Going In

Matt Clarke

(Lecrae feat. Swoope)
Yeah, from tryin' to get over to flyin' overseas
I don't understand it all, but I know who oversees
I'm in the sky lookin' down at the Pacific Ocean
Hopin' the Father's arms are open for the broke and hopeless
Touch down, all around is the evidence
His power takes precedence over all of these elements
Blue seas, cool breeze under palm trees
Spirit calls me as I'm readin' through Psalm 3
We don't know much 'bout the place we hope we'll all be
All we, heard about heaven is it's beyond dreams
Set your heart on above, that's what the Word say
But we don't know a thing about it except our hearsay
Hear-say, clear lay, I play with word form
But with the Word I ain't playin' like some benchwarmers
Revelation 21 and Psalm 11: 4
And Luke 20: 36, gon' get it for 'em
I ain't gotta get myself together 'cause He already fixed me up
And I'm going in, I'm going in
No I don't have to pack no bags, fill up on gas
He's already got my bags, yeah, yeah
And I'm going in
Yeah, I'm going in, I promise ain't nothin' stoppin' me
Biblical prophecy shaping up my theology
And I don't live for the money, give it all away
Hey where I'm goin' I know it can't follow anyway
I'm tryin' to live in the image I was created in
Earth was perfect, He said it'll be that way again
Then, we'll be really dancing with the stars
I might just hang out on the Moon, take a trip to Mars
Ours, will be a new Heaven, new Earth
A new life inherited through a new birth
It's new mountains, new sky, and some new seas
A new body where I can do plenty new things

The deaf hear, and the blind see a new scene
And everyone is in the presence of the true King
No fears, no tears, just cheers
For the Father, Son, and Spirit, you can hear us getting near

I ain't gotta get myself together 'cause He already fixed me up
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No I don't have to pack no bags, fill up on gas
He's already got my bags, yeah, yeah
And I'm going in
(I'm cool y'alll I got my pass) I'm going in and
Swoope is chunking deuces, peace to this life of Hell
I get peace through the gates of Heaven
I'm too geeked, I get life as well
As soon as I get home my faith is evince
I know it was Your plan to carry me
Through this World it's cold man, you garried me
I'm dead to the old man, I buried me
The bridegroom now holds hands and marries me
I'm sick of this single life
The weight weighs, over time
I'm sick of regina knights
Sick of just walking blind
Sick of the singles life
Livin' in the shades when the burden I need is light
The burden you give is life
Ready to move on up, lookin' for Weezy's life
Where I'm livin' is prison, I'm sick of the wheezy life
In jail with no pen pals
I'm ready to soldier through glory, Denzel
I ain't gotta get myself together 'cause He already fixed me up
And I'm going in, I'm going in
No I don't have to pack no bags, fill up on gas
He's already got my bags, yeah, yeah
And I'm going in

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