

Blood Duster

"In Not Of"

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[Bridge]

Gotta let 'em know
Gotta let 'em know 'bout the Name
Gotta let 'em know
Gotta let 'em know 'bout the game
[Repeat Bridge]

[Verse One]

Lord, the world thinks you've left the streets
And you ain't the kind of guy
That would bless the beats
And because you ain't busting heat
That you can't relate to being tempted
To grind to eat
To flip a little ecstasy
Just playing roll for your seed
Like a sesame
Or the meaning of Thug Destiny
Or to know what's all up
In a mix like a recipe
They can't possibly think that
You paid your dues
When you ran the streets
Of old Jeruz
You wasn't the Don with the God Father nod
But visible Father God and you ran your squad
And now you run inside of cats
With backward hats and boots
Evangelical hip-hop modern day recruits
And just like Jews and Gafilta Fish
Ain't too many dudes that are built for this
We grind for souls
Forget what the liar told
You give throwback jersey for choir robes
Sunday Clothes?
If you catch us in the pulpit
It's in the fitted's and black Gibuard's
Here's the goals
Take the risk, light the coals
Bring the heat, flex the gift
Break the molds

Recruit, enlist
Fulfill the Great Commish.
And like L.J. said
"We trying to Rock the Souls"

[Hook]

Who's mic is this?
I'm in it, but I ain't of it
I live it, but I don't love it
Who's life is this?
I admit it
I ain't above it
I gotta get it
But I don't covet
Who's world is this?
It's dated
Many love it
I hate it
But I don't judge it
Who's world is this?
Not to conform
Who's life is this?
Here to transform
Who's mic is this?
Flavor, not norm
Salt and light, among the night
Word bond!

[Verse Two]

That's right word bond
I'm trying to Kingdom work like I got a third arm
Most hip-hop needs stimulant turn on, Yak or Bourbon
But not these words from the street that turn Psalm
Brooklyn to Guam, we "Ring thee Alarm!"
Watch God get His in Hip-Hop for certain
Don't front, this culture needs a clear display
A clearer way, somebody make it clear today
It's hard to look on my outward to peep my in
That's like trying to see my heart beat inside my skin
But if you know hip-hop courses inside my veins
Know all [of] hip-hop's blood types ain't the same
I'm transfused with eh Blood of an ancient King
He paid dues, and now I can't help but bling
But not ice, ain't talking about a life of crime
My whole crew don't know nothing but a life of rhyme
It ain't strange, new birth done met the knock
It done changed, the church done met the block
It's so plain, the God of the Israelites
Got a pain in His heart for the dismal types
He aint' concerned about your plaits and your tiny roots
He even thinks you kinda fly with your shiny tooth

He left us in the world and said mix it up
But with a righteous kind of flow that picks it up
Before Satan can 666 it up
He gone bust through the sky and fix it up
But 'til then, let this culture make us proud
But only to the point where it starts acting foul
And if it does, ain't no time ot blackout dude
You gotta put in a hold and make it tap out, oooooo
'Cause to God, hip-hop got to bow and blush
We dont' live for hip-hop, hip-hop lives for us

[Repeat Bridge x2]

[Verse Three]

To each his own
But none will ever come unseat the throne
Salt penetrates from meat to bone
We tryinna to reach the pain
Bring the peace, 'til they say "Preach it, homes!"
"Teach it, man!" Keep your dough
'Cause this is strictly on a need to know
Yo, everybody need to know
That's why I gotta lace the flow
'Til men holla [for] "Christ"
Like Japan hollas "Ichiro!"
Men gotta need like Pizza dough
We pull we stretch, but do we ever really reach them,
though?
I don't mean no harm, but I'll bet the farm
Some put the weight of the mission on skill and charm
And they get iller than all, their killing evolves
But with no alarm, CM will remain calm
Lord, how long the wait, cuase this is a long debate
Neither side wants to prolong the hate
They say we reach the church and they reach the
streets
But can't find an in or out of season to preach
And there's only two, but you kept the charge the same
The harvest is ready, but the workers lame
I say we reach the church and we reach the streets
And some don't believe and I'll catch the heat
But we'll take the lash, word bond
But they'd be surprised if they know who was ringng the
horn
But ain't no beef, 'cause we all still fam
I'm gonna shut my teeth and not give the enemy a
chance
But just know this, this our only main stance
Trust the wisdom of God and not the stratz of man

