

Phanatik

"B-Side"

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We spit the real
And it's fact
Not fiction, and it's ill
This wax, I'm itching to scratch
And mix in to the format
Is the Christian life so where's the door mat
With the welcome?
I'm not stopping til I hear Him say "well done"
They know not the waters I draw my well from
My well sprung but I held my tongue til it burst
Drenchin' you not just quenchin' your thirst
Now you're swimming in it
And in a minute it'll diminish your mission
And move God's position to the forefront
This is for all my appalled by evil
With hearts that beat for what the Lord wants
You can call this Christian rap
Oh, what?, You ain't know Christians rap?
I'm strapped with analogies of faith
Waving God's aroma so your soul can see how good
He tastes
I'm starving for Him, you are too
You're probably wonderin', "who are you?"
Maybe I'm the last of dying breed
Like a dying steed running his last lap with blinding
speed
Or maybe I'm stock from a new breed
Crops from a new seed growing in the soil of earth
If so, give props for the new me, God's doing a new
thing
I'm a product of His toil and work
He's the, Master Craftsman
He crafts men after the fashion of the last Adam
Not the first, the first was cursed
We all take after the first one from birth
That's why we must be born again
Otherwise, it can never be on again
So, if you dare to listen
Warning, you will hear content that is very Christian
Warning, this album is just the B side
I gotta say for side A you really need to see me live

At least I pray that's how it is
That the real Phanatik LP would be everyday just the
way I live

These dudes need to stop, the uprising it is so
Unwise and there is no, one higher and oh
His empire is so, much flyer than those
Young guys and there clothes, cars and tires and there
flows
Are so tired you just know, they all are lying even so
Y'all'll buy 'em I'm like yo, y'all why when there's no
truth in it
But disc jocks, these are the same dudes who's music
diss God
And even so you spin it, and push ads
And add to the bad
You could push the good but the good doesn't bring
enough cash
It's not that the good isn't good enough
It's just that hood is stuck
And you get enough bucks to keep us on smash
Nice moves, everything's astounding
The bling and the money it got a lot of 'em killed awww!
But Christ rules everything around me
So scream if the money ain't got a lot of appeal y'alllll
The love of money is the root to all evil
Money means power, power means pleasure, pleasure
that's lethal
But nothings equal to Him, he's better for sure
Plus at His right hand is there is pleasure forevermore
I could say more but must I?
I trust I got it all covered but plus I
Got about eighteen more tracks for y'all
Raw raps repping the LORD, all capitals
So enough with this into, let's go
Let's get on with it, on with the show
Said enough with this intro, let's go
Let's get into to it, on with the show

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