

Integrity

Settle the Score

Yo, yo what's up yo? Yo, what's up man?
Yo, y'all are Grits, right? Yeah man, true
Yo, I want to get into this Gospel Rap thing, man
Aw, sh man, it's a task
Yo, I was just wonderin' if I could give you this rhyme I wrote
Go ahead man, I ain't hatin', go ahead, yo It's all about me, me, and did I mention me?
I'm the dopest rapper in the Gospel Rap industry
I kill more white rappers than snipers
I'm the one they call to get the crowd hyper
Yo, all y'all cats need to retire With your played out raps, I'm the roughest and toughest
I love the spotlight, yo, you better make sure this mike sounds right
Or I'll charge you double on this honorarium
Don't ask me to speak words of encouragement
'Cause, yo, I got the dopest skills Don't ask me to do what God wills
It's all about keepin' it real and makin' sure
I get me a fat type of record deal
Give the crowd something they can feel Toss God a bone every once in a while, have a Coke and a smile
Yo, I been doin' this a long while, man, like two months even
So what if I look like a heathen, I can still kill the Ruckus Demon
I got all the girls fiendin', I put emcee back into emceeing
Yo, God and Hip Hop versus the God of Hip hop I believe in I'm acheivin' what I want, these skills is what I flaunt
Yo, you can't get me, so tell me what you got
Man, I live and die for the God of Hip Hop
I mean God and Hip Hop, so y'all fools need to stop This is a message to you rap infants
Showin' faces in the places where we blessin' at
Tryin' to battle, got respect for your skills
But skill alone don't get you props, it takes integrity
When rappin' for Christ on microphones A message to you rap infants
Showin' faces in the places where we blessin' at
Tryin' to battle, got respect for your skills
But skill alone don't get you props, it takes integrity
When rappin' for Christ on microphones Who's this Babylon emcee with the audacity, approaching me?
As if I got a stamp of approval for his fallacy
I hear you talkin' 'bout yourself
And claim, you keep it real but I ain't feelin' it
I'm feelin' to your flesh but only kill the little light so dimly shinin' I question why you rhymin'?
Is ministry in mind and does God direct your timin'?
Or do you even put it in to put it out? What you about?

Do you use him as a jewel well then your crown?
And you clout your time will tellIn life he must prevail, a living example is needed to rap it well
See, the ministry begins the minute you step up in from the stage
Is your character the essence of the life
You hear in the pages of his very word?'Cause if not face his rage
You ain't understandin' he demands a higher standard
Stayin' true to Hip Hop can't be found in his commandments
Take notice because the atmosphere is about to get tenseWanna find relatin' truth to, some gone take it offense
Young cats, heed the message of this elder emcee
Who got responsibility to let you know what kind of abilities to key?
But it seems that some of y'all ain't caught the vision as weThis is a message to you rap infants
Showin' faces in the places where we blessin' at
Tryin' to battle, got respect for your skills
But skill alone don't get you props, it takes integrity
When rappin' for Christ on microphonesA message to you rap infants
Showin' faces in the places where we blessin' at
Tryin' to battle, got respect for your skills
But skill alone don't get you props, it takes integrity
When rappin' for Christ on microphonesA message to you rap infants
Showin' faces in the places where we blessin' at
Tryin' to battle, got respect for your skills
But skill alone don't get you props, it takes integrity
When rappin' for Christ on microphones

...

Lyrics provided by
<https://damnlyrics.com/>