

Cross over

verse 1

Verse 1

Maddlines

When I hear the word of God I get goose bumps and salivate
Cuz Christ got me locked like crooks before the magistrate
Compared to God the Heavy weight Satan's a featherweight
The chance to sell my soul to go gold is a chance I'll never take
For Christ I'll push my papermate in love and never hate
Until the day I die and elevate to Heavens gate
but while I'm here on earth I'll celebrate the life I try to imitate
and spit verses without curses until I hyperventilate
The flame spitting rhyme dropper
riding tracks like a Harley from American Chopper the show stopper
Bringing the gospel on the real tip
Me and my boys make noise like a child going wild on a field trip