

Esham, Losin My Religion

Let's take a trip, back into time, as I explain,
Things ain't the same, I'm goin' back down memory lane.
And as I travel, dirt roads of gravel,
Two sets of foot prints for me and my shadow.
The unholy speaks as I walk in my sleep,
And my speech makes you weak, means my words are too deep.
You see soceity's strung on a Bible and a man,
With the will of the devil to destory and he can.
You see, time after time, have I made up my mind,
Should I be a vegeterian, or die, eat swine.
Can I lose my religon, every day, it's a habit,
Is religon just for kids or am I a silly rabbit?
Am I lost in a book that says sins are forbidden,
Who am I to believe when the Bible was really written?
I don't know, will I die?
I can't live in a lie,
Cross my heart and hope to die,
I'm losin my religon.
Am I wrong or insane, using God's name in vain,
When the preacher sells cocaine, how am I to be sane.
See first he's a preacher, now he's slangin' ki's,
College educated from workin' at Mickey D's.
I got no say in the world today,
Livin' in AmeriKKK.
You call me the devil cuz I refuse to pray,
But your religious games I refuse to play.
Bible study's not my buddy,
Shake the preacher, now my hand's all bloody.
Daily gossip, religious philosophies,
Nigga please, I'm losin my religon.