Souled Out

Lecrae

Man I consider my life nothin'
If I could just finish the race
And complete the job the
Lord Jesus gave me
I live to tell the world his message
Romans 1:16 "I'm not ashamed"
I ain't ashamed

[Hook:]
We Souled Out
Seeking God's face till we fold out
You want it, we got it
We ain't tryin' to hold out
Break me, shake me, mold me
I rather die like Christ than live unholy.

[Verse 1:]
1 - 1 - 6 a band of misfits
Who get sick at the state of the world
So we hit strips and spit Christ Jesus,
Who scooped us out of the dirt and cleaned us
We were slave to sinful ways but Christ freed us
Believe us, because of the bible that supersedes us
Not to the intellectual thesis
They say we believe in a fools faith
Cause kids can grasp it
And salvation is granted, to those who ask it
But even if you don't know systematic
Theology or eschatology
You know Jesus is who you wanna to seek
We ought to be sowing seeds and teaching truth
Diciplin' groups of young soldiers and reaping fruit
Aww yeah, this a part of our lifestyle
Might sound good on wax but we livin' it right now
I wish you would catch me on tapes and CD's
But never see me in the streets in 3-D
B, Please, we ain't come here to appease
We came to spit these spiritual soliloquies
Why killers squeeze triggers and hammers clap

I'ma shove on my bullet truth vest
And hammer back like that

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[Verse 2:]
Man I do this for the, Way, the truth
The life, Jesus Christ
Until my soul take flight
The world's the same
Everyone want to cop a chain, cop a dame, cop 22's on the range
Want to cop big fortune and fame
And claiming that they the reason that the cops get trained
Stop the game, I came here to drop a name: Jesus
The same one that blocked the pain
How many thugs you know hard enough to stop the flames
It's like standing on the tracks tryin to block a train
You got the game messed up. Stop and change
Mind trapped all wrapped up in locks an' chains
The same God you pray to before you sleep at night
The same God you disrespect when you creep at night
Seek the light, ain't no tryin' to plead for life
Talkin' bout' 'I sorry God', He like 'Leave my sight'
The key to life is none other than Jesus Christ
If you a slave to your ways, be free tonight

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I spit these bars not to get no chicks in cars
Not for spinners on the wheels of expensive cars
Man I do this for the folk who like to lift their arms
Pray to god who gave us life so he can give us all
Man I do this for the blocks in the hood
The rocks in the hood
Jesus Christ, Cornerstone
Gettin' props in the hood
Folks think we crazed and delirious
Cliqued up 40 deep
All saved, all serious, yeah
And if you curious
We got some proof man
We got some answers
We got some truth man
Tellin' folks you know that God is watchin' you man
Romans 10:9 is all you got to do man

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Lyrics submitted by Brittany Wood.

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