

# Keep My Spirit Alive

Kanye West

Ooh, ooh  
Keep my spirit alive  
Keep my spirit alive, alive

More than anything  
You can take it all, but the Lord on my side  
Spirit won't die, yeah  
Oh, my life  
Is in His hands, so I don't stress, I pray and strategize

Yo, flushed the work just in time and they raided  
Thank God, thank God  
Screamin' through the GT roof like nigga, we done made it (Skrrr)  
Thank God, thank God  
Hundred round drum didn't jam when my shooter tried to spray it  
Thank God, thank God (Brrr)  
Drop a thousand grams got two thousand grands, we'll be waitin'  
Thank God, thank God  
I was facin' fifteen and I beat it (And I beat it)  
Just spent about twenty up at Neimans (Up at Neimans)  
Did two-hundred in a demon (In a demon, skrrt)  
I'm the illest nigga and I mean it (And I mean it)  
My homie droppin' bodies for no reason (Boom, boom, boom)  
Now his kids see him on the weekends (Argh)  
Got the baking soda for the remix (Remix)  
Millionaires on, I can see it

More than anything  
You can take it all, but the Lord on my side

Yeah, don't hate me 'cause my heart is full of love  
No weapon formed against me 'cause I'm covered in the blood  
Layin' in the hospital when I got shot, fam  
Mama prayed for me, said she left it in God's hands, yeah  
So I'ma leave it in God's hands  
Everything I'm doin' now is God's plan  
Doctor said I wouldn't walk no more, now I stand  
Then I ran, here I am, Machine

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Well, between a mix of bad schools with the fast-food  
Bad-had tools and a bad mood  
If you don't turn to a Lil Gotti, they gon' drain all the strength in your lil' body  
They turned me into a Lil Gotti, uh, yeah  
Not Wakanda but Wakanda is kinda like what we 'bout to make  
And who gon' make it? Kan, duh  
Who the squad? Donda  
Who the mom? Donda  
Who can see? Don, duh, get Don C  
Who needs practice? I don't do rehearsals  
And I don't do commercials 'cause they too commercial  
Give it all to God and let Jesus reimburse you  
She said "You in the studio with who? I'ma hurt you"

How I'm forty-two and you got a curfew?  
How nerves dictate how they gon' curve you?  
Quiet all the cordialness  
We walk in God's spiritual ordinance  
We know the blacks, the orphans, refused to be runaways  
Rebel, renegade, must stay paid

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