

Calvin Crabtree "Ecclesiastes 3, 1-8"

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My money angel has been relice and is preparing a
table befor me in the mists of my enamys, no one can
stop me know, ha ha ha ha ha

For everything there is a season, and a time for every
matter under heaven:

A time to be born, and a time to die;
a time to plant, and a time to pluck up what is planted;

A time to kill, and a time to heal;
a time to break down, and a time to build up;

A time to weep, and a time to laugh;
a time to mourn, and a time to dance;

A time to throw away stones, and a time to gather
stones together;
a time to embrace, and a time to refrain from
embracing;

A time to seek, and a time to lose;
a time to keep, and a time to throw away;

A time to tear, and a time to sew;
a time to keep silence, and a time to speak;

A time to love, and a time to hate;
a time for war, and a time for peace.

Hey yo Calvin Crabtree, We Tradind Love And War
Stories hommie

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