

Sean Slaughter, Righteous King

(Chorus)

Cousins by the concrete, brothers from the blacktop, illegal glocks
crooked cops, crack rocks, kids shot, when will it stop
When my God descends, righteous King Cause power is he
ruler over everything

(Verse 1)

The city never sleeps, so the Lord never rests
Jesus Christ on the right, God throned on the left
For ya monkey's in the middle, choose ya fate or get ya name erased
From the Book of the Lamb, snatched away ya dinner plate
Now you can't eat, can't sleep, the street's apply the heat
This battle you reign victorious, its war smell defeat
Ya dealing' wit a God professor, apply the pressure
Battle who, I got the mic and bible on my dresser
If you caught up like Bokeem, moving with no steam
Ya need to look to the high king, shine like a ice ring
I'm still studying the verse in red like a bloody pen
Death to the house that divides over the dividend
What kind of world we living in, praise you cause you killing men
We should be uplifting them, but nah, we bullet clipping em'
Street dogs catch a deal, but the labels pimpin em
Amping em', for the mighty dollar cut ya man and them
That's why I keep my third eye, like a bird's eye on the Trinity
Father, Son and Holy Ghost be filling me
Whether my pockets is dust or I'm living splendidly
I'ma give the Lord all the glory till the end of me
And at the end of the road like Juane, I hope the Lord dons me
With some angel wings, throw ya hands, praise and sing
No more earth laboring streets of gold, stories told
On how he keep me bold in a world so cold, my soul control
By his grace and mercy, Satan couldn't hurt me
Cast him in the swine, turn the water wine, Christ is mine
I left the death behind, with the dumb, deaf and blind
Took a breath and climbed to Jesus Christ the vine, I'm just a branch
In a soldier stance, in a frozen trance
On the enemy as I advance
Loose my brethren, orders from pops in heaven
Word life, because of Christ its like I'm on my third life
He saved me from alcohol, he saved me from drugs
He saved me from guns and doing dirt with the thugs
He saved me from driving drunk, keep me from the cell bunk
Blowin' skunk, Muslims and monks
A body in the trunk could have been me, my rep was filthy
Until he filled me, with the holy ghost, the day of Pentecost
But still today so many men are lost
In a worldwind of contradiction, cause hypocrites them
So God is in my dictation, the truth and the way
To the throne of grace where my father rests, I thank God I'm blessed
With the talent of poetry, but he keep showing me
That he wants me deeper, but the hill keeps getting steeper
When I'm almost of the peak, I'm still climbing to where the master be

(Chorus)