

Pro

"Jesus Musik"

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intro

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verse 1

Back on the grind again

I know it's a little while but it's time again

For me to give you something that'll help you win

You wanna see the gates homey let me help you in

Pro's the name, wreck the game, free from chains, he
was slain

I make change, you complain, if you fake, then you
lame

Hold up, I'm a hit em harder than Roy Jones, I'm real
homes

Here to resurrect dry bones

Yeah, I'm back with a stack full a raps bout to clap at
anything

So ya'll should just get back

So spiritual, so lyrical, you should already know

You don't really wanna mess with Pro

Yeah I got a little dough, Yeah I got a hotter flow
but it ain't about that cause I rep the Lord

See they talk about glocks pop, How easy they make
hearts stop

But if somebody make em stop, You would see they
album flop

You give em that weak, You give em that fake

You talk about what you never really do

We give em that bounce, We give em that real

We give em something they can really move too

From the pulpit to the street, I rep God on this here beat
Put something in them there feet

Won't go to hell but I give you heat

Yeah, I would trash your album if you ain't putting Jesus
to it

I got my top down listening to this Jesus Musik

hook

Riding with my top down listening to this Jesus Musik

x8

verse 2

I could swear I told you, that you don't wanna act a fool
and break rules, we the wrong to step to
I don't really need a chop to chop up anything that ever
really try to bring dude
I rep that cross, I speak to lost
Tell me what you really wanna do
I'm not Rick Ross, but I'm a boss
Check the resume' if you really need proof
If it ain't that Trip Lee, TSP, or Andale',
Or if it ain't Lecrae, CLE, Throw it away
Less it's that Relikis, nyte sun, or joint heirs
Or maybe that Oldhead, K Drama right there
A little Cash Hollister, D Maub, he raw, I don't think you
really know that we this strong
Give me that Platinum Souls, Tru Saints, the list is long
Pettidee with a little side of Grits, double G's is who I
miss
Soul P, Willie Will, Japhia Life, Knine, Holla at me, I'll
help you get a hit
Divided we fall, together we stand, We push labels,
Labels don't push we
We just gotta look the industry eye, Tell them that we
ain't finna leave
Tell them that we get bigger cheese
Tell them that they ain't finna eat
Till they start put our music in the streets
If it's a movement holla at ya boy, peace

Hook

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