

Believe

Lecrae

I came home after a trip to Atlanta, a different planet
Is where they thought I came from after my ship had landed
Truth is I had this meeting with God and confessed my sin
And he gave me this new beginning all I could do then was pen it
I came home after a trip to Atlanta, a different planet
Is where they thought I came from after my ship had landed
Truth is I had this meeting with God and confessed my sin
And he gave me this new beginning all I could do then was pen it
All down in my notebook, just a lot of verses
Me learning how not to curse was like learning to write in cursive
She still flirting with me even though we up in church
And I'm fighting to memorize all these verses up in the word
You would have never seen it coming
A couple months ago I'm getting high with my cousin
And fast forward now around campus I am buzzing
Not really but it felt like that, it felt like rap was just another passion
Never thought I'd be at the Grammy's talking about my fashion
You don't believe in God? Well how do you explain what happened?
I promise we ain't plan it, now Christians unashamed from Zambia to Manhattan
Still looking for the pattern? Come On What would it take to make you believe?
More fire from the sky? Another part in the sea?
The honest truth is, that you ain't got the power to see
And let me take you on this journey, it all started with me
Wassup What would it take to make you believe?
More fire from the sky? Another part in the sea?
The honest truth is, that you ain't got the power to see
And let me take you on this journey, it all started with me
Wassup Most of the things I thought I'd never do I did though
And I ain't nothing but a man standing up on his tiptoes
Shoutout to Kirk Franklin, but I ain't him
I'm what happens when hip-hop lets all the Saints in
I wouldn't call it gospel music, but I'm Christian though
And this what happen when a Christian flow
Now it's funny cause I don't really got a home
And this industry saying leave him alone
Unless he become a clone
Have me singing the same old songs, no power in 'em
But I'm too hard to understand, I'm an algorithm
And evidently it's evidence I'm a resident

Of somewhere that you know that you oughta be but you never been
So try to get used to me, cause I'mma settle in
Reminding you to settle your heavenly settlement
A sight for sore eyes, or an eyesore, it don't matter
I own a label, and guess what, I'mma sign more

Songwriters

Esmond, Torrance Anton / Dunlap, Charles / Moore, Le Crae / Frith, Caramel
Published by
Lyrics © Kobalt Music Publishing Ltd., MUSIC SERVICES, INC.

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnyrics.com/>