Swagged Out With Tags Out

Kj-52

I was like dag if I hear somebody brag
One more time in they rhyme all about they tight swag
I'm a write back and tell them what they might lack
I ain't mad I just had to find where they minds at
So if it's time to shine and the lights flash
Holding out my fingers to the sky in a tight grasp
Then run like Jerry Rice on a nice pass
Put a spotlight right on Jesus when the mic's passed
I got a white tag plus a bright bag
That matches w/ my sneakers and the jeans got a slight sag
That ain't the meanings where my lifes at
Its only found when I be proceeding down the right path
So if I speak I know they might laugh
But they never seeing what I'm seeing so I ride past
If I stop my breathing he decides that
Until that day just happens I keep leaning now in spite of that(swagged out w/ my tags out with my tags out)
Oh you think you getting?
Oh you swagged out you think you bad now
You getting swagged out just with you're tags out
You think you swagged you on that cash route
You better change now you gonna get mashed outHopped up out the bed turned ya swag on
Took a look at ya mirro on ya dad's wall
Said whats up feel good about what you have on
Skinny jeans listening to you're favorite rap songs
All black on fitted cap on
Culture really is who you are don't think that's wrong
Uh uh that's how ye we're shaped
But when swagger so thick we can't see you're faith then
That's when God has got a problem
Bragging about yourself in the contents of ya album
Swagger is really arrogance hiding behind rhyming
Coolness eclipses the glory of God the father
That's inherently wrong
When the glory of our God gets buried in you're songs
So the next time you be on stage
Faith up swagger down so we can seek his faceThese dudes content man is so sinful
I made it so simple put it on a slow tempo
They think they pimps but they more like pimples
They making little sense like a pennies and 4 nickels

You grow little you live in compromise
So when you live yo lives you living lies
The only way they big macking was the very time
You combined you're fries with a number one supersized
I'm shooting for the skies so if I land on mars
I let him guide me like the grips on some handlebars
His hands were scarred so here's a battle call
To stand out like hot pink on some camouflage
I'm standing strong in fact I'm standing on
The very rock whether off or the camera's on
Yall can try and knock and go and slam the song
But did you ever stop to think man before you sing along

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