

## **Bronze Nazareth f/ Kevlaar 7**

### **"God of Souls"**

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[Bronze Nazareth] God of souls guard mine I've spent my divine time being in a small crime In the streets, even though my life is fining I'm chasing high men, lining and latex protection Fourty porcelain of correction Got away with so much 'cause of an intelligence I drink the innocence's potion Devoting my bodily motion, the inner high oceans Hoping that it wouldn't be the words chosen to represent me I felt guilty when my vast death friends was empty Read the Bible seriously but the Devil still tempts me I'd say I lived my life religiously but anxiously Something's get to me, the soldier with the stab wound it won't bleed But the pain is in me, I'm sorry God for my offendments But I do have many attempts to avoid the wrath of Satan Given 24 hours to live; I'd spend 'em all praying And spraying the word of God; but that's the whole problem How can you pray when you know your life is already in disarray? From now on I'm gon' pray when I'm happy And thank God for my mishappening's 'cause that's how he teaches you and me I now see the mountains I've climbed that seem so sharp at the top My hands are cut and the bleeding just won't stop When ever I've wandered there always seemed to be that light But now the roads that I've traveled it just don't seem too bright It's shallow feeling inside as I grow from young buck to young man As I hallucinate and seeing crucifix nails in my hand And I know its craze, to meet the faith without pray The quiet one; this nigga never gang-bang or join cults My only fault was sex and simple thoughts To send my belief to every man by this disc caught The path I've traveled I feel with jagged gravel So I growl and write a poetic novel, judge me 'cause upon you (Hook) {Backbone of Goodie Mob from "I Refuse Limitation"} "Lord knows I do wrong" "Lord knows I do wrong" "Lord knows I do wrong" "Lord knows I do wrong" [Kevlaar 7] Wisdom's swaysy from the ways of wicked men Fools despise wisdom and discipline, negativity follows to him The Supreme Being; all I seen the way of the wickedest deep darkness Or a gleam of daunt to the path of the righteous Nigga I ain't in no way near perfect, but I note

that I'm forgiven So when I step outside and look to the sky and thank God I'm living My ways are in full view, a hundred and forty-four thousand All from the Tribes of Israel; Proverbs in my sides at all times Due to the best to follow the righteous mind The path's less taking, I awaken to find my mind's forsaking But I'ma takes control soon Laying in the depths of understanding these room The beauty path just might lead you to the tomb DAMN! It ain't no room, can't even turn back and make changes While I was living I should of given praises where praise's due You wear a crucifix around your neck while he's looking up at you The Lord is disappointed 'cause you're sending two; the chosen sons Doing our best to serve the highest One (Hook) {Backbone of Goodie Mob from "I Refuse Limitation"} "Lord knows I do wrong" "Lord knows I do wrong" "Lord knows I do wrong" "Lord knows I do wrong" [Bronze Nazareth] They say the world is cold but temperatures come from source Seems like people have no remorse, or is it that I'm too soft? To face the realities that come with life I've studied with no evail And every step I take is one further from hell I've often let God carry me and hope I live fairly Though the company you keep is scary And to not know where our stay is a hopeless situation Why must I miss this nigga Timothy when the weight on my heart is so heavenly? Some things I love that cause sins though I'm trying to live heavenly But every where I go there's attempts to put Devil in me I'm lost and hopeless and don't know which way to turn So I refuse any offers to succeed I guess my life has turned to a fading memory So now they got me drinking Kool-Aid and brandy Smoking black and mildness' not even me The secretion slowly starting to control me And if I don't wake up soon I'll die alone Only thing I have is this rap So it wouldn't matter if I got clapped At least not right now; 'cause I don't even give a fuck Sometimes I'd rather be in jail then facing this hard luck 'Cause there I don't have to worry about where I'm headed Out here my futures dreaded Whether a moment or I just missed this part of my life I wonder if I suffer from nuclear bombs that's trife I just can't get away from the pain this world has placed So I write shit down to get away, to get away, yeah (Kevlaar 7 reciting a Psalm passage) Dear Lord take this pain away and help me carry your guidance Satan, get thee behind me; I heard your footsteps I search for Jesus to help my conquest When I thought you left and abandoned me I know see the one set of footprints was the times you've carried me (Bronze Nazareth reciting Psalm 69 KJV.) Save me, O Lord; for the waters have come in unto my soul I sink in deep mire, where there is no standing: I have come

into deep waters, where the floods overflow me I am  
weary of my crying: my throat is dry: mine eyes fail  
while I wait for my God

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