

MAKE ME OVER (FEAT. CONSCIENCE & NENA LOCKHART)

By:Je'kob

Verse 1

A great man once told me, don't let your sins get you down/
But that's harder than it seems homie, what goes around man it really goes around/
And I'm just tryina be a servant, but man I keep messin' up/
Followin' the white rabbit down the hole/
Curious to how he's gonna take my soul/
And I'm sorry for the things I've done, I know that you forgive me Lord/
My righteousness a filthy rag, aint suitable to clean the floor/
And I don't deserve to be your son, I don't deserve to call you poppa/
I'm sick of being sick & tired, man somebody betta call a docta/

Chorus

Lord please make me over/
Yeah tired of feelin' down & out/
Watchin' my faith about to drown in doubt/
But someone told me that's what grace is all about/
Lord please make me over/
Yeah slammin' on them breaks in that fast life/
Chasin' cash like tonight is my last night/
Livin' in the future like the present is my past life/

Verse 2

Twice upon a time there was a boy who died/
And lived happily ever after, but that's another chapter/
Of life, & I'm sure that if a digital could capture/
It would be worth a thousand words, all verbs, all action/
I pray, but you must receive mine in closed caption/
Delayin' your reaction breaks me down like a fraction/
And momma aint got the gills to swim in these bills/
And the only thing I seem to afford is cheap thrills/
Lord, and I can't afford that/
Blessed are the poor in spirit, I guess that's where I'm at/
I'm just lookin' out for that blessed part/
to manifest & ressurrect my deceptive heart/
which seems to be more deceptive than decepticons/
Make me over, transform, it's morphin' time/
Mastadon, waitin' on my day to dawn/
As the darkness turns into light/

Chorus

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Bridge

Make me clean/
Livin' on a prayer, beggin' for your favor/
Make me clean/
I be livin' so selfish but I know you can save me/

Verse 3

Yo let your grace come in, or somethin'/
Cause I just can't stop runnin' from the nothin'/
I feel like I'm Atreyu, on some never ending journey/
I ain't James, & I'm far from worthy/
But His grace is sufficient & I'm not lyin' to ya/
Come & hang with me, I'll probably start cryin' to ya/
And there ain't no better time for you to start/
Cause He's knock knock knocking', knockin' on the door of your heart/

Chorus 2X

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