

Mouthpi3ce

"I'm Sorry"

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Talented as ever, that's what they told me
I used to wanna be Jay, that was the old me
I've been compared to the Mixtape Weezy, Heartbreak
Drake, TI, and Kanyezy
Christian rap is cheesy as hell, that's what they all say
Some of them pretty good but they never go all state
They never head of Paul nor Peter, how can they relate?
What was ministry really 'bout back in Jesus day?
When most of my family just trying to beat the case,
Trying to eat the day, but trapped in evil ways
Cause their description of the church is really love and
hate
More hate than love cause the love dissipates
Why we so conditional? Why we set the bar high?
Why we act like we never gave God a far cry?
Like we ain't never failed, before and after Christ
We neglect the present and praise the afterlife
Instead of offer Christ we criticize to prove it right
Even when I'm wrong I'm right just cause I believe the
hype
Sinners love to sin, that ain't a mystery
But the love of God, check your credit history
I need to see more of that, you in the field
Pitchin' like a quarterback, that's what it is
That's how it's gotta be, stop trying to sleep
Wake up. It's our priority to kill poverty, straight up
And animosity in our society
At the break of our economy we here to set 'em free
Snatch pain up, refuse to see defeat
On behalf of the Church here's my apology
I'm sorry

For worried masses at church Masses
I know my opinion is clashin', but this is classic
At the same time tragic, I'm tired of burring family
members in caskets,
I'm tired of worrying and playing this tit for tasket while
offerin' baskets
Whoa, we in the wilderness, we stuck in traffic,
Bumper to bumper, praying for a quick passage, but,
If love is absent, you ain't passin'
I give a dang about what you flashin'

You ain't happy, most happiness is fabricated, it ain't
lasting
Look at our marriages battin' below the averages
We overcome savages, sex, and for bigger carrats
And cars, houses, and stars and horoscopes, Venus
and Mars
I've seen it all, it's a horror show, it's Murder She Wrote.
Murder he wrote, look at the songs now
Our daughters and sons now want to be strippers and
sell drugs now
Instead of going church they at the club now
Cause they feel more love from a thug's pound
Here's the run down: Church turn around
It's sad when your hated in your own town
I'm sorry

What happened? I think we, I think we lost focus
You know, I thought church was about building each
other up,
Not building a building
I know, I know, I know
The new facility is nice,
But, people leave broken

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