

# Old School Cypha

## Maddlines

Yo, I drop more lines than fisherman

My lyrics are like a gun, so show me a demon - I'll put a hole in one, like Phil Mickelson

Cuz when it comes to Christ I ain't no joke

I can be Latrell's coach and I still won't choke

Maddlines not spitting rhymes for G-O-D

You'll sooner see Don Imus smiling on BET

Receiving awards from the NAACP and saying "Fo Sheezy"

When asked to teach Ethics at Tuskegee

That will never happen in fact as long as I rap

Cats with no hands will slap elbows together trying to clap

To praise Jesus, Satan's plans don't even phase Jesus

I don't preach a sugar coated apple cinnamon glazed Jesus

I preach a die without Christ and I promise Hell's following

Knashing of teeth, with mad thirst and no swallowing

You man rejected Christ and in turn he's sin wallowing

"If he dies, he dies...." Like Drago said about Apollo &

If that's you, you better get your act together

I got your life's forecast without the Accuweather

God's desire is for you to know Him like He knows you

And to live a life of victory like we're all supposed to