

Unashamed

Lecrae

A yo man let that beat drop on em
Yea, oh you know I'm liking that right there
Wats good yall
It's yo boy Lecrae
Some call me crazy
I'm here with my 116 clique representing to you
We just want to put it down for the Lord Jesus Christ
City to city and state to state, we keep running into more 116 clique members
People who are unashamed of the gospel of Jesus Christ
Let me tell you where we're from dog..

New Jerusalem, that's my home
Let me put it in a song, so you'll never get it wrong
No shame in the message, that's the reason I live (reason I live)
Christ up in every song, He's the reason I'm here
All they rhyme about is guns, money, sex and drugs
Eighty percent of these dudes is fictional thugs
We don't kill nobody, we don't rob no stores
We don't trap, we aint strapped, we don't smoke that dro
We aint pimpin, we aint trippin, if we tippin on some fours
den youll probaly hear dat Jesus music comin out our doors (comin out our doors)
we aint ashamed, you can call us lame,
but everybody gotta die and stand in front of the King

We unashamed, unashamed
Unashamed, unashamed
Unashamed, unashamed
Unashamed, unashamed
Unashamed, unashamed
Unashamed, we unashamed
Unashamed, unashamed
Unashamed, unashamed
We unashamed

Watch this so you can really know what time it is
God is resurrected and I'm here to glorify Him
Ma Jesus, Jesus, ma Jesus might make a great tune
But we gotta lead em dipset to the weight room
I gotta date soon, but it aint soon enough
Father keep pruning us, cause its proven we known for screwing up
I cant front cause the pressure is still thick
And when sin in looks like the pressure, I'm havin to turn quick
A sin sick, so merk it like John Owen
You know when Jesus the Christ you can pay him, but still owe him
We shoul da died and been buried for our wrong actions
Instead Christ died and carried them on his own back (What?)
This is a known fact, but some say that its fiction
This is our lifestyle, no its not a religion
See I survived death back in 2002,
And religion is not at all what got your boy through
Yea your boy crayola, I don't do payola
No floors full of baking soda, just Jehovah
I get played to the left more than I get paid to write
So I aint worried about eating dog, tryin to display the fight

We unashamed, unashamed
Unashamed, unashamed
Unashamed, unashamed
Unashamed, unashamed
Unashamed, unashamed
Unashamed, we unashamed
Unashamed, unashamed
Unashamed, unashamed
We unashamed

You see me on the block, the ava void in the land
We look the same, but we different
We bring God to this thang
While being vocal by the Lord and not a piece on chain
But don't get it twisted, its reasons these boys unashamed
How bout 39 lashes of beatings, they laughing and teasing
These blasphemous heathens reject the passion of Jesus
He fasted from speaking even with nails bashed in His feat, and the cross,
He gasping and wheezing, His lungs collect as He's breathing
The chief priest stone in the court of this chief
My Prince of Peace minus the pipe who bought my grief so no more chiefin
But like the rims that hit the curb (curb) we call em shoulder blades
We got out crosses on our back like our shoulder blade
This is death and resurrection that turned about my direction
Stepping toward perfection had nothing to do with me (do with me)
But the gospel is the power and power been men to pow out
We powed in the pavement takin the message to the streets

We unashamed, unashamed
Unashamed, unashamed
Unashamed, unashamed
Unashamed, unashamed
Unashamed, unashamed
Unashamed, we unashamed
Unashamed, unashamed
Unashamed, unashamed
We unashamed