

Final Countdown

Maddlines - VERSE 1

I write rhymes like Paul wrote letters in jail
I got you feeling every word like its written in braille
I spit a verse and I got you all itching to tell
that Jesus is the bread of life and all you others are stale
you need the Son more than a white man whose pale
I came to set you free like bondsman paying your bail
I can see it in your eyes, cuz it ain't hard to tell
your frustrated like a belly dancer breaking a nail
but I bring hope like an unexpected check in the mail
and like a child on the escalator clutching the rail
I feel secure cuz in Christ I'll never fail
He got me glowing like Moses removing the veil
I've never been to Portland still I'm blazing the trail
been rapping longer than the arm span of Kevin Mchale
you can't find Satan in the music that the industry sales?
thats cuz you still think he's got pitchforks, horns and a tail

Dialect - Verse 2

I see the prize and I sprint like I'm running a race
The worlds stuck like a man that's always running in place
Go anywhere the moon if cats are lost in space
I'm brown skinned but I'll preach til I'm blue in the face
Satan fights dirty throwing blows landing under the waist
But I don't sweat'em cause God is where I get my strength
Walking by faith and not by sight rhyme all night
I got courage under fire if you are on the team show us your light
I keep charging like a raging bull
I hurt for the lost it aches like a muscle pull
Over your eyes is where the world has its wool
So you can't receive like an email box that's full
Sooner or later judgment comes when you're breaking the law
We all want a new beginning like Jaguar Paw
But it won't come unless we give our life to the son
And run to him before the countdown reaches the one...then it's done

Maddlines - Verse 3

You never know what will happen when i'm clutching the pen
the only guarantee is that you'll be convicted of sin
if you live your whole life without Jesus within
your like Michael in The Wiz brother "you can't win..."
you can't get even, and can't get outta the game
now your confused cuz the word I rhymed with ain't the same
i'll bring it back, I spit rhymes for women and men living in sin

but wanna be born all over again
Satan's like a needle cuz he's getting under my skin
I'll knock him out like a boxer taking two to the chin
to me he couldn't get close if his name was Glen
from sin i turn and ride away like a kid on a schwinn
you can find me on the beach like Bo Derek in "10"
trying to tell the whole world that He's coming again
i was a sinner, but now me and Christ are kin
beating the odds lime Nemo with his lucky fin

Dialect - VERSE 4

I'm confident when I speak about the son I boast
I come straight up like the right hand taking an oath
I spread the word like butter going over your toast
Cause me and Christ are tighter than coach Boone and Yoast (Remember the Titans?)
Forget it man remember the Lord
I put a sheath inside my mouth because his word is a sword
Like Paul when he was Saul some cats still can't see
I feel the burden like Isaiah Lord please send me
But watch for the beast that wants to try to crooked your crease
Steal kill and destroy and keep you locked to the streets
But He can't beat my God I pack the son like He's heat
I'm his mouth piece like hot rubber between your teeth
At first it burns like the fire when a person gets saved
Are you the Lazarus that's in the grave or out of the cave
Stay in his word you won't cool off like coming in to the shade
Your walk will be tighter than a tourists Jamaican braid