

Church Clothes

Lecrae

R.I.P. to Medgar Evers/ R.I.P. to Dr. King

I ain't tryna hate on my own kind/ But Al and Jesse don't speak for me
I'm probably gon catch some flack mayne/ But I'ma swallow this pill like Pacman
Some of these folks won't tell the truth/ Too busy tryna get them racks mayne
Church tryna rob my paychecks/ Choir members probably havin gay sex
Pastor manipulatin hurtin women/ I wonder which he's gon slay next
Bookstore pimpin them hope books Like God don't know how broke looks
And tellin me that I'm gon reap a mill/ If I sow into these low crooks
Plus I know ol' girl a freak/ Now how she singin a solo
I walked in the church wit a snapback/ And they tellin me that that's a "nono"?
That's backwards, and I lack words/ For these actors called pastors

All these folks is hypocrites/ And that's why I ain't at church
Truthfully I'm just doin me/ And I don't wanna face no scrutiny
As long as the church keep wildin' out/ I can justify all my foolish deeds
Smokin weed, pourin up/ Keep that 'lade up in my cup
Maybe I could change the world/ But this porn on my laptop got me stuck
Yeah I know whats right from wrong/ But that there ain't gon sell a song
I rather sell my soul than save it/ If that's what make my money long
It better not be no real God/ With real hope, that heals hearts/ That shows me that I ain't livin up/ To all the
things that He put me here for
It better not be no real church/ Real saints, who pray hard/ And let me rock my snapback/ With the 501s and the
J's on/
It better not be no real folk/ Who don't think that they better than you/ Straight or gay, drunk or high/ They walk
through the cold weather wit chu
Nah we don't wanna see that/ Cause that might mean "life change"/ That might mean I'm worth more/ Than
money, cars, sex, and pipe dreams
Better not be no real Jesus/ Real forgiveness, for hurt folks/ If God gon take me as I am/ I guesss I already got
on my Church Clothes

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