

Sons Of The Prophet

"My God"

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Hallelujah! This one goes out to everyone that tries to play my God.

Yo! You got it wrong, man, you got it wrong! Yo!

(Chorus)

On the row you want to rank my God
Pally out, turn it down, don't want to crank my God
But when the storm ends you want to thank my God
You ain't for my God, you don't know my God
You on the double like you want to blame my God
But when you in trouble, you want to say, "My God!"
When sin becomes sweet, you betray my God
You ain't for my God, you don't know my God

Tell me who can dare defy him, he has all his angels
there beside him
Tell me who can think they're so slick that they have it
in their mind that they've got God tricked
The Most High, he won't be locked in, he holds the
world, and he won't be boxed in
He can't be, never be, won't be mocked, the shepherd
sees everything, he knows his flock
So, even though it seems as if God's been thrown off
by your schemes and tricks
When he comes back, you gon' plead the fifth, he know
who be acting, he ain't read the script
So how do you hope to deceive when he know what you
know, and if you believe
Hands every word, sees every deed, only man can be
fooled, God is above schemes (Hallelujah)

Chorus

You put my God on the back burner, then you decide
you gon' beat your sins just a tad further
I don't know what you have heard of, you didn't listen
what the preacher said, I say you a bad learner
You take my God for a one-timer, but guess what? You
never find, ever find none finer
You buss my God as some kind of actor, they don't
know him, but they do, they see you a some-timer

But my, your attitude, I'm appaled and shocked, 'cuz
know Christ died
Won't be mocked, and day gon' be when judgement
drops, and all this stops
So you can know that you gon' meet Christ Jesus (You
need more kicks than Nikes and Adidas)
I don't believe this, my God, you probably blind, that's
why you can't see this

Chorus

Now if you think you can hack it, respect's what you
lacking, my God goes back farther than any classic
His grace is elastic, his ways ain't no magic, you think
you like steel, but to him, you like plastic
Now let me clear up this misconnection, cuz when it
comes to God, you just seem to mention the more or
the less, the misconceptions, the storms from the
shore, you must pray redemption
Divine intervention - what you seeking, but how to get a
paper is what you speaking
I don't mean to sound rude, but I think you leakin' out
the side of ya head if you think you cheaking, now
My friend, you better change your flow if you think that
on a resume it ain't gonna show
That you trying to play God in the life that you sow, all
the things that he be reaping, and the things that he
knows, so

Chorus

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