

# Fear

Lecrae

Even though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death  
I will fear no evil, for you are with me  
Your rod and your staff, they comfort me

I honestly grow insecure as I get older  
Cuz' even when you hot there comes a day when you get colder  
Comes a day when you slower, time is taking its toll  
45 on the back of the jersey upon your soul  
I'm scared of letting go, I don't know what the future holds  
My nightmares are having nightmares  
I'm quite scared of what's right and fair  
How I fear an eternity  
Will I hear well done when he's turning me?  
Will I hear you care too much about  
All this stuff that really don't matter?  
You chase the wind and you don't want it  
Got to the top of a 2 foot ladder  
What's after I can capture all this mess my heart was after?  
Will I end up empty-handed when I stand before my master?  
Did I master the mathematics of a passive disaster?  
Add in my selfish ambition  
All the while, subtracting what matters  
I don't know

At late nights, I can't sleep  
Will I fall? Will I peep?  
Through the curtains, all I see, fingers pointed at me  
And they watching, and they watching  
And I'm wondering what they thinking□thinking bout'  
At late nights, I can't sleep  
Counting cash, counting sheep  
Through the curtains, all I see fingers pointed right at me  
And I'm watching, and I'm watching  
And I'm wondering what they thinking□ thinking bout'it all

In high school, we tried to act all tough  
I remember a couple times, I couldn't back that up  
Like when I ran from them vatos, scuffing up my zapatos  
Scared of losing my high, I was so embarrassed inside  
If I could go back in time, I would stand and say something like  
I ain't never scared, never scared, never scared  
I'm lying, I'm scared of these thoughts in my head  
I'm scared of possibly pushing people right over the ledge  
When I say I pledge allegiance to the struggle  
Then, I turn around and buckle  
Under stress and under pressure  
Bible on my dresser that can teach my pain a lesson  
But I rather not address it  
Address that's in depression  
I'm scared if I confess it  
That you gon' look at me like I'm something less  
And I'm such a mess

At late nights, I can't sleep  
Will I fall? Will I peep?  
Through the curtains, all I see, fingers pointed at me  
And they watching, and they watching

And I'm wondering what they thinking□thinking bout'  
At late nights, I can't sleep  
Counting cash, counting sheep  
Through the curtains, all I see fingers pointed right at me  
And I'm watching, and I'm watching  
And I'm wondering what they thinking□ thinking bout'it all

And it just so happen, I'm wrestling with my status  
I'm trying to see me like He do, not focusing on this madness  
They count on me, count me out on a count of they fear and doubts  
Keep account of my wrongs, trying to keep me inside they house  
Some just keep me around, I wonder what that's about  
Yeah! They wanna be politically correct, I suppose  
But□I'm comfortable in my skin  
While they just pretending they clothes  
I'm scared of falling and failing  
In front of all of my foes  
And I feel some friends are unfaithful  
So, I keep my small circle closed  
I don't want no handouts or favors, no functional saviors  
I'ma tell that truth till it kill me  
I'm chilling with my Creator  
Jesus, Jesus, Jesus, Jesus, Jesus to all of my haters  
To the ones that think I forgot him  
And the ones who won't let me say  
I ain't scared no mo'

At late nights, I can't sleep  
Will I fall? Will I peep?  
Through the curtains, all I see, fingers pointed at me  
And they watching, and they watching  
And I'm wondering what they thinking□thinking bout'  
At late nights, I can't sleep  
Counting cash, counting sheep  
Through the curtains, all I see fingers pointed right at me  
And I'm watching, and I'm watching  
And I'm wondering what they thinking□ thinking bout'it all

Everybody always  
They got something to say rather you like it or not  
Everybody always  
They gon' have something to say  
Baby, don't take it to heart