

Krs-One

"Take It To God"

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Yeah, once again, word up urban inspirational
KRS-One, Professor Ecks, whattup Dan? Woo
Temple of Hip-Hop, let's do it

By the sound of the track, you know who is back
It's the teacher, philosopher of conscious rap
Rappers tired of me sayin', "Where hip-hop is at?"
'Cause they know they unoriginal, copycats

Watch me bump this gospel rap, never wack
In fact, I tell you where the tracks is at
TV is whack, they wanna show us beatin' Iraq
When the question is, where is Chandra Levy at?

Murdered God and left for dead like hip-hop
And admit to Conduit like conduct to kill Ecks the dread
And Kris crucified the false prophet
John F. Kennedy to these MC's, I draw and cock it

Cock on cocky cops for the love of the art, punish the
part, partition
Pardon the pause, poison pens penetrate the mental
I walk with Kris so my body's a temple
Body instrumentals and body your squad in the body
of a God

Just think, just think, what if Malcolm X returned
Or Dr. King returned, tell me what have we learned?
As we takin' our turn, tell me what have we earned?
Or is the ice and the cars our only concern

Mo' money, mo' money, you be yellin' it out
And on TV can't you see you be sellin' us out?
So in 2010, look to 2002
Who you think they gonna respect, me or you?

Behold the God in the form of the man
Walkin' off water and flesh absorbs in the sand
Moor gets the land, divorcin' the clan, I'm off into sand
Off and I'm slayin' delicate arms from porcelain hands

Slaughtered the lambs, charge it to the game

Cats take hip-hop's name in vain
Disrespectin' the forefathers who came
Goddess hurt 'em right now, like when Marvin was slain

They don't want it, nope, they don't need it, nope
Just stay weeded and hope, I don't read what you wrote
Best believe they ain't dope, they deceivin' these folks
With they meaningless quotes, I got my feet on thy
throat

What they speak is a joke, they really weak and they
broke
Have a seat and take notes, on the streets I'm the Pope
MTV is they hope, they repeat what they wrote
I'm an MC that won't let them tempt me with coke

Nope, flesh of my flesh, blessed by KRS
Used to love her, they [Incomprehensible] haven't
made a date with death
Follow no man, enslave the Ecks, professin' the student
I vibe with the teacher obliged to drop liver than
heaters

Lyrics liable to eat us like the survivors of Jesus
Now the blind is the leaders, your styles is egregious
Gets now the brow beateth to underground emceeth
The game is overheated, overweeded and
misunderstood

Word, just a ride in they boat with a platinum rope
No doubt they sellin' us out, what's happenin' loc?
Quit this rappin' I won't, 'cause MC'n is dope
If I can't do it for the love then do it I won't

How many times we note when these rappers is dope
Satisfied, that's why I'm renewin' your hope
Broaden your scope, when cleaned out your mind
My rhyme is like a new bar of deoderant soap

In this land of men, mice and mimes, I holds right for
the laws
Live life like Christ, makin' bread from mics and
applause
The snakes fight with Tyson like jaws for what's
rightfully yours
I might win 'em all, tell me, is it life or it's war?

God, God, God
My God, your God, our God
Is God, is God

Change is gonna come, where you goin' to run, but to
God?

To God, run to God, run to God, run to God, and let
him in your heart

Change is gonna come, the change is gonna come
Make it your change, run to God in your heart

Let God in your heart, he will do the part
God in your heart

Take it to God, take it to God God

Take it to my God, your God, take it to God

Take it to God

Take it to God

Take it to Gd, take it to God

Just take it to God, run and take it God, take it to God

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