

Pro

"Murder Swag"

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Yeah, see it's a couple people wonderin' man
Since I done switched the style up,
If I'ma be aggressive enough or I'ma have enough
swag,
I think our perspective is a little bit loose on what
this rap thing is about,
So I'ma go ahead and get the ratchet and tighten it up
right quick,
Holla at me

[Verse 1]

Now what I look like carin' if anybody feelin' me
I'm tryna show you truth like I took you to epiphany
If me killin' pride means I lose half of my fan base
Adios you probably wasn't with me in the first place
I tryna win a tough race, pursuin' God on my faith
You worried bout what kinda punch lines I'm bout to
make
Look, how I'm not a monkey for your entertainment
Buy a puppy if you lookin' for something that you could
play wit
I'm on my grind tryna showcase the divine
Prayin' that the Spirit file for renewing of our mind
So I roll down my window as I'm bumpin' that This'I
Posted with some urban missionaries what up B gizzle
I was shown prides an enemy of the King
So I asked the Lord to break me like a fight with Jet Li
The title of your favorite rapper
Keep it I don't want it, cuz promo isn't promo unless
the Lord's being promoted

[Chorus]

I'm on a mission tryna show the world the Lord comin'
back
So I, had to murder swag, had to, had to murder swag
Yeah I switched the style up but no you not feelin' that
But I, had to murder swag, had to, had to murder swag
You say you rappin' for the streets but they still thinking
you whack
So I, had to murder swag, had to, had to murder swag
Real recognize real that's why they not feelin' that

So we, had to murder swag, had to, had to murder
swag

[Verse 2]

Now try to tell me that swag ain't pride,
It's bout makin' us look better while we put it in our
rhymes
And we say that it's for Christ, but, that ain't Christ like
cuz
He came in a manger you braggin' about ice (wait)
That's why the Jews didn't accept Him as is,
He came as a servant they wanted the iron fist
With chariots of fire but He gave 'em humility
I think that there's a lesson can be learn here by you
and me
We are not to dress Him up but show people He lives
Don't care if you think He cool, God is who He is
Anything else is phony, if He ain't portrayed as holy
If He ain't runnin' your life pimpin', Jesus not ya homie
So take the gold chains off and put the crown of thorns
back
Quit braggin' bout the benefits, tell 'em that the King
back
I mean that, I'ma bleed rap, replace it with blood of the
Christ
He want His seat back

[Chorus]

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