

# Going In

Marc Spin

(Lecrae feat. Swoope)

Yeah, from tryin' to get over to flyin' overseas  
I don't understand it all, but I know who oversees  
I'm in the sky lookin' down at the Pacific Ocean  
Hopin' the Father's arms are open for the broke and hopeless  
Touch down, all around is the evidence  
His power takes precedence over all of these elements  
Blue seas, cool breeze under palm trees  
Spirit calls me as I'm readin' through Psalm 3  
We don't know much 'bout the place we hope we'll all be  
All we, heard about heaven is it's beyond dreams  
Set your heart on above, that's what the Word say  
But we don't know a thing about it except our hearsay  
Hear-say, clear lay, I play with word form  
But with the Word I ain't playin' like some benchwarmers  
Revelation 21 and Psalm 11: 4  
And Luke 20: 36, gon' get it for 'em  
I ain't gotta get myself together 'cause He already fixed me up  
And I'm going in, I'm going in  
No I don't have to pack no bags, fill up on gas  
He's already got my bags, yeah, yeah  
And I'm going in  
Yeah, I'm going in, I promise ain't nothin' stoppin' me  
Biblical prophecy shaping up my theology  
And I don't live for the money, give it all away  
Hey where I'm goin' I know it can't follow anyway  
I'm tryin' to live in the image I was created in  
Earth was perfect, He said it'll be that way again  
Then, we'll be really dancing with the stars  
I might just hang out on the Moon, take a trip to Mars  
Ours, will be a new Heaven, new Earth  
A new life inherited through a new birth  
It's new mountains, new sky, and some new seas  
A new body where I can do plenty new things  
  
The deaf hear, and the blind see a new scene  
And everyone is in the presence of the true King  
No fears, no tears, just cheers  
For the Father, Son, and Spirit, you can hear us getting near

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No I don't have to pack no bags, fill up on gas  
He's already got my bags, yeah, yeah  
And I'm going in  
(I'm cool y'all I got my pass) I'm going in and  
Swoope is chunking deuces, peace to this life of Hell  
I get peace through the gates of Heaven  
I'm too geeked, I get life as well  
As soon as I get home my faith is evince  
I know it was Your plan to carry me  
Through this World it's cold man, you garried me  
I'm dead to the old man, I buried me  
The bridegroom now holds hands and marries me  
I'm sick of this single life  
The weight weighs, over time  
I'm sick of regina knights  
Sick of just walking blind  
Sick of the singles life  
Livin' in the shades when the burden I need is light  
The burden you give is life  
Ready to move on up, lookin' for Weezy's life  
Where I'm livin' is prison, I'm sick of the wheezy life  
In jail with no pen pals  
I'm ready to soldier through glory, Denzel  
I ain't gotta get myself together 'cause He already fixed me up  
And I'm going in, I'm going in  
No I don't have to pack no bags, fill up on gas  
He's already got my bags, yeah, yeah  
And I'm going in

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