

# Truth Travels

Flame

Dawg the truth a travel  
When we spit get a grip like boots and gravel  
We bout to take it to the streets and scream from the roof tops  
From the hood, to the burbs, to the booth, to the boondocks

A yo  
The I, I see our generation is fallen  
Sick like Mardi Gras and we don't live in New Orleans  
Real like '95 when bloods and crips was bangin'  
When my homie said "Flame forget school I'm slangin'"

They skip school they bangin  
Roc choppin' and slangin', posted up they hangin'  
Till he hit wit a banga

Now he's covered in blood but not the blood of Christ  
His ice is bloody and not even his diamonds shine

His soul is lifted, the sad part he wasn't gifted  
With the gift of life through Christ we're given

STOP! Better yet go straight to the cross  
The cross of Christ who came just to quicken the lost listen

The word says He's the judge of the quick and the dead  
The healing hands that restores us we sick in the head

Bless the one that bled, when our hearts were hard  
He called us forth, and visit our spiritual grave yard Father

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We're the Christians that witness out on the front line  
And if we losin' our breath its not from runnin' from one time  
It's from grindin' shinin' and spitin' bars of truth  
Exhaustin' our whole heart to school yards of youth  
Feel like I'm fastin' cuz dirty I ain't ate in a while  
We been preachin' while heathens are fakin' a smile  
They not happy knowin' your daddy is locked up  
He snorted so much coke his nose is stopped up  
Ya mommy got knocked up, ya homie got chopped up  
Yet he still poppin' them rocs and you throwin' ya block up  
We spit Jesus dirty for more reasons than one  
Cuz time is leakin' even more of a reason to run  
Call me Flame cuz my temperature's 209  
I feel the fire preachin' Jesus before we run outta time  
It's one Christ one hope one life for real  
And since we all gotta die hope I die in the field

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No doubt fam where I stand with the team  
I'm a runnin' back the head coach Christ the King  
John 1 shows us how Christ esteems  
We champions now through Him despite the ring  
Like Aragon He comin' back like "Return of the King"  
Like Sam I'm walkin' with Flame to carry the ring  
Opposin' squad hate to come through and bury your dreams  
But like John man my eyes have seen some scarier things  
But we take it to the streets because they need the truth  
Break bread and fellowship and go and feed the truth  
Drop seeds and intercede that they heed the truth  
Edify and strengthen them so they don't leave the truth  
Flame fam I'd bleed for you- but that goes without sayin'  
Cause I know Christ He breathes through you  
No doubt what we came to do, what we about to do  
Hit the roof tops and shout the truth

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