

Grits

"Gospel Rap - Parables"

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When it started we was downed by church fallacy,
As time went by we took on the appearance of being
free,
But in reality we're not, we're still trapped in the shallow
mentality of gospel rap.

These are the secrets of life, to some revealed,
Remain hidden so all can understand the truth
concealed,
So, we journey, dropping theories of Christ
grammatically, to awake those who sleep through
lyrical caffeination,
Bona fide creations bore fruit through verbal
knowledge, as the apparatus of seeds, on good soil,
had fallen, but calling of,
Yet, y'all, into the beat, started to fade,
Ascending, approaching death as the roots reached
the pavement,
Disciples of Christ, each reaching surface, blooming in
season,
But autumn sparks a vacation, influenced by niggers
we did duplicated,
Illustrations took form as gospel gangsters, exploited
and victimised by industry-philes,
Awaiting anxiously, I see emcees bearing fruit to be
collected,
Took root underground, as rats funnel through tunnels,
Direction emerging, surface submerged within the
harvest,
Manifested by seeds of another that was invested,
Unlike the rest, through the rain and cold, we stood the
test,
First ten, and twenty, then a hundred-fold blessed in
this,
Well pleased, so on the Sabbath day we'll rest,
Six days, five seeds, prophesy is manifest,
Motivated by what's being illustrated by those who talk
loud thereby bringing distortion to both my optical and
audio senses, which are responsible for the mirage of
skill you're still trying to keep real,
So, I'm here to manipulate or change the course of
these events, to guide you toward the demise of your

pretense,
Therefore my strategic positioning for this offensive
attack is fueled by your burning desire for being
whack,
So, how you react to this potentially volatile situation
will conduct the symphony of sympathy you attract,
The skies peeled back, I rained down fact on this Grits
track,
Static, air, hand-clap, whatever, I just rap,
You understand to ill-coined phrase "gospel-rapper,"
but yet you turn heads off, like the mechanics of a
clapper, until now,
It's been a long time coming; now the sludge resides at
the top, like Mr. Drummond,
Evident to the inner-eye, no longer discreet,
True motives get uncloaked, as words become
concrete and tangible,
Though the brothers begin acting stranger, anti-
ambassadors of one debuted in a manger,
Like orphans to the industry, nobody wants me,
Passed around by foster-labels, wondering if they plan
to dump me,
One side is called "mainstream" but really I see no
difference,
Where's the fifty percent ministry, fifty percent
business?
Currently it's ten/ninety with the latter always trailing,
as the cross fades away with the realness of the
nailing,
Getting over using spiritual parameters to evolve your
level in society; that's what gospel means to me,
Rolling down the river of Christian emcees, wishing to
knock them upside their heads with my oars, shatter
their cores,
Blood trickled from the pores of the fickle,
Lose control from their fans, they being tickled,
Hot-steppers get their peppers pickled,
My question is this: how do you keep it real when you're
synthetic?
So pathetic, unlively, in more aid than H.I.V.,
The way I see things, you're doing more harm than
help with chameleonic skills,
Latching on to flavours of the month for cheap thrills,
arms floded on window sills,
Finding oddities you call commodities,
You false prodigies I'm judging, you're catching life
sentences for your sodomy,
I touch a cloud through well endowed imagination,
Collaboration with pens sends your deejay on a
permanent vacation,
See, I dapple in work-placements, some kind of

scrabble-type shaping,
Fragments into stories, resulting in sky-scarping,
I be taking lashes from them cats who cannot do the
same,
Fooling secular psychos with no shame, proclaiming
Christ's name,
Irregular writer or knights, I mean the mediocre artists,
The spots I be in, the so-called hardest Christian
rappers be discarded,
And it's odd, when I catch their shows, they claim they
ain't no joke,
But your people map project blowed, and they be in the
back straight taking notes,
Fool, I rock both; my pendulum swings on each arena,
I'm elevating gospel rap from Nashville to West Covina.

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