spoke it, they try to revoke her
They drove her crazy like Morgan Freeman did to Miss Daisy
I am not insane, product of the culture
I'm what happens when Outkast meets the writings of Moses
The views are opposing, but they correlate
And me and Christ don't match, but we coordinate
If Wu-Tang can spit five percent gems
I can talk about Him who died for my sins
I'm not a gospel rapper, not a holy roller
I'm just a product of grace, spreading hope to the hopeless

See, they trying to put me in the box my whole life. But you know, I stand t
all. And it seems like that box is a little too small for me. Church clothes

Feels like I'm {bacbacbac ratatatat}, letting off that truth in here
That caged, untamed, strange man. Let it loose in here
You may attain your a sane man, put your brain in your main frame
But if you can't hang man, you can lose it here
And let's be clear, I don't want your approval
And I don't thirst for the worthless, my verses will prove it
All these empty executives, a lame pursuit
And you can tell they are just a shell from their vain pursuits
They say they love my music, boy they telling tales
They want me sign on a dotted line, but I'm not for sale
They want that Jay (I know), they want that Yeezy
They want that Lupe, they ain't hearing what you say
I beg they differ, I think they do
They're listening, cause it's different, and some of them are confused
So I'm leaving clues. I give directions
I hope they stop at the light before the intersection

The anticipation is over, here it is. Changing lives one by one. Another cla

ssic for you all to ride to. I go by Don Cannon, The One Man Army, back to b
ack with the homie Lecrae