

The Fever (feat. Andy Mineo & Papa San)

Lecrae

Them have flu, we na catch the fever
Ya can't cut through my life like decreaser
You coulda never shut the mouth of a believer
Big foot can't fit in a mi sneakers OK, I'm tatted up with my J's on
Hat cocked to my fay-shion
Folks thinking we Ned Flanders
Okely-dokely, game on
They don't hate me they just think they know what I'mma say
I can't promise that them tv pastors ain't gonna prey
On your grandma with your auntie nem'
Promise y'all I ain't none of them
And you can call me lame, just don't
Call me fake and then call me friend
Cause I don't pretend, boy I live this
Some of y'all on the fences
Oh girl you took home with you
Man she swore she was a Christian
She might be and likely
She like you and just like me
An imperfect person, broke and hurting
Trying to do the right thing
And I'm courtside like Spike Lee
Keep it 'Melo nightly
O-K-G?
Cause I ain't 'bout that drama in my lifey
That bad one? That's wifey
You know she bout that life, B
She got red bottoms you ain't never seen
And her soul's covered up nicely
That's blood dipped, I mean blood bought
No SuWoo, but this blood talk
Never thought they'd see
Have a concert in the club, huh? Them have flu, we na catch the fever
Ya can't cut through my life like decreaser You coulda never shut the mouth of a believer
Big foot can't fit in a mi sneakers Who could step in these size tens?
White boy, cool grey 11's
Since age twelve I represented
Now I'm digging them 13 letters
My church clothes these leather pants
Boy sick? I got medicine
We found the light; Edison
Do God exist? We the evidence (Whoop!)

We the children of the Light, you know what I mean?
 That's why I'm hating on the darkness like Paula Deen
 Cause in my hood they masked up, like it's Halloween
 We going hard for the Rock, but we not sevein
 See and the mission we live for is bigger than everything you could attain
 They trying to hate us for sharing our faith but I bet that we do it again
 Your hubris is humorous, real talk we true to this
 Y'all rappers acting like Ludacris
 We unashamed, get used to this, boy Them have flu, we na catch the fever
 Ya can't cut through my life like decreaser
 You coulda never shut the mouth of a believer
 Big foot can't fit ina mi sneakers Yes Sir, We have to drop it one away
 We have to choose Christ for a better day
 Yes sir, we have to drop it one away Live to see me friends them gone astray We have to drop it
 one away
 We have to choose Christ for a better day
 Yes sir, we have to drop it one away
 Live to see me friends them gone astray Ay, look. Perpetrating not likely
 We live here we don't sightsee
 Ain't trying to brag on my service
 Telling my left hand where my right be
 And it's real rap, no faking
 Not some rap dudes who couldn't make it
 This ain't the life I chose, boy
 It chose me I can't shake it I can't feel 'em
 How come they can kill 'em?
 How come I can't heal 'em?
 They be drilling me with codiene stripping
 Plus they popping pills
 So I feel what's popping on the charts is popping body parts
 And yeah, sometimes my music's for the church, I call it body art
 Them have flu, we na catch the fever
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