

Grits "Hopes & Dreams"

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Ho, ho, hey, the way my selectable delectables be
written,
You off a twang 'cause my thang is respectable,
I get in where I fit in,
No secrets, nothing's hidden,
I check the heads bobbing and throbbing 'cause of
written material,
Milking y'all like cereal,
Ethereal messages, portrayal of my Jesus Christ,
I guess, it's just the way I chose to use my chords to
bring the news,
Instead of pain, I realize there's power in the name,
Zzzz goes the lightning; it's crackling, it's frightening,
Much needed calling card to prevent from falling hard,
hitting your head on pavement,
You need to heed my wavelengths,
Precocious with the info; now why you living sinful?
Your nature's beginning to swallow you, friends
beginning to follow you,
The devil's pulling strings to demolish and abolish you,
Like foetuses, his cohorts - the Roscos and Cletuses,
Write it like Carman, with the intent of harming,
Attacks in every area, deadly like malaria and viruses,
I can see the hurt in you irises,
"Why was this turmoil aimed at me?" you cursed,
Put in reverse, I suspect aptly,
My start is required, and questions - you just heard it,
Take a script, brought to life, make some changes and
reword it,
Take Holly with the Wally ???,
Put asunder, scatter blunders,
Fresh manna feeds the hunger.

Why you living on a chance for hopes and dreams,
when you should be taking life the way that it seems?
Nothing good will manifest, you're still intent on being
blessed,
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Recollections and memoirs of a pre-saved era,
Though I waddled in the truth, I still dipped in the
devil's terror,
That is bad; you could say I had my share of it,
Doing nothing drastic, depending how you stare at it,
Skipping down the roads, I see the signs ahead,
And then cadaver central opens once the flesh is dead,
Because it's Noda not Yoda, don't sweat wend finding
paths; just select the narrow, 'cause the broad has
booby-traps for me to fall in, and altogether miss my
calling,
Snares changed strategically, rounds change
metaphysically,
Fools don't know, but yet they really don't know,
The failure to receive the wisdom stumps the inner-
man's growth,
It's difficult to comprehend if you can't fathom the rap,
I ask you - what if the rapture sweeps past?
In the end is only when you feel the strength of the
seven,
Sorrow goes out for opposition,
Armageddon is the place where his kingdom will cross
the lost,
And victory goes unto those who took the cross,
So now I take the stance, subject myself to persecution,
Since I been informed I'm not alarmed,
My execution in the public,
My relationship with Christ - none above it, I love it,
I'm mesmerized beyond infatuation,
To show the love of Christ tightens other relations,
Waiting in his midst to catch a glimpse of his glory.

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Yo, change that beat, so they can peek my direction,
To bloodstreams, legal syringes of rhyme lectures,
Infections as wounds cleanse, and turn up like prunes,
Soon call on his name, some will still see doom,
You assume 'cause you mention him as lord of your life
on award shows and albums, everything is alright,

Who you? I never knew,
Say you did work for me, but you can start now, depart
now, worker of iniquity,
Them shout-outs get you spat out quicker than cobras,
Living beyond reproach until your sins found you out,
You choke and gasp, in his name you ask forgiveness
of your past, and acquittal for your task,
Ask me, you're living on chances with lucky odds,
Get one up, still breathing, fronting with God,
But the time has come, don't miss the cue,
Be false or true 'cause them "Freak me, baby" -
"Thanks to my saviour" days are through,
Straight up, I'm tired of fakes that be claiming in the
family,
Granted, our mother's one, but our father's no foe,
So those who claim religion, hope your life is the proof,
Ain't no playing with you, spoke in love, but in truth,
And intentions of being blessed, and nothing good
manifest,
And in your life you're living on a chance of hopes and
dreams.

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