

Who I Be

Pro

What up, no way I can't be under cover
It's in my DNA to go hard like no other
I crucify my ego, I don't move unless He say so
Back when I was lost He ripped out my heart like Kano,
Cleaned me out like Drain-o, gave me somethin' stable
Now a heart of flesh He keep moldin' me - Playdough
I'm brand new, fresh right out of the packaging,
Kill me for the Gospel, I'll come back like (?)
Ain't no way I'ma change, I'ma rep for the name 'til the day I D-I-E
And I can't separate, you can go ahead and hate
A believer's who I be
I don't do what I used to do - that person is dead.
You can look at my life and prove I mean what I said.
I eat the livin' bread, O.D. on livin' water
And He pick up the slack cause I don't do it like I oughta.
I'ma die goin' in, trade my life for a crown
Screamin' "Jesus is the way" 'til they lay me in the ground!

See I can't run away it's in my DNA
A follower of Christ 'til they put me in the grave
It's who I be... it's who I be
I'm a believer
It's more than a show, your boy gotta grow
Ain't no turnin' back it's the only thing I know
It's who I be... it's who I be
I'm a believer

I'm a believer,
Ain't nothin' around can stop me
Nobody strong can change me
Not even Pac can stop me tryna get ridin' down 'n' dirty
When a sovereign grace converted me
Placed in faith, leadin' me
Wanted to please the Father so I say "I'm a believer"
Used to be the fallen - then there was a callin'
So reprobate was fallin' up under - like them in New Orleans
Anyone been in that position? Man be honest!
I'm givin' them warnings
Cause God is coming right back regardless-beware be cautious!
My soul is now talkin', he's callin' out:
Leader-Jesus-Lord-Redeemer I need you often
Like every day lay feelin' I'm closer and closer to lay in a coffin
And this is often
Lord Jesus let Your word keep talkin', cause I'm so thirsty
Gimme your livin' water
I don't wanna chase the flesh, look here
So I'm thirstin' taste for God and livin' to die while I'm here
No more Hell in my biz, no tears; gimme that life
I'll be sanctified, my God
Can't wait, we runnin' out of time!

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Now tell me this: who can pluck us out His hands?
They put Him on the cross, stretched him out like rubber bands
The price was payed for death weighed more than a couple grand
Got us outta hell - and you'd think he's sell us back - never that!
You must thing God a Indian giver,
Get ya to the bank, and not help you to cross the river
The end of Romans 8 is what I choose to believe
Ain't a thing was created that can separate me - not even me!
When I wanna run a race and fail and consuming food that'd send me to Hell
Cause I'd rather do His work, get renegaded, this reconciled me to Himself
They call it grace that's why I don't deserve it;
Too expensive for my pockets - ain't no way that I could earn it. Ugh!
Do you believe when we say "We brand new"
That the work done on the cross made us really brand new?
Man I'm here to tell you, if you really a believer
Get your faith out of yourself and into God who (?)

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