

Jacks Of All Trades, Beep Raised

2 die 4 is not something that
Would come to my mind you see
Pain is more like it when I'm shooting this rhyme
And now I know that my master is alive and not dead
Cos He didn't stay in grave but went to heaven instead

He gimme something no one else can
So I wanna be His #1 fan
I wanna be tool in His hand
Wanna scream across this land

Beep Raised
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Everything I have been looking for I find in you
Every word that you have spoken God I know it's true
So like an AK-47 I spit lyrics in ya face
If you don't like my estilo just get outta my way

Won't you come see and try to break free
With this swing - makes demon flee
Awesome power on the darkest hour
Don't be so sour but sing
You will be praised