

Sean Slaughter

"Street Corner Catz"

Visit "[Street Corner Catz](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

[Verse 1]

It be that verse spittin' minister, changin' fractions to integers
The Spirit cringe in us, 'til we crack shackles from prisoners
You rap about the girls, gats, and drugs you administer
I spit about King Elohim, came to sentence ya
Cuff and arrest ya, with peace that passes all intelligence
You a player in the world, but in the spirit celibate
Yeah that flow is phatt, but it's not Christ so it's irrelevant
I'm in the street pedaling his Word, life is delicate
So I don't play, when it comes to issues of my lifestyle
And realize, you don't get to heaven cause of nice smiles
And good grades, even if ya drank a thang of Gatorade
You still haven't got enough juice to walk the path the savior paved
Time is tickin' while you chase the fame, embrace the game
Man the stakes the same, got prison digits, tryin' to make a name
Ever since I met the Savior; saved, thon it ain't the same
And when I shout Jesus Christ, the earth shakes, it hates the name
Hate's the God that gave the greatest gift, just to take the blame
Either suffer for peace, or you can chill and bait the flame
You say I'm crazy, man that cat ain't bright, he ain't talking sane
It all good, a thousand years from now, still no walking cane

This is for the gangs, for the clicks, for the crews
Who got nothing to lose and dish out the good news
Street corner catz, preaching the Word up in ya habitat
And won't stop until you rattle cats, now where's the

battle at (2X)

[Verse 2]

Played the game, pounds of trees, forty dogs and robberies
And when it came to women, hit and leave was my famous steez
One day God our Father brought me crashing to my knees
Saying please, Lord take my heart from this pagan freeze
I heard the Lord say, stay at ease I knew this day would come
Accept me in ya heart and go from relative to closest son
And kid, I'm a make you close to none, only close to one
The time for Christ is really close to come, then it's closed and done
So now I live for the chosen one, check the resemblance
The only difference, I went from, sandals to Timberlands
The Holy Spirit still living in, still rekindling
Never dwindling, I got a mass like the minutemen
Total revelation coupled with the raw action, check my whole faction
Spirit of God, baby we all packin'
Unbelievable this all happened, now I grip Christ like trucks with all traction
Thirst for him, its called passion
Word life, word to J.Christ, I'm on my third life
Now its personal, not ya everyday church life
I felt the heat when I ignored the light, won't get burnt twice
But most are incomplete like cilo minus the third die

Chorus

[Verse 3]

My third eye which is my mind's eye, focused on El shadie
Who else would die for my sins and leave his rights unexercised
While we focus on a Lex and thighs, gram cake and pies
Awaken high, multiple kids and still taken guys
Still letting the cat with the most dough, take the prize
It makes him cry, make his hate the devil and his bait of lies
His fate alies, in a pool of flames, soon we'll see who

will reign
So I count my troubles as gain
If Christ had to suffer I say double the pain
Less of me and more of him, yo, that's double the gain
Jesus Christ I bubble the name, sport it like rocks
On a Rolex, praying that you cats would wanna swap
From ya fake movado, that street corner motto
That ya rather pack gats, son, and play Soprano
And put ya trust in ya homeboy like Sam Gravano
That's like rolling dice broke, son, or playing lotto
What's the reasoning, that you keep the Holy Ghost
from breezing in
He called me the salt of earth, stay seasoning
Stay appeasing him for lost sheep who fell and lost
sleep
Hold ya head, worship him, and keep ya praise lofty

Chorus

Visit [Sean Slaughter](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.