

Church (feat. Geo of Blue Scholars)

Macklemore

[Jim Valvano speech at the 1993 ESPY Awards:]

Time, time is very precious to me. I don't know how much I have left and I have some things I would like to say.

Hopefully at the end I'll have something that will be important to other people too.[Geologic:]

Stand up, sit down, stand up again

Morse Code sent to God, are you listening?

He must have been too busy fixing other shit

No call, no response shows the opposite

We confess to the man who was faceless

I still do the same but to thousands of strangers

Went through some changes, some said I'm faithless

'Cause I replaced the altar with a basement

I often fought the explanation of where people go when their bodies let go of the soul

Does it just turn cold?

Or do we get judged and told where to go?

And if so, how the fuck would you know if nobody came back and said I'm telling you, bro?

I could never get past the shit that was spit out the pastor's lips

And the rapper's started making more sense

I guess that's the reason that some people cringe when they kids get a hold of my shit

If the grip of a God is insistent on not questioning if he truly exists

No wonder that I got caught up in the music it filled my spirit to the brim, amen

Motha fucker[Macklemore:]

This is my offering card

The only thing I have to offer is bars

The only time I felt like I was talking to God

Was in my Walkman walking with Nas

Alright see I be going to Sunday school every week

In the back trying to read, but see that something was off

Maybe it was 'cause I was trying to huddle in the yard

Preacher didn't connect when he would mumble the Psalms

I was in my head and I was bustin' with Pac

Takin' off my wifebeater and getting drunk in the park

After that part, I found God, it wasn't Jesus

Some psilocybin and the ink released him

I began to hold communion every time my music came out the speakers I used it

And it fueled my movement I believed in, voice of reason, just me and my Adidas

And I could achieve it, I put my hand over my heart, pledge allegiance

I solemnly swear by the faith that raised me since Kool Herc dropped the needle

The South Bronx, that's hip-hop's Egypt

The word of our God is manipulated and twisted by the same system

That is infiltrated and falsely interpreted Jesus
One life, one love, one God, It's us, treated your neighbor how you would want to be treated
The universal laws of God, don't look too far it's right here, us human beings
The spirits right here and I don't have to see it
Now every time I want to connect with God I put my headphones on
Then I nod, grab my pen, my pad, let it seep in, in
And that's my process
And God's always watching
Got God in my Walkman
Go ahead and top that

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