

Falling Up, Jacksonfive

Coming at you like the Jackson five
Live in effect, respect due
You knew we drew lines to make it through
Completely submerged, on the verge I'm thinkin'
I want to urge and encourage and you know we bringin'
Second level on the devil minded ego
And going strong it's the God anointed cinco
Even though up here and appear to please
Stay on my knees with the greatest of these
Love made of pure intention
Let me mention it's like if it wasn't for Christ I'd drop this mic
And walk away stray minded and annoyed
Pray every night that it fulfill my void
So what do you do?

Watch this escalate to more than you hoped for
Can you feel the same?

We know the words you say
They reinvent the lies
But we're the same in time
This time He will wash away the tears you cry

One mic, one night, one chance to get it right
Open up the show, stepping into the spotlight
Well, who am I now? Watch me control the crowd
People wondering how, they see the freestyle
We'll set up the set, we'll show up the show
We're out to bow, it's time to go
Fill up the tank and let's hit the road
Working uphill until we explode
So give me the mic and let me rock
I will rock it
The spirit inside me like mister T-N-T
There ain't no stoppin' it
So let's take it to the world that's full of stars
And introduce them to the one who made them who they are
'Cause I represent the heaven sent oh so lovely
Only when G-O-D be this one inside of me
Rockin' it, not in the flesh
Come listen to the sound coming out the Northwest now

Our hearts in places mending
You know this moves through your endings

We hold strong, through suffereing eyes
You'll see the fear within us die
We belong here side by side
I'll be the one to lift you high
They cast me out
I can't go on without feeling in doubt
We need the peace that only you can give us

J-five what you want?
Collaborate for real
We lockin' down from the compound on Capitol Hill, fittin' the bill
Tell me what you'd do if I said: I still believe Christ is God
And rose from the dead, fillin' your head
Dance with the songs I found
With this sound, put it down West Coast underground
So really, where would we be if not free?
I know we rise again through Romans 3:23
Falling up to race in places you all fall
And all I did would be the same like Paul Wright

Back to you into peace and hope and you are standing there
Arms wide open