

# Gimme A Second

Lecrae

Gimme a second, gimme a second yeah  
Gimme a second, listen what I'm sayin to you  
Uh huh, listen, gimme a second  
All I need is a second yeah  
Gimme a second, uh yeah

Hey listen Cole talk that college talk  
Wayne talks gangs  
Jay-z's talkin' money mayne and (Kan) ye talk fame  
And people say I talk about the same ole thang  
Reason that I sound the same cause the truth don't change  
Look, people get it twisted like a lemon in the spirit  
If I ain't talking killin' I must be talking bout healin'  
And I ain't talking bout how Jesus gonna make me a million  
With my hands to the ceiling I got that spiritual feelin'  
Head bowed down, knees to the floor  
You a Christian and you rap? That must be the way you flow - No  
I talk reality like mama on her death bed  
The birth of a child, the soldier losing his left leg  
Who gon write songs to give him hope in his chair  
Addicted to pain killers, wife left last year  
Your favorite rapper was probably tryin' to make his next hit  
Talking looking what I got, who I shot and who I tip  
Couldn't be more common if them boys made sense  
Couldn't be more common if Serena was they chick  
And this is not a diss, this how reality sound  
Let it off my mind, this how my mentality sound

Everything I do, I do for you  
I don't wanna single a thing, I don't wanna sing a thing  
Ain't got no kind of angle  
I ain't tryin play you, ain't gotta know my name,  
You ain't gotta know my name  
But in my short time on this Earth  
I done died, been rebirthed  
And I know this sounds strange to you  
So give me a little time, let me spit a couple lines  
And I promise it might just change you too

I sound like the mad rapper 'cause I'm crazy  
The radio be like "we love you", but they never play me  
I be doin' shows like "you ain't even gotta pay me"  
I just wanna spread the same message that done saved me  
You see I probably grew up just like you  
Tellin' my heroes "Man I wanna be just like you"  
I got in trouble went to court  
Judge showed me couple inmates and he told me man  
They started off just like you  
I never rolled around strapped  
I was busy chasing girls and money  
I play ball and smoke weed thought the world was funny  
I went to church a few times with my head on a swivel  
And I was lookin' for the bad ones that sat in the middle  
I couldn't remember a sermon, I never caught the spirit  
And if Christians was tryin' to rap then I'm not tryin' to hear it  
I never would've imagined that I would be rhymin'  
About the same God that I couldn't confide in

Never planned to get married, raise a family, help kids grow up  
Visit people in prison, I was busy tryin' to blow up  
But see, now I'm unimpressed with the way these folks dress  
Or the engine in the truck, all I want is soul rest  
And I'm so blessed, look at what He did to me  
How could I keep this to myself? Somebody bled for me  
Nah, you just gon' have to hate this  
'Cause God's the only reason I'm able to say this

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