Da T.R.U.T.H., Our World

(Chorus)
Welcome to our world
No killers, drug dealers
Guerillas, no villains
Christ told us that most of them won't feel us

Welcome to our world
No hustlers, customers
Everybody in the building
Get your hands up with the rest of us

(Verse One)
If The Game could give props to Biggie, Pac and Dre
And the whole rap world could give love to "J"
And they could pay homage to Jam Master Jay
And commemorate the heroes that passed away
Then I could proceed with what I have to say
And pay respect to all the godly men that passed The Faith
Yeah, they went ahead of us- now, the path is straight
And died so that we could have life passed the grave
From prophets to the priests- we trace it back to the greats
Take it back to the days when faith had a face
And not just a mouth when the saints grabbed the grace
And I ain't talkin' about the prayer before you pass the plate
I'm talkin' 'bout what taught them to stay fast and trade
The pleasures of this life for Ahaz's hate
Now, I know they "wasn't" perfect but play back the tapes
And history will show how the saints' path was shaped

(Chorus)

(Verse Two)
People got questions like-
How come ya'll don't talk about Martin and Malcolm
But y'all always talkin' bout Calvin and Luther
'Cause these are the dudes that introduced us to truth
And the fruit that's produced in us is the outcome
So from now until the day that we die
We'll occupy with the things of God while our mouths run
That's unique to the saints- you know how roots run deep in the faith
Let me explain what I mean
You know I mean what I say
We're following after the pioneers leading the way
Apostles like Paul and others that were labeled the way
It was either all or nothing- there could be no more gray
These were the writers of the Bible we believe in today
I know they're gone but not forgotten- when we read them their sway
Is so strong we say so long to the evil- I pray
That His people would read those leaders and say

(Chorus)

(Verse Three)
Y'all know we're the legs and feet of the legacy
Predestined to be- before the pregnancy
We're all just a piece of the puzzle- if I could speak for myself
I'm walking in the footprints that were left for me
Now, I know I just quoted one of their poets
But take note- I just stole it to help show them the recipe
How the past and the present- once plastered together
Led up to the path of our destiny

(Break)

(Verse Three Countinued)
Since the baton has been passed
We want to write 'em a pass and invite them to our world
Where the mind has been transformed
By the power of Christ, we draw lines in the sand
That would explain the unpopular stance
Like pro-life that wouldn't heighten the chance
Of being liked- do we care- I wouldn't lie to my fams
So, while the wicked sing songs that got them in a trance
We sing songs and hymns like the bottom of your pants
'Cause we're different- we bless those that hate us
While in the West Coast, they say let's load the bangers
Over-dress codesó no dress clothesó we're strangers
Saints in the foreign landó where the best road to fame is
Playing lowó praying and saying no
To our fleshly impulses post weighing the pros and cons
We don't close our eyes- we stay sober
So you know we're opposed to wine
Or at least getting drunkó we propose to our wives
And say I do before we close the blinds
No boasting and pride, no boasting in "I"
Pray that you and I would be a poster child
In the Kingdom of God where Christ is Lord
We submit unto the authorityó His righteous sword
Life in Christó otherwise life is a bore
So we abhor eviló that which is a sight for sore eyes