

# MACKLEMORE, Church

Time, time is very precious to me. I don't know how much I have left and I have some things I would  
Hopefully at the end I'll have something that will be important to other people too.

Stand up, sit down, stand up again  
Morse Code sent to God, are you listening?  
He must have been too busy fixing other shit  
No call, no response shows the opposite  
We confess to the man who was faceless  
I still do the same but to thousands of strangers  
Went through some changes, some said I'm faithless  
'Cause I replaced the altar with a basement  
I often fought the explanation of where people go when their bodies let go of the soul  
Does it just turn cold?  
Or do we get judged and told where to go?  
And if so, how the fuck would you know if nobody came back and said I'm telling you, bro?  
I could never get past the shit that was spit out the pastor's lips  
And the rapper's started making more sense  
I guess that's the reason that some people cringe when they kids get a hold of my shit  
If the grip of a God is insistent on not questioning if he truly exists  
No wonder that I got caught up in the music it filled my spirit to the brim, amen  
Motherfucker

This is my offering card  
The only thing I have to offer is bars  
The only time I felt like I was talking to God  
Was in my Walkman walking with Nas  
Alright see I be going to Sunday school every week  
In the back trying to read, but see that something was off  
Maybe it was 'cause I was trying to huddle in the yard  
Preacher didn't connect when he would mumble the Psalms  
I was in my head and I was bustin' with Pac  
Takin' off my wifebeater and getting drunk in the park  
After that part, I found God, it wasn't Jesus  
Some psilocybin and the ink it released  
I began to hold communion every time my music came out the speakers I used it  
And it fueled my movement I believed in, voice of reason, just me and my Adidas  
And I could achieve it, I put my hand over my heart, pledge allegiance  
I solemnly swear by the faith that raised my since Kool Herc dropped that needle  
The South Bronx, that's hip-hop's Egypt  
The word of our God has been manipulated and twisted by the same system  
That is infiltrated and falsely interpreted Jesus  
One life, one love, one God, It's us, treat your neighbor how you would want to be treated  
The universal laws of God, don't look too far it's right here, us human beings  
The spirits right here and I don't have to see it  
Now every time I want to connect with God I put my headphones on  
Then I nod, grab my pen, my pad, let it seep in, in  
And that's my process  
And God's always watching  
Got God in my Walkman  
Go ahead and top that