

# Da T.R.U.T.H., Civilian

(Chorus)

I'm a civilian  
My feet are planted  
I'm on this planet  
But cannot get too attached to this life  
'Cause I'm a pilgrim  
And so I'm building  
Fulfilling the great commission  
My eyes are fixed on the Christ

(Verse One)

We on a roll  
Tonic told me to write from my soul  
And not to think about the reviews, or the albums I sold  
And so I did that  
Laid back, prayed, got my focus right  
Thought about what the culture needs, not just what the culture likes  
Thought about the youth of the church, and got depressed like  
Man, they only want what they see, look at their appetites  
They only crave, for what satisfies for the moment  
They can't see past their noses  
Ain't thinking about the afterlife  
Man, they don't want God, they want 50 Cent  
They don't even want Christian rappers, at least not if he spends  
Most of his time on stage, bragging about God and His ways  
They really want, the gods of this age  
And so they're bored, when they sit in church  
You see them slumped in their seats- half asleep  
Simply ignoring the literature  
They want the counterfeit, like forging a signature  
Man, they don't care, about the Lord and His worth  
'cause

(Chorus)

(Verse Two)

I get so tired, of reading men in the Bible  
Then coming up for air  
Looking around- I can't find nobody like them  
Sister girl's eye is on, buying the next item  
Y'all know we're in the age, where idleness is an idol  
Man, we need revival  
Ambassador told me  
To meet him in the kitchen  
'Cause dude, look at their diet  
It's sweets all week long  
And I ain't talking about junk food  
I'm talking about, what they're really desiring  
Xbox, videos, girls paint their pretty toes  
You know the type, that can't fall asleep till the city dozes  
Slaves to their cell phones, radios  
Or maybe over at a friend's, watching Ray Liotta on HBO  
My generation can't be still, or sit calm  
They skip Psalms, to go to the bedroom and watch sitcoms  
Now, I know, that we exist in a tension  
I just wish that we would switch our affection  
I know the fight

(Chorus)

(Verse Three)

Ever since the advent, of the steam engine  
Man, it almost seems like  
Yahweh lost the redeemed's interest

To iPods, Internet, our God's infinite  
Kids ain't a bit impressed, parents don't get it yet  
And some of our pastors don't get it yet  
Man, they think it's enough, if the kids are getting crunked  
So they keep throwing skate parties and concerts  
So, the kids know P. Diddy and Fonzworth  
But nothing about God's worth, and that's a problem Houston  
Let's not confuse it- part of God's solution is  
The older scooping the younger up, hoping to produce a hunger  
For righteousness in their souls, discipleship is the goal  
I pray that the generation, that likes to listen to Hov  
Would turn to the Lord Jesus Christ, to lift up their souls  
Above the surface, I pray we would know His worth  
And prefer the things of God, over what is bound to the earth

(Chorus)