

Lecrae

"Aliens"

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A - A whole notha kind of folks, kinda slow, but we gotta go cause the world's so ill/

L - Livin' the life and livin' it right and livin' for Christ and that's real in the field/

I- Intelligent but irrelevant without Christ, it's nothing but another sin element/

E- Eternal Purpose, without it this earth is dead and worthless/

N- Never stop giving Him Props, Giving Him praise now until the end of our days./

S- Seek Him and please Him and let the people know that they need Him./

Aliens! New Creations, new free agents, aint signed to sin

What the world do, we don't do, cause we wanna do what the Lord does; Christ within our

system/ listen our mission's the Great Commission we come here to represent Him that's why we call ourself Christianans /- Ha-/

Let me spit another line for the Plumblin' and the Frontline one time on the front lines/

keep holdin' it down for all the pilgrims all over the world representing for the bloodline

Chorus:

Aliens! Strangers in Places, foreign in lands that we are in, call us peculiar, but know that we are

Aliens! Strangers in Places, foreign in lands that we are in, call us peculiar, but know that we are

Aliens! Aliens! Strangers in Places, foreign in lands that

we are in, call us peculiar, but know that we are Aliens!

Tedashii - I feel like running through the middle of the campus with the Gammas dropping hammers,

waving banners, saying "JESUS SAVES!"/ Bringing together the bretheren in a circle in a cipher on

the corner yellin' "Pass the Phrase!"/ Taking heirs of the Kingdom to the field of mission so they can

spill vision to the children missin' / telling the men in prison about the "Peace be stiller" "Mr. Rise &

Walk" and "Mr. Heal your vision"/ Mr. Jesus of Nazareth/ bloodied and beaten and we were the

reason for the massacre/ for the sin I commit and even when I slip His love is there to grab us up/ so as for us/ We Hit hoods just like caddilacs/ and like James in the Kackalacki (James Roberson in

North Carolina)/

do things that will make Him Happy/He asks and we do them gladly/We came here as satan's

lucky's/ Now through Christ I call Him Daddy/ He changed us from actin' crappy/ now I'm just a

pilgrim passing/ I learned that I don't belong/ Got new game,

new life, new song/ don't fit in? theres nothing wrong/ Anti-culture's what I'm on/ Royal Priesthood

a chosen one/ Rep Him well until He comes/ Proposing to people about the propitiation, pre-paid

when Christ died and decided it was done/ Preaching to the pushed aside prostitute, destitute

working the block just to feed her son/ so if you see us lookin' different dog don't be trippin' just

know that we are ALIENS!

Chrous:

I wish I had a dollar every time I heard em holla that I look like seem like talk like them/

I blend in til I stand out and shout "Jesus!" / Man I really
wanna be like Him /

And it's funny, they love me until I speak the truth and
then they say I'm trying salt they game /

I gotta do it...I'm the salt of the earth I eat, breath,
sleep, think, walk, and talk that man /

We are not from this planet, we are not from this earth,
C.O.G.'s (Children of God) something

distinctive bout the way that we work / I never wanna be
discredited for editing the elements

evident of a heaven sent resident / I just wanna
represent Jesus He the way, the holy King, the

priest, and the President / I'mma put it in motion / the
world loves sin they boastin' / they put it on

like some lotion / if you focused you fall for the hocus
pocus and fall tryna gain ya focus /

And I aint Jokin' / we aint here to play no games we
foreigners in new terrain /

Here on mission to represent Him and full of biblical
ammunition / we aliens!

Chorus

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