

## **Amanda B**

### **"Oh Wretched Man"**

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Oh wretched man- the problem ain't that we rock Timbs  
That I am- the problem is we've got sin  
Who shall deliver me?- even with a new start  
From this body of death?- we need to be freed, we  
need a new heart

Oh wretched man- the problem is not just behavior  
That I am- the problem is there's rot in your nature  
Who will deliver me- even with a new start  
Our Lord- we need to be freed, we need a new heart

We're in a hip-hop era full of hip-hop errors  
Not just the block but the heart's what hip-hop mirrors  
Somebody told me that we're not naughty  
I objected and directed their attention to the Top 40  
We stopped at the top ten; looked how we propped sin  
The case was closed when the videos were dropped in  
From naked females to dirty sex in emails  
It affects from retail down to the street sales- every  
detail  
You can leave the heart unsupervised  
Watch the heart ask for sin and ask the cashier to  
please super-size  
Read Romans and peep your corners for bonus  
Were gonna be wrong as long as were breathing- we  
need a Jonah

I serve word cause it's what the suburbs and the hood  
needs  
Wreckin' the thought that heaven's earned by your  
goods deeds  
I'm mad precise when it's the after-life  
You bank on good deeds but you can't think this "dis-  
counts"  
like half the price  
Sin is genetic it's  
The reason your appetite for it is husky like that  
school up in Connecticut  
Check the Bible for a honest diagnosis  
Or just smell cause you can tell like chronic halitosis  
We all sin- you know we each are prone

If only humans were affected then to each his own  
But God sees it and it's reached his throne  
In him there's no sin  
Like there's no such thing as pizza bones  
The spiritual truth- we have no spiritual loot  
We're bankrupt and we have bad spiritual root  
Every day we grow bad spiritual fruit  
We need God to hold back that spiritual boot

Whenever God is ready he can break down a sinner  
Take down a sinner, like I take a steak down for dinner  
The job of God the Spirit is to pull  
A person to Christ  
It's like it's irresistible  
He makes Christ known  
Your eyes light up like when the break light's on  
There's a change- "I've grown"  
I know it happened to me; I met the Surgeon  
He changed my heart, there went the blunts and the cursin'  
Kept on workin', for certain He keeps purgin'  
Now instead bourbon, I'm fervently reading Spurgeon  
That blow God handed me  
Put me on hand and knee  
Brought a kid that's caramel low like Anthony  
Now can it be? Got me in His family  
Reppin' the kingdom of God, droppin' Him on the industry  
This is the truth, I pray you can catch it fam'  
Jesus Christ can give life to a wretched man

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