

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

(Intro)

This song is a tribute  
To the families and loved ones of Cassie and Rachel  
The two young ladies that were martyred  
At the incident at Columbine High School in 1999

(Verse One)

Who would have known that a couple of guys from Columbine  
Would come from behind- put guns to the spine  
Of some innocent people- the teachers, the students  
The feet of the teachers are screeching through rooms  
The mood has been set by the fear of the villains  
The bombs and the threats are by Eric and Dillon  
America's villains- generic you're feeling  
It is not- it is the plot for a pair that is chilling  
In the glorious heavens, standing for Christ in a crisis  
I know that it's rare what I'm feeling  
Excitement incited- declaring the Pilgrims'  
Faith and their fate I'ma share with my children  
Cassie and Rachel, the past of the patrons  
That passed through the ages in Africa, Asia  
The Master that saved you, the laughter, the hatred  
Jesus predicted that the masses would hate you

(Hook)

So, don't think it strange if a change might occur  
If it does, are you ready and prepared for the curve  
And a turn for the worst- would you fight, would you fall  
Would you die for the Christ, that's the price of the call

(Verse Two)

Frustrated by the snares and the toils, parents annoy you  
Truth of the matter is we're arrogant, spoiled  
America's soil has soiled us, sort of  
And pastors insist on declaring us royal  
And it's true that we are but we take it too far  
To the point where we break and we take down the bar  
And forsake all the parts of The Faith that are hard  
To embrace after all we've outsmarted the martyrs  
We race up the charts- if you trace it to the start  
You will find that the way to escape from the dark  
And your wake is to carve off the weight and the heart  
Of the truth, until everybody loves you  
Jesus said woe to you old and new saints  
That hold a view that you can go through The Faith  
With nobody loathing you, that's a view  
That you only can hold when your home is the states

(Hook)

(Verse Three)

The bones that are picked are the bones that depict  
That they combed through their homes with the stones and the sticks  
The aromas- a stench- so they rose up against them  
At home and at Rome- throwing stones at the Christians  
Got a hold of them- gripped them, kicked them, scarred them  
Saw them, sawed them- they were thrown in a pit  
With the toads and the vermin- I'm rolling the clips  
It's urgent the scourges- the groans from the licks  
The anger, the stranglers, the hangers, the danger  
For all of the Christians that rolled in a clique  
Ended up in the teeth of the beast that would feast  
On the saints that would preach- they were thrown over cliffs  
This is not known to exist in the states

Or the place where the home is just bliss  
This song is intense- 'cause it's truth  
And I'm trying to convince you that no one's exempt  
Yet no one's equipped  
Got our phones on our clips  
Our focus is both on our loans and our cribs  
Our fitness- our business has grown in a pinch  
Would you fight would you fall  
Would you ball up your fist  
Would you falter or march to your grave 'cause you're saved  
And your life is in Christ and to die is to gain  
Would you die in His name  
For the rise of His fame  
Despising the shame  
'Cause you're promised to reign