

Blind Ernie

"When I Flow"

Visit "[When I Flow](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

[Verse One]

Back to the lab again, young lads getting bad with the
pad and pen
Holy Culture, a fabulous fabric blend, God's people got
fashion sense
That'll take it pass your trends and get passionate
With passages from the text while we passing it
Though we not highly paid to perform
That don't stop us from stepping on stages galore
You can take away the stage and the studio booth
Pull the label exec's and the loot they recoup
That don't change what we slang we not your usual
group
We only jump for the Lord, so we don't jump through
the hoops
I see the culture's distress, I got a lot to express
It's just some things I had to get off my chest
But it's time to release the pressure, decrease the flesh
cuz
Jesus, He seeks to bless us
Drop jewels see deep like treasure men seek the lesser
But Christians we seek His Pleasure

[Hook]

When you see that this life is more than ice and rims
and you ready to go
You can't hide that pride deep down inside, playboy
you ready to know
If ya hot with the proof and you got hte juice of Son,
then ya ready to ride
But are you ready to do in the name of truth what the
world might do for a lie

Rock shows with the Gospel (Gospel)
Long as I got breath in my nostrils (Gospel)
When I flow it's Gospel (Gospel)
Cross Movement and Rock Soul (We rock souls)

[Verse Two]

Oh no, the CM's back, yeah, we're intact
Was in the cut but the "C" ain't slack

God was adding to what CM lacked
Now it's like Phil Jack and '02 Kobe and Shaq
The whole crew wanted true G-O-D in rap
We've gotta view that's a minority like being black
But we've agreed to feed and lead the packs
Hip hop's the key it's like some cheese to rats
And they come if your beats are raw
'Cause the streets are raw, but all fall when they meet
the Law
'Cause they meet their flaws and see defeat when they
meet the Boss
And that's terror like a beach with Jaws
Yo, God's got beef galore
'Cause you tell Peace, "Get lost," plust play Easter soft
So peep the cross and weep no more
All rise, recognize that you need the Lord, boy
Who would've though that a lost crook would get
Brought to the point where the cross looked good

[Hook]

[Verse Three]

Where's the buzz
Better yet, where's the love
Seems like, what we got wrecks the clubs
There's no hugs, probably cuase there's no drugs
And no mansion that's housing thugs
Here's the thing, it's an enigma things
Sometimes it feels like a Q-dog at a sigma thing
We don't try to jig the thing
'Cause one day we gonna reign in the same chains that
the stigma brings
Christ Supreme, all that means is:
Christ Rules Everything Around Me: C.R.E.A.M.!
If He's the King, and you don't let Him do His thing
That's Golum's fellowship with the ring
Pain and strife, is how this world pays the price
Lust of the flesh, just of the eyes, pride of life
That's why we gotta get it right
Ain't nobody got it right
If you think so, Satan's pulling off a heist
But when dealing with the Christ
{You} gotta be real, not fake like a Poltergeist

[Hook]

Visit [Blind Ernie](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.