

## SEVENTY FIVE DEEP

Verse

I'm addressin' every hater that's just gotta hate/  
Stop bein' rude y'all about an hour past late/  
The least you can do is be timely with your ridicual/  
Then maybe I might respond, and might get at you/  
But probably not, i'm flown' with a strategy/  
Some of y'all should get you some, oh yea but you're not me/  
The body of Christ is so incredibly diverse/  
I'm out in left, so they look at me like I'm a curse/  
Haters see my swagg is up, they say that I am boastin'/  
Tell em that He fills my cup, I am holy coastin'/  
Down the PCH, leanin' in a low rida'/  
Je'kob spit life from Cali down to Florida/  
I'm not playin' games, I'm in my own lane/  
get up off the side lines, help us get these people saved/  
Stop hatin' sittin' in your hater chairs/  
At your hater homes combin' out your hater hairs/  
But it's not your fault, you've been taught wrong/  
That artists that rep Christ can only sing one song/  
Well, that's garbage, and my disposal won't eat it/  
And I'm honored, that y'all think that I'm conceded/  
When everything that's good in me, is from Christ alone  
They mad at me cause sometimes I joke around in songs/  
I ain't special, let this be my testimony/  
I don't roll with a click, but I'm far from lonely/  
I've been put here to spit, and I do it well/  
My split personality said it, not me about myself/  
We're all sinners and seasoned or not, we're all beginners/  
Real war is in the streets, that's why I'm not confined to buildings/  
So you can crucify me, and y'all can call me Judas/  
I found my place of zen, but brody, I am not a Buddhist/  
I'm just a no name with a breast plate/  
On the front lines where the vets stay/  
Been in this game, for over fifteen years, not minutes like some y'all claim/  
And I'm not sane, I'm a crazy kid/  
From the coast of Cali, where they do it big/  
And the fact is, we are all the same/  
Who are we to judge how Christ decides to use a man/  
Don't be a hypocrite, cause that's a kin to hater/  
I'm goin' in on this, ain't savin' none for later/  
Jesus walked with prostitutes and tax collectors/  
He flipped tables in synagogues and taught 'em lessons/  
But we're comfortable, don't wanna ruffle feathers/  
In the world, that is, but in the church we bare knuckles/  
Or just check the forums, and ask yourself this/  
If you were unsaved, and reading that what would you think of His/  
Church goin' believers, actin' like we ain't got Jesus/  
Tearing' down another ministry, cause we don't need it/  
Who are you, and who am I, and who is he/  
To cast the first stone, blameless? Maybe/  
God works in mysterious ways, and we are in mysterious days/  
They introduce the chip in the health plan, I'm only one man/  
You want it in your forehead, or your one hand/  
I'm off topic, but not far, it's here right now/  
We gotta support the soldiers who use sound/  
To transform peoples' hearts, to reel 'em in/  
Cause y'all know, the whole world's swimmin' deep in sin/  
He ain't holdin' back, looks like he's goin' in/  
Hater grab a needle and some thread, stop sewing sin/  
How much longer must we do this? My heart is weary/  
But James told me if I draw near, then He is with me/  
I'm feelin' super crispy, the flow is super crispy/  
The gutter's jealous, he just heard that I'm stupid gritty/  
There's only one way to Heaven-through Jesus Christ/  
Scientifically, it can't be dark if we're shinin' light/  
And if we're shinin' bright, all on one accord/  
Can you imagine the glory that would be given to the Lord/  
And it's a cryin' shame, to see the world unite/  
While believers tear each other up, like a Tyson fight/  
If I'm Holyfield, and my ears are gone/  
I will use forces that are not known, to write this song/  
E.T. is phonin' home, pockets full of mustard seeds/  
Though I'm in the valley, walk with my Jesus peace/  
And I'm killin' beats, and I'm feelin' free/  
Message to the haters, this is just me/