

Phanatik

"Psych Check"

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[Verse One]

I figured the way to spark it was to corner the market
And throw darts to hit the target
Then grip your hearts where lethargic
Thoughts sit and force it to turn like water burns from
faucets
While you, think about what I'm speaking about
reaching out to
Each endowed with the gift of listening and seeking
sound
Reasoning my sound begins
Leaking through your speakers
Then everyone who's waiting to X-hell can breath again
CNN, see 'em when it's season in
Season out
Fall back on that talking less you trying to be about
What does my skill profit unless I'm a real prophet
If I'm living ill I can bet you that God will stop it
I'm just His little sidekick, He is the real object
When it comes to solving issues He handles the real
problems
What is the deal partner, how you feel shawty
Brothers are still mobbing, holding that steel woydey
Boy they, know they, tripping don't they
So they, only, go they, own way
Homie, what's up with your home made remedies
Temporary solutions are futile and never set at ease
Plus medically, He's, better please let Him breath
Catch your second wind get set begin

Check your steez, before and after Christ
You go from looking forward to a morbid afterlife
To a gorgeous sacrifice, all that for half the price
Nah it's free
It only costs faith and even that's a gift so please
believe

[Chorus]

Mic check 1-2, 1-2

Psych check 1-2, 1-2

[Verse Two]

Don't take Him for granted, granted
He is harder than granite, the grandest
A grand if you can find His grandkids
He has none, He only has sons and daughters
Not mom, not grand mom, no one that we know of can
know Him for us
Whoa! how you just gonna come from the chorus like
that
And jump right into all this "granted-granite type rap?
What ever happen to a smooth transition?
Alright let me slow it down so you can listen
The man who's falling thinks he's flying, gravity
defying
Gradually he's dying, it's sad to see he's lying to his
senses
Since he censes pleasure he consents his
Perception's distorted by a few things
His sin, Satan, and how society's moving
Now he can drown and go down with the ship
Or jump and swim in Him who is found in the Script
You might've heard of Christ the life preserver
Came for the nice guys and the type that likes to
murder
Tonight's the night for mergers, in this life you might
hurt up
But in Christ you can rest at night just like a Serta

[Chorus]

[Verse Three]

If God aint moving, the earth is boring
That's probably why the radio heard me snoring
Four in the morning
Head fell on the horn and I woke up yawning
Like what's going on and
Same goes for the video shows catch me dozing
With the videos don't show Him
I blow in to the room like mist
I just wanna see what's got you throwing your fist
If it's truth then keep them hands pumping high
Like that cause that's sweeter than pumpkin pie
But if you're high on a lie man I can't say nothing
I'm looking at the Lord like man why they frontin?
Maybe they don't know that it's on like that
But teach cats not to sleep like insomniacs
They try to pass us the weed and the Cognac
We stop 'em dead in there tracks like whoa!
Kind of slow your roll
Like traveling over cobblestones carrying a Conestoga
coach

I'm wielding the sword of the King
kind of like the thing Aragon was born to swing during
The Lord of the Rings

[Chorus]

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