

# Sean Slaughter, Street Corner Catz

(Verse 1)

It be that verse spittin' minister, changin' fractions to integers  
The Spirit cringe in us, 'til we crack shackles from prisoners  
You rap about the girls, gats, and drugs you administer  
I spit about King Elohim, came to sentence ya  
Cuff and arrest ya, with peace that passes all intelligence  
You a player in the world, but in the spirit celibate  
Yeah that flow is phatt, but it's not Christ so it's irrelevant  
I'm in the street pedaling his Word, life is delicate  
So I don't play, when it comes to issues of my lifestyle  
And realize, you don't get to heaven cause of nice smiles  
And good grades, even if ya drank a thang of Gatorade  
You still haven't got enough juice to walk the path the savior paved  
Time is tickin' while you chase the fame, embrace the game  
Man the stakes the same, got prison digits, tryin' to make a name  
Ever since I met the Savior; saved, thon it ain't the same  
And when I shout Jesus Christ, the earth shakes, it hates the name  
Hate's the God that gave the greatest gift, just to take the blame  
Either suffer for peace, or you can chill and bait the flame  
You say I'm crazy, man that cat ain't bright, he ain't talking sane  
It all good, a thousand years from now, still no walking cane

This is for the gangs, for the clicks, for the crews  
Who got nothing to lose and dish out the good news  
Street corner catz, preaching the Word up in ya habitat  
And won't stop until you rattle cats, now where's the battle at (2X)

(Verse 2)

Played the game, pounds of trees, forty dogs and robberies  
And when it came to women, hit and leave was my famous steez  
One day God our Father brought me crashing to my knees  
Saying please, Lord take my heart from this pagan freeze  
I heard the Lord say, stay at ease I knew this day would come  
Accept me in ya heart and go from relative to closest son  
And kid, I'm a make you close to none, only close to one  
The time for Christ is really close to come, then it's closed and done  
So now I live for the chosen one, check the resemblance  
The only difference, I went from, sandals to Timberlands  
The Holy Spirit still living in, still rekindling  
Never dwindling, I got a mass like the minutemen  
Total revelation coupled with the raw action, check my whole faction  
Spirit of God, baby we all packin'  
Unbelievable this all happened, now I grip Christ like trucks with all traction  
Thirst for him, its called passion  
Word life, word to J.Christ, I'm on my third life  
Now its personal, not ya everyday church life  
I felt the heat when I ignored the light, won't get burnt twice  
But most are incomplete like cilo minus the third die

Chorus

(Verse 3)

My third eye which is my mind's eye, focused on El shadie  
Who else would die for my sins and leave his rights unexercised  
While we focus on a Lex and thighs, gram cake and pies  
Awaken high, multiple kids and still taken guys  
Still letting the cat with the most dough, take the prize  
It makes him cry, make his hate the devil and his bait of lies  
His fate alies, in a pool of flames, soon we'll see who will reign  
So I count my troubles as gain  
If Christ had to suffer I say double the pain  
Less of me and more of him, yo, that's double the gain  
Jesus Christ I bubble the name, sport it like rocks  
On a Rolex, praying that you cats would wanna swap

From ya fake movado, that street corner motto  
That ya rather pack gats, son, and play Soprano  
And put ya trust in ya homeboy like Sam Gravano  
That's like rolling dice broke, son, or playing lotto  
What's the reasoning, that you keep the Holy Ghost from breezing in  
He called me the salt of earth, stay seasoning  
Stay appeasing him for lost sheep who fell and lost sleep  
Hold ya head, worship him, and keep ya praise lofty

Chorus