

Brenda K. Starr**"Work"**

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I work, and I press
And I do everything I can just trying to give these folks
my best
I sweat, and I grind
I used to try but learned that I can't please these people
all the time
So I work, and I press
And I do everything I can just trying to give these folks
my best
And I sweat and I grind
I used to try but learned that I can't please these people
all the time

Hey, what's happening homie
Hey, hey, what it do mane
Don't know 'bout you but I'm working
Trying to keep pressing mane
In life, with rhymes
I fight with people pleasing
That's trife, this time
I'm fighting to please Jesus
I'm done with it dog
All the lying and masquerading
The fronting and the faking
I hate it, life feels so vacant
I used to let 'em make it
Even if it got blatant
No matter how flagrant, I'd let it slide like stealing
bases
But now I finally get it
So I ain't ever quitting
I can't be passive, inactive like players that's been
injured
Far from it
Been hurt, been even knocked off my feet
But I'm in Christ, and I want life like it's suppose to be

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When I ain't know, who I was
Everyday I wasted life
Pagan days of people pleasing cause I wasn't chasing
Christ
Worried 'bout the he say she say
I'd repeat it like a replay
I was chasing their approval like a runner in a relay
(GO)
I was believing that if I got it
No-doubt it'd be all good
But even if I got it
Somehow it would fall through
I tried to keep standing
Living by a weak standard
Believing even Jesus received me based on my weak
merits
Lies from the pit, lies I won't forget
Lies that ruin lives and keep you blind to who you is
Sinner saved by grace, through faith for Jesus sake
So what you have count as loss as we press to see His
face

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Every Christians on the track
But are we focused like a scope
Or are we racing never pacing
Are we running to the goal
Upward (upward) calling (calling)
Full in (full in) knowledge (knowledge)
Nothing hollow

Like the lotto
True rewards
From God the Father
Well we should be
No matter what they say, or even throw at us
Keep rolling up, and pressing in
And showing folks you rest in Him
See when it's, all said and done, I wanna, be true to
Christ
I wanna, see fruit that's proof to know it's true to life
So look to Him, give up everything to make it to Him
To know Him fully
Becoming holy as you pursue Him
To all my saints, who know they saved
But know there's more to gain
Keep pressing till the end when we will see Him face to
face

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