

26's

Tedashii

[Tedashii:]Peep it, peep it, oh my God!
Peep these people fiendin (fiendin) to be seen as kings and leaning in their chromed out cars.
Ridin high, super fly, wood wheel, they grasp it tight!
Lokomotive midnight strollin through Georgia they glad its nyt.
Tippin neon glasses bright!
Switches make the bak take flight,
Lay it down, raise it up, stunting gives them bragging rights.
All this so they swagg is tyt, idolatry for status right?
But they blind to the prison and the image that they living all this sin from Adam's vice.
All of us we get this, get distorted views of image yea!
Made in God's likeness but despite this, mankind is blemished yea!
So men chase the fancy cars ridin' on sum fancy bars, all so they can get respect when cruisin' down the
boulevard!
So I grabbed the mic in here, just to bring some light in here!
Flip, flip the scriptures like a switch, to spark this hit, bring Christ in here!
Since men cant see who they should be,
Ama spit so they can see outside of Christ you bound for life,
A slave to your idolatry!
[Chorus:]Self proclaimed kings braggin' 'coz they chromes,
(Singing: they ridin' on chrome, on chrome, on chrome)
But 26 inches is a pretty low throne.
(Singing: a pretty low throne, low throne, low throne)
Twenty six inches, inch, inches/ twenty six inches, inch, inches/ Twenty six inches, is a pretty low throne!
(Singing: on chrome, on chrome, on chrome)
Twenty six inches, inch, inches/ twenty six inches, inch, inches/ Twenty six inches, is a pretty low throne!
(Singing: low throne, low throne, low throne)
[LeCrae:]I see you ridin big boy, like Andre and his friend boy!
Got a SUV with the chromed out feet and the seats is ostrich skin boy!
No that ain't a sin boy, but tell me where it ends though?
Coz that truck don't bring you luck and it sure enuf ain't gon' pay your sins boy!

Gon' head, worship that tin toy, in the end watch it cramble like a tin foil.
Is that what you really wanna live 4? Do you read me dawg? Is that 10 to 4?
You spent 10 to 4, On your chrome brah, Jesus still don't know yah!
U worship that cold steel, and still your heart is coldah! (brrr)
Can't say we ain't told yah, we told yah like we s'pposed tah!
Them rimz don't deserve that praise, but the 1 that does, hung like a posta!
U post up, on the block, so the girls they flock, when they see you ridin' by,
The boys they see you ridin' high, you the one that they admire!

Now if you get jacked, you crush that whip, that'll hurt your pride, your status stripped!
You thought your car could bless you like it's God?
But no, my father is!
Idolatry, it bothers him, and wen they make some hotter rims,
Your god gets rusty so you change religions, like Madonna did!
[Repeat Chorus:] [Tedashii:] They look hard, lyk oh God! And u make 'em say, 'Who dat?'
So you luk hard, lyk u God, all the while u aint really gatta clue that!
E-ve-rythang (thang) was made for the King of kings (true dat)
Thru the only name higher than every name, u don't get it, u might maybe wana hoove bak!
Yeah, am tryna tell you Mayne!
Yeah, am tryna warn you dawg!
You can play me to the left, like am dribblin 2 da right, get defensive, bt sin wil scorn u dawg!
Leave you marred in your vision, all scarred like insions, all marked lyk in prison, that ain't all dawg!
Pretty soon therz an idle assuming the Lord's, like He's idle, but He's not, He's jus sawd off!
When it comes (when it comes) to his glory man please believe me boy, he don't play dat!
This is more (more) than metaphorz, boy this is the truth, so baby boy, where your faith at?
He should be the only 1 who provides, let alone the only 1 who can save our lives!
Coz the thngz of this earth shoudn't be placed 1st ova Him the only1 who gave us His life!
But on the cool (on the cool) it ain't sin (it ain't sin) if you ride rims (ride rims fly high)
Make it do (make it do) what it do (what it do) but whateva you do, don't idolize them!
But if you have (if you have) then repent right now, cry out to Him,
Commandment one demands that none be placed above this God in here!

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