Qwel

"If it Ain't Been in a Pawn Shop, Then it Can't Play the Blues"

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feat. Robust

I'm havin' dreams of seeing Jesus on the Wilson stop Crying' his eyes out, soaking the there t-shirt that he rocks

As the tears drop and mix with the blood from his palms

I compared his crown to yours and I began to scream psalms like

Soups open soul, soups open soul the non-stop Unfold so he can roll and get his cross back from the pawn shop

Shocked no one can see him through his money green fog

And just then he disappeared from two kids with seeing eye dogs

They asked me who he was?

Well how should I know just a wino

Well we saw him in Border's tearing price tags off bibles

In this game of survival of the save souls
Until I know for sure I'll keep flyin' my tags with halos
He can't breath because my brother's yellin' "fuck your soul"

'Cause in this lustful world righteousness ain't never taxed deductibles

So fold your food stamps and go collect your plate Hoping that heaven's open Sunday as she shakes from hunger rates

Mistakes these bullshit lessons her preachers stressing'

But never once questioned how many blessings he paid for his new Lexus

Profession, heaven's a million miles from Chicago We only see the stars when we're tippin' back a bottle Only see the stars when we're tippin' back a bottle He only sees the stars when he's tippin' back a bottle Why try to sleep? We don't dream as much as yesterday

All our prayers infested and stress and rent to pay

But ain't nobody hiring' on desire alone
Try to find his way home but this silence is cold
Like the Vietnam vet with the tires in his throne
Eyes turned to stone holding' wild Irish roads
With the time freezes froze he realiz

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