

# Flame, News Flash

(Verse One)

This is a pop pill culture we willin' to try it  
Anything from implantin' plastic to the Atkin's diet  
We gone flap 'til we die like a fish from water  
She's lost in her sin that's why you missin' your daughter  
This ain't VH1 but here's a fabulous life  
With them spikes in the whip picture them stabbin' the Christ  
In a very vivid way I can imagine, the night  
That's why I'm sparkin' the flames in the dark to flashin' the light  
I must admit there are some ones that wanna be changed  
But they're the ones callin' MTV so they can be made  
But we're the ones callin' Jesus so they can be saved  
Saved from what? Sins penalty, the wrath and the grave  
We're so afraid to rep Christ we're so embarrassed  
Jesus is God and He took many lashes  
With a legion of angels could have beat the masses  
So the least I can do is speak the truth in these glasses

(Chorus- X2)

News flash homie dawg I'm droppin' the dime  
News flash homie I'm speakin' Jesus' mind  
News flash homie I must mention the crime  
I bring the bad news and the good news all at the same time

(Verse Two)

You can tell the size of a ship by the waves it leaves  
Now who's name has been made into a figure of speech  
Now who's death started over the beginning of time  
A.C. actually in the beginning was God  
And when it's all said and died in the ending is God  
Since we sinners we need repentance we're defensive to God  
Listen here's a sample but I'm not just blaze  
We just blaze for Christ not just on stage  
Walk with us Jesus but not Kanye's  
The One that laid in the grave and raised in three days  
Listen the term Christian dawg you might not like  
But it's the definition that's in it and it is Christ like  
So there it is we'd rather hear the cherubim's wings flap  
Then some of these raps being rapped  
Just like your rims still spin even after your car stops  
Then where will you spend eternity after your heart stops

(Chorus- X2)

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(Verse Three)

These are God's words consider me doin' the ad libs  
Tryin' to get behind your stomach just to see where your abs is  
In other words tryin' to see who your dad is  
It's the inner darkness in your heart like Knight like Gladys  
Are you posted on them blocks like them St. Louis cabs is  
Are you starin' at them rappers and you wishin' you had his  
Cribs, and money and women and fashion  
Did you see that Source cover and read it with sadness  
Those same rappers that were drawn like magnets  
To chasin' that stuff the same color as grass is  
Might have to make that jailhouse they casket  
And some will get out and continue to live backwards  
But you want it cause it's so attractive  
And ignore the One keepin' tabs on your track list  
Dust to dust and ashes to ashes

I would ask for grace from Jesus' passion

(Chorus- X2)

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