

He Told Me (feat. Kahnma)

Bizzy Bone

[Chorus: Kahnma]

Our father, what's your desire?

We give you things in praise, your name we call upon

Through these trying times we have come to find

We put our trust in you

You give us strength to do the things we wanna dooooo[Bizzy Bone]

Not a party, but we did it like children study in school

I refuse to get deep deep inside of the mystery to know that it's you

How many people are true?

Never could stress me out, thinkin attention of who?

Mention the representation of plus dedication I'm lacin up the boots

Happily out of the wonderment now

Massage a thought, never could be my style

Shoulda been bred they brought, go and provide some perfect wild

Forever in a day and including now, beautiful love when nobody's around

How could I clown when it's so profound, you know what I'm talkin about

Round for round and pound for pound, Heavenly Father I praise him now

Our lord and savior Jesus Christ, Lord comin in on a cloud

Never commit adultery, phsyical thinkin outtakes the spiritual

Never neglect the fact that, bad medicine, leads to sickness literal

I think you think too hard

And yes, we're comin up out they yard

What do you see? I see them soldiers takin charge, march

I see them soldiers takin charge, march[Chorus][Bizzy Bone]

In the God of the name of Jesus Christ

The father, the son and the holy spirit

Said in Psalm 7, "You do unto others as you would want them to do to you"

Honor mother, honor father, praise God

Love your brother and it'll be one love

To the day way sinnin be livin and it'll be alone, oh - feel it, heh, ooh

What they wanna do? I see jealousy, element of people in the family

Check out the medley, ow, we sinnin up felonies; thank you

Praise God runnin and the police thank you

Elementary in the love school 'til the women come out to beef

and I'll shank you, shook you, shank you - heh, heh

And runnin in the belly of the beast I stank you, element shank you

And it's worse than a canker sore, don't let 'em flank you, thank you

Don't let 'em flank you, haha

I think you think too hard

And yes, we're comin up out they yard
Tell me what do you see?
I see some soldiers takin charge as they march[Chorus][Bizzy Bone]
Bring that song to the Bentley{?} swangin
the wind is changin, spirit be arrangin
Strange as it seems in these crazy dreams, lean, on Jesus he's as one
That's the real thing, that's the real team, got some real cream
Poppa makin honey, not money but the real bling
Bada-boom bada-bing, and let your freedom ring
Oh me, I'm mystical as ever all clerical, no little bits in the wind today
Cannibals pullin out a can of that bullshit
That bullshit, tell the bitches plan away
Scan away, literally been broke with a script
in the name of our lord and savior; Jesus Christ
In the name of the father and the son and the holy spirit all of it wise
That's why[Outro: Bizzy Bone]
Holla back, one true God
I want you to spit it just like that
Whatever, whatever happen happen
They ain't gotta like this shit
[starting to mumble]
Tell them motherfuckers out here it's for me
I want you tell 'em somethin
I want you to tell these mudder-fuckers
that I said they can kiss my ass!

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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