

Blink 182

"Lift Em Up"

Visit "[Lift Em Up](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

[Chorus]

I came to lift em up

[8x]

[Prime Minister]

Well the Prime is Heaven sent

The myth is eralavant

And it be Prime droppin dimes

On the spirits that Hell's sent

Raised as a G, I was paid as a G

Over whelmed in sin, and was saved as a G

In 93 got on the scene so we souls for life

Matter a fact we chose the life, thats why we souljahs

right

And we be steppin packin weapons and we livin for

Christ

In my mind, flesh and time, what is it gon be like to

fight

Where Ive been, keep me ready LORD

Its time to do, everything that Prime would do

To stay in line wit you

They say it's a cruel world, saints I aint scared

Im holdin on to the promise, all the blood was shed

Im sick and tired of these games, how they play me for

money

Only use me and abuse me, makin jokes like its funny

These silly devils whats up, cause I cant stand this rain

Of course I'm gon floss it up and I'm gon ease the pain

[Chorus]

Kid what up, we be floss it up

Brothers like Prime Minister, floss it up

Brothers thru the Mid West, we be floss it up

And we's bout to drop flesh, we be tossin up

Brothers in the South, we been flossin up

Brothers in the East, we be flossin up

Brothers in the North, we be flossin up

And you can tell by these Z, we be tossin up

[Prime Minister]

On my mentle on my body lable me mentle it seems

To drop evangelistic for commission to plant some
seeds
Holla glory as I do it, glory echos the hall
Turn up the bass a couple notches I'm vibratin the walls
Wake up the dead bring em back, thats what I'm called
to do
Rivitalize, open eyes, thats what I'm called to do
They say they hate me, they wanna take me, get that
stuffl out my face
Cause it was God who sent His son, who went and died
in my place
Cause I dont think I can take those kinda of flames they
got
And I dont think I can stand up to a flame so hot
Im prayin LORD help me homies, from the snake in the
grass
And set em free, dont want to see another G in his
casket
Ball player bustin caps look at how many tricks
That it takes to come wit you, after one little figga
If you were smart you would of listen to your family and
friends
Cause they told you your life was about to end

[Chorus]

[Prime Minister]

I feel highly educated in this game of shame
Layin hands to deliever not to flaunt my rings
If you wanna get the word, spends some time wit you
And at the altar when He heals, stand in line wit you
See I remember what it took when Jesus blessed me wit
mine
So dedication lots of prayin and I stayed in line
I thank God for His son and the spirit to be
That I signed on the line, gettin mine from the tree
So our we sold out, MAJOR, its weed to blame
Why'd you turn your back in God and stop believin man
Why'd did the government put a grasp on the way that
you think
They got you brothers on route to get our mothers on
link
They got our sisters givin birth to a fatherless child
I dont know, cant grow, its crampin my style
And all this while I'ma shed this tear
Release this problem to the LORD keep rebukin my fear

[Chorus]

