

Rehab, This I Know

Dagnabbit I got the same bad habits my dad had as a
lad/ I get mad at myself sittin in the back of a cab
feelin wack as a whip on the back of a slave on a ship
back in the days at times waking up is slap in the
face/ but the passion of one whose flesh was torn away
by the cat of 9 tails an pierced by one spear and 3
nails/ has saved my soul but there's still times I get
weak and there's still times I get beat/ and sometimes
I write rhymes way to ill to repeat and I don't want
to be another hypocrite on a beat/ but sometimes when
the sun shines I wish I could sleep it away but today
I woke up with some strength counted a couple of
blessings and stepped out in the street/ and the sweet
smell of victory put my mind at ease and the breeze
told the tree's to whisper something to me/ and they
told me don't worry I told the devil u was with me.

(Hook:)

Jesus loves me this I know
for the bible tells me so
little ones to him belong
They are weak but he is strong

Those who trespass allow me to forgive I wasn't dealt
the hand they got lives they got to live/ besides
they don't answer to me I'm not you and we've all made
mistakes and known not what to do/ it's true see if I
hurt you that hurts me I'm not entitled to the lord's
tender mercy/ till I drop down on my knee's and say
please put me into your solution and free me of this
disease/ I won't make it one more step unless u take
this load I tote with my soul I'll just break and
won't wait one second longer than I must or bond with
anyone stronger than this trust so/ the only thing to
do is lean on you and not be lead astray by what the
demon do.

(Hook:)

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Don't try to be the best man be the best that u can/
cause number 1 ain't nothing but the opinion of man and
man loves death, hate, crime, and pain/ his kids are
into theft, long lines of cane/ insanity profanity
ecstasy and blasphemy but as for me I'm just tryin to
maintain and it's a damn shame our brains have been
trained to crazy and lazy scared to make change in
these hard times I try to be a role model but I ain't
gonna lie y'all I still battle the bottle and that's my
biggest struggle/ I ain't the one to follow sometimes
I get the urge to leave a 12 pack hollow/ just writing
some inner-sentiments ain't none of us innocent from
mansions to tenements whether male or feminine all of
us are guilty of showing a little ignorance being
resentful, envious, and belligerent/ one day maybe we
can figure it out but till then I guess I'll just pull
this cigarette out pull up a chair and open a brew,
sit down on the porch and do what I do

(Hook:)

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