

The Line

Lecrae

You know it's on and poppin and aint no stoppin
keepin the party rockin for God who's watchin
Without Christ the Rock who would rock ya body
Who would rock the party, or rock the lobby
He gave us a reason to praise Him up in the Steeple
When He came down and died for the evil that we do
We aint playin games or reppin His name to gain change
We do this to maintain and change the mainframe
gangstas that gangbang and hustlas that slang thangs
We know you're a sinner but it's time for a name change
It's the Holy Rock Repper, reppin the Rock whether or
not it's hot on ya block in the hot weather
We in the party screamin "Jesus WHUUUT"
You see somebody wildin out? what you seen was us
We keep it krunk for Christ because of His redeeming love
We gone rep him till we die or til He beams us up so get 'em up!

You rollin with the line now baby
Get your hands up high now baby
We keep it crunk for Christ, we'll never change that
The same cats rockin even after the cows came back (mmmmm)
Get your hands up, Get your hands up, get your hands up, get your hands up

Tadow! How you like me now I'm in the mix
See I'm a fiend for Jesus Christ and I'm about ta get my fix
With the Krunkness, I hope you feeling my worshipnow peep my drunkness
because the Spirit is working I pray you pump this
to all your friends that are worldly, to see we bump this
because we know that He's worthy
I'm from the dirty
the place where they say that the cops got him, or the glock shot him
this is where people hit rock bottom
crack houses and dirty spouses, how can you not spot him?
Because of this drama I nicknamed my block Sodom.
But God took this brotha, one coming a dime a dozen
and brought me back to His loving, delivered me from destruction
From the land of the Trill, worse than Amityville
with one hand on the wheel, and one hand on the steel
To His commandments and will, He understands how I feel
but he called me to run as hard as Emmitt ran on the field.
Now get 'em UP!

You rollin with the line now baby
Get your hands up high now baby
We keep it crunk for Christ, we'll never change that
The same cats rockin even after the cows came back (mmmmm)
Get your hands up, Get your hands up, get your hands up, get your hands up

Ride with this Christian Partner, While we present the
Father, Vibe to this rhythm holla, live till you hear
them holla, or see them follow, forsaking Impalas and
dollars, or smoking la la, For popping collars in honor to Abba
Now wild out! And get crunk to this Plumbline
collaboration, we out to grab the station til God gets his adoration

Aye yo this beat got us jumpin and stompin we keep it
pumpin like Jesus comin

I see you runnin, you keepin somethin from me, you frontin
But you can't front on Jehovah, He knows ya...
Not J-A-Y but J-E young soldier
I told ya, He's the owner man
He want it, He says it and gets it, it's over man
He gave us the life that we're livin, He owns us man
You either rollin with the Rock or get rolled over man

You rollin with the line now baby
Get your hands up high now baby
We keep it crunk for Christ, we'll never change that
The same cats rockin even after the cows came back (mmmmm)
Get your hands up, Get your hands up, get your hands up, get your hands up