

Sean Slaughter, Fight To Death

(Chorus)

This is for my soldiers, fight to death
Real Christ holders, fight to death
Spirit filled warriors, fight to death
Wars be the goriest, fight to death
Give it up for the cause, fight to death
Son get up when you fall, fight to death
Hate it when you sin right, fight to death
Live a life in Christ, fight to death

(Verse 1)

To the death do us, can't nothing come through us
A lamp to my feet in the midst of the sewer
The master, molder, soul controller
Scrolls be rolled up, study what's the hold up
Cryin' like Job when ya slowed up soldier
I told ya, when ya weak, reach for the boulder
Cause day to day, my Father God paved the way
I pray to pray, Lord please break the chains
That bind the blind, I gotta get up from time to time
When I'm weak you be guiding mine
Giving me grace, a cat like me don't deserve
When it comes to preaching the word, I got the nerve
Cause I'm clean, rhyming like a well-oiled machine
Second gear, still can't peel off the scene
Too many folks live still hang in the balance
I'm a keep testing cats like Teen Challenge
Forget ya demo, let me check ya whole MO
Why you smoke something that'll time up ya mental
Why you wanna pop champagne in a limo
Why you want a lot but don't want to change a little
And I'm a tell you, Christ came for the dirtiest
But when he come back, gon' stop being courteous
Born to this world, my father before me
Thon he had to make me, love me adore me
Saw me, when I fell off the cliff caught me
Saved me, scold me, with his blood bought me
So I spit the gift, to cats who wanna script the myth
Clip the spliff, thon lets politic
Take my God take your God knowledge it
Take my God take your God follow it
Swallow it, like a sword act in a circus
Till' it pierce your heart, bringing tear jerkers
Make ya realize that ya lifestyle's worthless
Everything you see, a scratch on the surface
Back in 99, mad cats real nervous
Now its 2G, ain't seen you in a service
Laughed when ya heard this, real God verses
Versus, rap that you spit with the curses
Real life drama, what's the solution
The next step up, self-prostitution
Ya losing me, ya went from the streets to the jewelry
Ya hardcore now you rap more about ya car more
Mad cats beliefs swing hard like medallions
Now ya whole style goes pop like valiums
Not me, even when times get rocky
On Christ I stand firm, thon thon, you copy
You got me, place on this earth just to get ya
Feed ya milk scripture and paint the real picture
Like Van Gogh, but you wanna listen to ya man though
The rhyme vandal, trying to walk in Christ sandals
Rep Destiny Worship, that's my mantle
A body of true worshipers, that's our handle
Unlike Laodicea, don't take away the candle

Ban you, man I'll start a church in a van, duke
Raise you, praise you, Christ cause I craze you
The world wanna haze you, but they can't faze you
Tried to upstage you, swore man, they played you
On the third day, religious cats hate you
Sent the Holy Ghost through, now we walk Spirit filled
Church let's build, too much ground to till
Too much time to kill, take time invest the skill
The world turns lets adjust the wheel
Face down in my closet, Christ in my conscience
Pray for responses and Holy Ghost deposits
Run up on cats like San Diego charges
Shoutin' repent, repent, like the Prophets
The Kingdom of God is at hand
Get up and join the fam, or catch the Timberland
Friends and fam, watch the whole scene untwirl
So I ask you what's going on in ya world
If it's not Christ, you better run like a roach in the light
Or get popped like a cola or sprite

(Chorus) (2X)