

Respected in Hip Hop

Maddlines

I can't believe the world points the finger at me son
Meanwhile little kids see thugs on MTV and now they wanna be one
Disrespecting women "A yo, shorty, what yo name is???"
Thinking they got game and they don't even know what game is
Rap used to be a valid form of expression
Now every time I hear a rhyme I hear a form of depression
It went from reporting street life to educate society
To exploiting women in every variety for propriety
But God sent us to change the tone of the game
We'll face persecution, but we won't be alone in the flames
And even though we gotta compete with cats like Kanye and Jay-Z
And political cats like Bill Maher that tell the world we're crazy
We'll still spit what we know to be truth,
And keep it real with Hip-Hop and here's some tangible proof
Brace yourself cuz we're about to flip it one quick time
I can spit Jesus Christ and still be ill in one sick rhyme

I'm Maddlines and I don't claim to be a veteran
More or less an all in one tool like a leatherman
I don't concern myself with lists of MC's I'm better than
I spend more late nights with God than all America does with Dave Letterman
Heads of demons I'm severing Satan will never win
For the Lord I make moves like Lance Armstrong pedaling
Meddling in the gossip of the saints, man forget that
I spit facts on tracks and make you ask "Who is that??"
But forget me, it's Christ within me who receives the glory
He brought us through alot like blacks in "A Soldier's Story"
And I came to proclaim the name that saved me
He turned my sin into milk and flower now everything's gravy
The devil steadily trying to slay me readily
He better be on top of his game cuz I'm praying heavily
And he don't phase me with temptation of sin
The Word says "resist him and he'll flee" in Christ I'ma win

Chorus

The Raiderz rocking and we can't stop, no we won't stop
Until the Lord is represented right in Hip-Hop
No we won't stop
Until the Lord Jesus Christ is respected in Hip-Hop
(repeat)

Dialect

The state of hip-hop is in need of a spark
Cause it's absent of God like pure light is absent of dark
It's bad for your health like bleeding in the path of a shark
Got you dancing in crosshairs you don't realize you're the mark
See the enemies got it masked while most of the world distracted
Bobbin your head so hard you can't see God's been subtracted
In fact it's nothing but a military type tactic
He hides but he's in there just like dinosaurs in Jurassic
Now I'm not here to say that 50 is bad or Luda is bad
I'm just here to get respect for my dad
Cause it's sad when I see Christians get caught up in the fad
Your bodies a temple don't bring that poison up in your pad
Now...we're the Raiderz and we don't sugar coat
When I grab the mic for God it's like I'm grabbing Satan's throat
Cause when I rhyme I spit for God man I just give what I got
For get what you heard we rep Christ and still make it hot

Come on get out the boat for God man sink or swim
We know that Jesus walks but do you walk with him
I'm saved not soft a warrior that will never lay down
getting raw like kindergarten knees on the playground
Now check it, when we rip it we flip it just like some pancakes
Leaving impressions on your heart just like a hand in sand makes
I spit flame with no fear
Bringing fear like Tyson when he was "IRON" long before he started biting ears
It's Dialect and Maddlines, we the duo
our rhymes grab your mind like a sinsei in Judo
Forget the Kudo's, we keep rhyming and then who knows?
We feed the flock, packing more flavor than Ramen noodles
Walking with fire that consumes and disenegrates
With Christ my life overflows like a Thanksgiving dinner plate
Cuz Christ is life and we know Jesus saves
Hip-Hop is like Lazarus, it's time to come step out of the grave

Chorus