

Sean Slaughter, Walk The Walk

(Chorus)

I'm a Disciple for Christ
Walk the walk, talk the talk, so what's ya life
He died then came to life
I feel it's only right that we walk toward the light
But to get there, we gotta fight, so get ya helmets tight

(Verse 1)

It's a daily struggle, that's why I never juggle
The earth and church, that'll quickly have you under rubble
My God please keep me humble, and walking toward your ray of light
Each day and night, I speak to your son, and pray I'm right
In his eyes, the world despise, my heavenly ties
But when the spirits upon me, I got the strength of seventy guys
To go the whole length, I got the belt of truth buckled tight
breastplate to keep me right, feet fitted with the peace give in a corner tight
Lord be my guiding light, my faith is my shield, put a yield to the demonic bite
Last but not least my sword will make a crease in any beast
That tries to lay a hand on God's peeps
Get ya helmets fitted, all ya sins have been acquitted
Like you ain't did it, got that Lucifer ranting livid
Before my emotion was stale, since I'm clean I'm vivid
And peace given in any situation that's risen

(Chorus)

(Verse 2)

He's risen, that word to the Bible, it's written
I'm a soldier with a rifle or a Bible and disciple
With a message for the trife in you, just listen for the life in you
My God can make a way, but the road is narrow
You're precious in his sight, even his eye is on the sparrow
There's only on road, but you disregard the arrow
You rather seek ya sign or find ya life through some tarots
Or physic, ya dummin' out like hits with a nightstick
Cause if ya faith ain't in Jesus Christ, then ya life's bent
Ya lost in the source, my minds stuck on the cross
And blood lost, for me and yours he paid the whole cost
Took care of the tab, my nose in the Word, up in my lab
Etching lyrics like commandment on a concrete slab
Word to our forefathers, Isaac, Abe, and Jacob
Ya cross ya need to take up, ya sleeping dog so wake up
My daily bread I break up, cause Christ is in my makeup
Ya need to put that cake up, my Lord's hustle is greater
Children of God we be the, common denominator
To change the numerator, cause you's a prayer hater
And Jesus is my savior, no matter what's ya flava
General to the major
His words are clear like numbers on my pager
Hit me on the box, I'm watering his crops
Give him all the props, I'm just a man
Flesh and bone, in a spirit zone
I'm not blacking out, but lighting up
Lord fill my cup
Monique Lisa

(Chorus)