

# 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)