

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)