

Climie Fisher

"Church"

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Artist: Climie Fisher

Title: Church

[Spoken Intro - Spike Lee]

Peace - this is Spike Lee

A.k.a. Shelton Jackson Lee

A.k.a. loving husband and father
of Tonya and Satchel and Jackson

I'm here with De La Soul

A.k.a. De La, a.k.a. The Plugs

We're about to get in this song, "Church"

A.k.a. "It's Reality"!

[Verse 1]

Aiyyo, wake up! Wipe the sleep from ya eyecracks

It's time to focus y'all, fix ya I-MAX

In other words, listen to the brother's words

Ingest these anecdotes with HOPE

and ya ass, may learn how to COPE

It's not always good just to get by

Who's coverin' ya stakes when ya bet high?

You're cha-sin', cars, clothes and rocks

Identify with the goods you got

Make sure it's V-S-One, not

and perfect, leavin' you one clear

I really don't care to see ya tattoos there

I'd rather see you graduate the school year

Black folk, go put a book in ya face

But first give the hook a taste

Bring the preacher in!

[Hook]

Heal! Heal, y'all!

We comin' healin'! {It's real!}

It's real! {It's real!} It's real!

It's realer than real, realer than real

Heal! Heal, y'all!

We comin' healin'! {It's real!}

It's real! {It's real!} It's real!

It's realer than real, realer than real

[Verse 2]

It's a sick world that we live in, let some tell it
Some put it in books, some yell it
You need to make your own choice, be your own voice
Set ya soap-box up, let your talk fight
Pull ya socks up, get ya walk right
Or the chalk might outline ya one day
You oughta try steppin' outside you one day
You circle round yourself like you the answer
To the question of your inner son
But keep ya falsehoods to a minimum (minimum
echoes)

We all need a little church
A life update, keyword - update
If they don't serve change, don't bite the bait
Instead'a givin' you a share, servin' you a dish
I lead you to the water, show you how to fish
Ain't nothin' wrong makin' that bread wid'it
But don't let the bread get to ya head, geddit?
Admit it, when you can't stand alone
I wanna stand up, give all the pretend up
And get a full blast of my demands of
the rhyme runner said the man's come
There's something in our words that reveal (reveal
echoes)
Sho 'nough real!

[Hook]

Heal y'all! We come to heal!
So let it heal you! {It's real!} It's real!
{It's real!} It's real!
It's realer than real, realer than real

Heal y'all! We gonna heal it!
So let it heal! {It's real!} It's real!
{It's real!} So real!
It's realer than real, for real, for real

[Verse 3]

The early bird gets the worm in this rotten apple
But explore deep and you will the find the seed
Plant more ether, get your mind free
We roll passionate, put your lights last in it
You're holdin fear too close, unfasten it!
And like old age invades youth
Invade falseness with truth
Replace rebelling with rebirth
Face new dwelling, that's your turf

Lean back and put your feet up on the sofa
Relax! (Relax! *echoes*) learn how to punch back
And do your work to the max
The payoff's much sweeter than the payback
Even the haysack needle wouldn't play that
So let's pray at, church (church *echoes*)

[Hook]

Heal! Heal, y'all!
We comin' healin'! {It's real!}
It's real! {It's real!} It's real!
It's realer than real, realer than real

Heal y'all! We comin' healin'!
So let it heal! {It's real!}
It's real! {It's real!} It's real!
It's realer than real, realer than real

[Backing Singers] - (Repeat until beat fades)

Realityyyyyyy!
Realityyyyyyy-eeeeeeeeeeee-reeeeaaall!

harmonizing and clapping to fade

[Spoken outro]

You know what I mean? Rap outsold crack
You know, so rap...or hip-hop culture
however you wanna dice it, you know what I'm sayin'
it's the most powerful drug there is, man
it changed corporate America, it changed the way you
feel about me
it change the way I, I do my thing now
Busta was the one who came out, on the award show
and said that
hip-hop provides jobs for people who don't even love
the shit
I mean, come one man, I mean what else is there to
say?!

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