

# Sean Slaughter, Word Of The Lord

(Chorus 2X)

I'm getting tired of the same catz, making lame trax, saying bang that  
It's a shame black, you sure Jesus Christ ordained that  
Framed that, said you can nail it up and hang that  
Or did you lay back and didn't bother with his name cat

(Verse 1)

Cause the style you spit is suspect  
Full color photo on a 20-song project  
Every track carefully layed out, but it was played out  
Phat, who let the weight out, 80's release date out  
Every album track a sixty-one key Casio  
You spit like Scott Broscious, think you Joe DiMaggio  
Plus the slang you spit was manuscript, man you sllpped  
Trying to be the man you writ  
Or man you wrote, ya rhymes upsetting the folk  
They used to Tone and Poke, you gave 'em Pokemon  
Don't smote me mon, cause you ran totally from  
The real gift God gave you, to quote the son  
But doing housework at the church ain't too popular  
Or giving glory to God on ya job while you mopping up  
Cause you crave the limelight, human superstar type  
Give ya will to God, pray hard and get ya mind right  
Aint trying to cause conflict, kid, you know what the time is  
Kids dying in the street and you wanna rhyme this  
Shine this; this is how you represent ya heiness  
The ruler of the earth and sea, controller of the climate  
The judge, jury and the lawyer, with more adventures than Tom Sawyer  
Swingin' on catz like Wally Joyner  
That ain't WWJD, before you pen a page B  
Spit ya rhyme to God son before you even page me  
The Word of the Lord, declares that we wielding our swords  
Gripping our shields, do battles on these concrete hills  
Nevertheless, soldiers for Christ, never retiring  
From the valley, to the hill, to the Mountain of Zion 2X  
Who livin' righteous, who claiming now to be the wisest  
Who talking out they neck, spittin' venom out like geysers  
Who really think money is a self-saving solution  
Who really like boosting, and satanic saluting  
Who's in a relationship, that's really prostitution  
Who knows why they loosing, still in coast steady cruising  
On a chariot to destruction, who smoke they little loot until it's nothing  
Or spend it all steady fronting  
For catz you scream you don't care about  
Who ready to die, no faith, little doubt, sin ya love to grin about  
Run to God when in doubt, who pray to the Lord sippin' a Guinness stout  
Really confused and ready to choose  
The key to salvation, believe in Christ and that he died for this nation  
And rose on the third, my God is mighty, exclamation  
I get to the point, no compromising  
And stretch my hands up, praising my Lord, ya heiness  
For faithfulness and good works, I feel his presence near while the devil works  
In the shadows, with poison arrows  
And since I'm saved I found this law came to be  
The more good I do, there's evil there at the same speed  
So I die daily, dead in sin arise in righteousness  
Cleansed by Christ the Lambs blood, the world in spite of us  
True believers, that's why we steady persecuted  
But when the lord comes to judge the world they can elude it  
I'm suffering now because I tell the good news  
because I'm not ashamed, because I know Jesus  
the one in whom I have believed  
And I'm sure he is able to protect what he has trusted me with until that day!  
The heavens housing, 144,000

I want to be the next on line, marching for the prize  
Clothed in white, politicking with the Israelites  
Angels on the four corners of the earth, seal the lords works  
Before destruction of the earth, set off by the seven horns  
When the last woe is blown through the trump the earth's torn  
Like the veil when Christ rose, the dragon and his angels will try to oppose  
Now they under our toes  
Thanks to Michael and his angel army, bold and holy soldiers  
Takin' back what was promised back in the days of Moses  
And slay every Hittite, Amorite, Perrizite, Hivite, Jebusite, down to the Canaanites  
But you'll never overthrow the foe if you aint praying  
Me and Christ is staying tight, till that day I lay in flight  
Shout Hallelujah, for the fall of Babylon  
Shout Hallelujah, in one hour ya powers gone  
Shout Hallelujah, our Lord God almighty reigns  
Shout Hallelujah, most praise to the High King  
Gallop on a white horse, his name is faithful and true  
He brandishes a double edge sword, for me and you  
On his head, many crown his eyes is like the hottest flame  
His name is the Word of God, yet nobody know his name  
His robe dipped in the blood, the blood that cleanses all the saints  
The one who promised no more death, mourning crying and no pain  
Get tossed in the lake of fire, here come New Jerusalem  
Triple six with the dragon breath is doomed after the second death  
Two in the field, one taken one is left  
One is life, one is death, choose where you want to rest  
On a hot plate, or the glory in the golden gates  
Flames and yells or robes and praise, sulfur suites or angels rays

(Chorus) - 2X