

# Reverence

Jim Rotondi

Watch me ride  
Take the words and the bass  
Taste, and then swallow me  
You're chasing the devil  
Cause you're level if you follow me  
For quality, and I make no apology  
For linking my thinking with computer technology  
Cause this is like a modern day hymn  
For the new church  
I search for the truth  
I've got a hole in my tooth  
I'm Uncouth, yes sir, I'm from the street university  
Where we learn to earn even in times of adversity  
And always find the ease way out of a hard time  
Petty crime sometimes  
But now I'm inclined to find  
A fresh direction  
Check out the funky section  
Cause this is the part where I start to rip up words  
A comfort coming straight from my heart  
I'm not a mystic  
My views are realistic, simplistic  
One special brew I get pissed quick  
And get sick so I don't do it no more  
I won't find peace of mind  
Rolling around on the floor  
The point I want to make is  
You can never escape from your fate  
The mistake is to take without giving  
From within  
You know how I'm living  
I'm cool. I'm looking after myself  
And I could never place wealth before my spirit  
I feel it's unhealthy  
The devil creep around you so stealthy, stealthy  
Till ya get bold, rush the gold  
And before ya time is over  
Ya soul is sold, where's it gettin ya?  
Competition starts swearing ya

Gold diggers setting you up  
Soon be forgetting your existence?  
Do ya need a for instance  
I hafta admire your persistence  
In sticking to a game plan  
That brings ya pain man  
And at the end of the day nothing is gained  
So listen to the voice within  
I'll see ya later  
Pay heed to the Grand Oral Disseminator  
I keep lying and trying  
Denying the call from inside  
Ya can't hide responsibility  
So decide from today just who it's going to be  
Thou shalt have no other od but me  
So set ya free see  
But you'll have to listen  
And who's that false idol  
I see you kissing?  
Money, success and untold wealth, good health  
And all ya have to do is love yourself  
It's a fact you'll attract all the things that ya lack  
So just chill  
And get off the race track  
And take a pace back, face facts  
It's your decision  
You don't need eyes to see  
You need vision  
Continue to view the lord as being separated  
And you're living a lie that's been perpetrated  
For many centuries, I wanna mention  
These facts in my rap  
I don't sing  
But I wanna share the peace that it brings  
My name is G.O.D  
The Grand Oral Disseminator

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