

T-bone "Keep On Praisin'"

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Chorus:

Keep on praisin', liftin' up your name, to live in Christ,
to die is gain.

Verse:

Growin' up in the cold world this industry's cloggin' up
my brain, got
memories of when gospel rap wasn't about money or
the fame. Remember when it
used to be strictly ministry? Now it's all about who's at
the top of the
industry. Everyone is jealous, full of hate, greed, and
envy, now-a-days, I
don't even know who my own friends be. Be criticized,
talked about and stabbed
behind my back and playa haters still tryin' to bag
gospel rap. My heart goes
out to the streets, I'm to reach a thugs and that is why
you be warmin' up the
church seats. But you don't hear me though, turn and
look the other way, but
that's OK, I know God would listen to what I gotta say. I
can't lie though,
at times I feel like givin' up when all this hurt n' pain
inside me starts
buildin' up. I start cryin', but God shows me love, even
if I never, ever win
the dove, Im'a keep on praisin'!

Pick up my cross and Im'a follow you, even if my boys
stay behind and I'm the
only one in my crew. To be man enough to say, "God
here I am." But people
always quick to judge, they don't understand. They
talkin' about I ain't
real, but who are you to judge me? God be the only one
who knows just what I
feel. So many rappers now-a-days, caught up in
competition, that's why gospel
rap be full of so much division. Believe me when I say,
it breaks my heart to
think that we was once in unity, but now we're all but

torn apart. It's not
about how many records we've sold, it's all about how
many save souls. Can
you feel me? Tears ran down my eyes yesterday as I
heard about 2-Pac's death,
is there anyone left to say, "Lord, Im'a stand in the
gap." My peoples, is
you with me, where you at, cause Im'a keep on praisin'!

And even though they criticize me, talk behind my
back, and tell me hurtful
words. Till the day I'm dead, and in my grave, it's God
I'm gonna' serve. So
go ahead and talk about me and spread your lies. You
the one accountable for
every tear when I cry. I shed so many tears for so many
years, God can you
help me? I'm tryin' to reach all my peers and if you
don't hear, Im'a try
harder, even if I die from bulletshots like a martyr. This
world be drivin'
me hysterical, God I need a miracle, devil keep tryin' to
hit me when I wanna
get 'em spiritual, lyrically, I'm praisin' God with every
word that I speak.
You heard me, but I gotta turn the other cheek. 'Cause
vengeance ain't mine,
vengeance belongs to the Lord. We gotta come
together, one mind and one
accord. So to those who have ears, let 'em listen to
what I'm sayin' but even
without you Im'a keep on praisin'!
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