Gotta be more than running the streets
I'm surrounded by insanity
This can't be what You meant when You made me
This can't be what You meant when You

"I know you got some change And I ain't even gon' lie, I'm tryna get a beer mayne" That's what he said to the lady on the avenue She shrugged her shoulders, Said this dollar's 'bout what I could do So, he took it with pride Hardknock life, he just took it in stride Just the way it go down in the place he reside You win some, you lose some, It's a heck of a life But something in his heart say that this ain't it The Earth that God made is good, I know that it ain't this. Am I the scum of the city Like they say I is? I'm made in Your image, this is all I get?

Even though it's all that I see

Gotta be more than runnin' the streets

I need to be free

Evil keeps talking to me

I'm surrounded by insanity

This can't be what You meant when You made me

This can't be what You meant when You made me

When You made me, this can't be, when You made me

"I heard you looking for a good time"
That's what she said before she hopped inside a guy's ride
Half an hour later, she get the money off the dresser
Stay high to deal with all the pressure
She know her actions put purity in the casket
But view herself as a object of satisfaction
Just a toy to be used by boys
They get what they want, I get what I want
It's all joy
But something in the heart say that this ain't it
My body God made is good,
I know that this ain't it.
Am I a tool to be used
Like they say I is?
Made in Your image, this is all I get?

Even though it's all that I see

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This can't be what You meant when You made me

This can't be what, this can't be what You made me

We look to the sky, Like Lord, why? Where does our hope lie? I see my homies die, Or in a life of crime. Creation groans for more than Distorted pictures But never look to the painter For ways to fix it. He laid the answer clearly Through all the scripture Faith in Christ rely on the Holy Spirit Get it? God sent His only Son He was crushed so we could be Washed in His blood Rose and ascended, one day He'll return For the faithful who believe, Put your burden on the Son What we see now, this ain't it There'll be Heaven on Earth, But this ain't it

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This can't be what You meant when You made me
This can't be what, this can't be what You made me

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