

# Made Up My Mind

Lyfe Jennings

Lord, they really think they foolin' you  
By comin' to church on Sunday  
Prayin' and layin' hands on folks  
Stompin' and jumpin' around, fakin' the Holy Ghost  
But it's a thin line between walkin' it and talkin' it

And livin' it and givin' it or just pretendin' it's alright  
And did they really think that they could  
Pull the wool over your eyes?  
Lord, did they really think that by fakin' they were saved  
That they would get the same reward?

This be the realest thing I ever wrote for sure  
And after this a lot of folks won't like me no more  
But after this I gotta go answer to you, Lord  
So I've made up my mind, I'ma go to church on Sunday

And sing a song that may hurt somebody's feelings  
So that maybe thy will, will be done  
On Earth as it is in Heaven and I hopefully they will see  
How much they really be discouragin' a little old sinner like me

And Lord who they think they jivin'  
By singin' these songs full of glory?  
Then out in the world it's a different story  
I'm runnin' out of people to pray for me  
And I'm not tryin' to act like I'm the perfect man

But if you speak about it, you should be about it  
Not just preach about it all day, 'cause if you do you run the risk  
Of chasin' some of the most beautiful people away  
And it is never my intention to discourage you  
Rather encourage you to change your life today

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