Dear Mr. Christian

Derek Minor

Annotate [Verse 1: Derek Minor]
I was nine years old when daddy first touched me
At 15 I ran away and never stopped running
I met a man who took me in 'cuz I was pretty though
He said that you could make some money in my video
I get high and drunk just to make it through a show
And act like I'm enjoying it but really this is all a show
I feel degraded, purity obliterated
This is all I know and I really hate it
Mr. Minor are you listening? I know that you're a Christian
And got computer programs to block me from your vision
And every time you watch me you say that I'm the issue
Your pastor preaching about how not to let me catch you slipping
But maybe I'm a victim, maybe I'm just trapped in the system
And next time you pray maybe I might get a mention (please)
Before you talk about me remember that I'm lost
And your secret pleasure coming at a cost

[Hook: Derek Minor]
Dear Mr. Christian, I know you?re on a mission
I know you say the answer to my problem is religion
I know I?m supposed to change the way I live and stop sinning
But I?d appreciate it if you take some time to listen
Dear Mr. Christian

[Verse 2: Dee-1]
Man I'm on that chronic
Higher than a comet
Sippin' gin and tonic
Drinking till I vomit
Tatted on my arms, tatted on my face
Pants hanging low, nina on my waist
I be slanging soft, plus I got that hard
Die for my hood, ride for my boulevard
I got love for my dogs but never for these girls
It's M.O.E. 'cuz money rule the world
But Mr. Dee-1, I grew up crummy
Saw my pops get killed in front of me
Saw my momma do dope in front of me

Felt like ain't nobody love me
Uniform dirty, dressing bummy
Went to school they called me ugly
Caught the bus they used to jump me
God I just prayed to you Sunday
Now it's Monday, I'm starving
Sip sour milk out of the carton
Talk to myself while I'm out walking should I put myself in a coffin?
I don't know! All I grew up with was trouble
Ain't know no role model, I knew the struggle

[Hook]

[Verse 3: Lecrae]
Excuse me, I don't quite understand you
Propaganda and banter and all of this empty chatter
And amidst these amens, hallelujahs, and shuckin' jivin'
I see a lot of hypocrites and hyper-criticizing
Mr. Lecrae my momma sold me up the river for some rocks
And daddy told me I was nothing but a problem
Now here you come telling me I'm a low down dirty sinner
And you got the nerve to wonder why I'm in these streets robbin'?
Well go and get batman, and go get back man
I don't need to be judged by you and all of your wack friends
Ain't gluttony a sin? Why you staring at my gin?
Where I'm from we don't pretend
We know we ain't gettin' in
Now the world don't trust me
And these streets done crushed me
Thought you were known for love but you just love to judge me
Truth is, ironically you need me around though
'Cuz otherwise you got nobody else to look down on

[Hook]

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