

Heaven Or Hell

Lecrae

They tell me "'Crae murk the track"
Hurt the rap
Naw dawg, let me pose a question to you
"Have you heard of my Dad?"
Purchased us back, put man's curse on his back
I worship for that, it's my whole purpose in fact
Purple and black, is how we looked I'm certain of that
And man I cry when I think of how the Curtain was cracked
But He rose in three days, that's a pertinent fact
And since He created to save me, I serve him for that
I read His Word all the time so He stay on my mind
Flesh rise all the time so I stay on the grind
When it's time to go to Heaven I don't pray I'm in line
I'm a hundred percent positive I'm waiting for mine
Ain't no ifs, ands, or buts, whos or whats
You walking away from Christ, man you losing touch
Take away your man you doing too much
The world's feet rush into evil, pursuing they lusts

I hope that ya'll listening well, there's only two places to dwell
And if you representing the first, I pray you're representing well
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Some of ya'll got it twisted
Hell, why risk it?
Life, can be fixed through Christ, I'm a witness
And I don't care about 5 mics or a hit list
I'm getting kinda used to gettin' dissed as a Christian
Let's get one thing straight,
Out the gate, I'm the type of dude to put a slab of truth on your plate
And I don't care if ya heard it twice
I ain't trippin' if you just left church, ya heard of Christ
Let me tell you what was holdin' me
Six hours on the Cross while His Holy Blood flowed for me
What you know about a sacrifice?
When you step off the throne for the same one that snatched your life
Man, let me tell you dawg Christ is real
Without Him you got nothing,
You're living off of life's appeals
Make Him Lord in your life
Cause ya'll in Death Row talking bout ya kinda like that deal..

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Hey yo, I might have to bleed for this
I'm not ashamed of Christ, there's Romans 1:16 for this
And I don't care if I'm blinded dawg
Everytime I trip and fall, I just be reminded dawg
And you call yourself grinding dawg?
You can served more birds than churches
But you still dying dog
I don't care what city you from
Whether from the suburbs or from the slums but Christ still gon' come

And matter of fact, if He come now
You can be a six-eight, heavyweight, but your knees gon' bow
Ain't no telling Him to ease on down
And when the trumpet sound
And *blat* everybody see that ground
I don't care about fame and wealth
Put my God on a shelf? Naw Dawg I'd rather hang myself!
Forgive me if I can't contain myself!
Cause if YOU DIED, and didn't hear the Gospel, than dog I blame MYSELF!

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I hope that ya'll listening well, there's only two places to dwell
And if you representing the first, I pray you're representing well