

Full Court Mess

Pro

I-I-I-I-I'm a full court mess if the Lord don't use me
'Cause I'm a full court mess if the Lord don't use me,
I'm a full court mess if the Lord don't use me
Running from my trials, thinking everything's groovy
I'm a full court mess if the Lord don't use me
Running from my trials, thinking everything's groovy

Y'all see the way that I am now
Love out for the king, I'm a stand now
Y'all don't know if it wasn't for the lamb now
Ain't no telling what I would be minus his hand now

When I gang bang, when I slang 'caine
Riding with a chopper when I change lanes
When I chase fame, full of hate mayne
Tryna get a couple ohs in my bank mayne
What I face mayne, what I break mayne
If I fall, tell me would I ever get up
I don't even know why the Lord forgive us
Look at this chance at life that he give us
Now I'm rappin' for him when I do perform
And I take the storm, while I'm waitin' for him
If I break for him, love of the spirit is in me
I let it be great for him
So unashamed, I take hate for him
If that mean that I can't even pay for him
You know I give everything for him
Some say that they down, but they ain't for him

I know there's nothing good inside me
My evil mind used to blind me
'Til the spirit came to unbind me
Now I'm like, use me or otherwise grind me

I'm a full court mess if the Lord don't use me
Running from my trials, thinking everything's groovy
'Cause I'm a full court mess if the Lord don't use me
Running from my trials, thinking everything's groovy
I'm a full court mess if the Lord don't use me
Running from my trials, thinking everything's groovy
I'm a full court mess if the Lord don't use me
Use me, u-u-u-use me, full court mess

J-e-s-u-s that's all I gotta say to my final [breath]
K-B got OCD, I'm obsessing for Christ like something wrong with me
"Me" and "I" can't breath
Homie "I" gotta die so that I can breath
Through the Christ in me, I proceed
Speaking about and preaching about the glory of the gospel
Hold up A!
With everything inside of me I gotta be anomaly
I gotta be really modeling what I'm saying audibly
Grippin' the microphone I gotta give it to them mightily
Hold up A!
Don't nobody wanna hear somebody who ain't living
What the "spitting in the booth" [tongue roll]
Continually you know I gotta go and "put it in this dude" [tongue roll]

Oh my God to be used!

Plus I got disciples that making sure that I mean this, they like
So what you got the crowd in all A's! like the dean's list
We've been seasoned, sing for a single reason
It's in my genes kid, I pen hymns like a seamstress
Was living loosely, until the Lord pursued me
Induced me, than He moved me to see that gospel and it's beauty
(I could be) bleeding profusely but if He's in my viewing
Then He can use me up... truly, homie I'm a full court mess

I'm a full court mess if the Lord don't use me
Running from my trials, thinking everything's groovy
'Cause I'm a full court mess if the Lord don't use me
Running from my trials, thinking everything's groovy
I'm a full court mess if the Lord don't use me
Running from my trials, thinking everything's groovy
I'm a full court mess if the Lord don't use me
Use me, U-u-u-use me, full court mess