

Ultimate Shelter
By: Nilak the Prophet

Intro:

Quit chasing the wrong stuff bruh,
Chase the King,

Verse 1:

Seventeen, Homey's just got some brand new wheels,
Now the girls are gonna want him, now the brothers gonna feel,
At least that's what he thinks, every time he looks around,
All he sees is rich boys, taking sistas cross the town,
But what he don't know, is those brothers ain't true,
They're trying to cover up the hurt, trying to keep him from the truth,
And the truth is, life has ups and downs,
And this when Jesus Christ, is trying show you the crown,
Time to get with the program,
Get with the truth,
Shoot it out the park; come home like Babe Ruth,
We misfits, We blast the Gospel through your roof,
A revolutions forming, Recruit all the youth,

Chorus:

The games are all done,
We can't see the same,
Somebody gave their life so you meet the King,
It's time to take it serious,
Time to make it plain,
There's only one shelter, the King of all things,

Verse 2:

Here's a similar scenario,
Dude's got his pants low,
Guess it makes him feel proud,
Guess it boosts the stereo,
And that is, that poor black kids ain't fresh,
They wear torn up clothes, with an overgrown vest,
On top of that, he's mad,
Cuz he 'bout to be a dad,
Got his girl pregnant, and now it's getting pretty bad,
Should've worn a condom, that's what culture says,
But the Bible states it clearly, get in your head,
God warned against it, he already told us,
Can't blame the preacher bro, Can't lash out and cuss,
Take responsibility, turn away from sin,
God's opened the door, he's welcoming you in,

[Chorus]

Verse 3:

To sum it all up,
Christ's the only way to make it,
Trust in his will, represent, don't fake it,
If it ain't real, then why do you front,
Why you go to church homey, if before you selling blunts,
If you feel conviction, don't push it away,
That's the Lord's way of telling you to quit and don't play,
Don't take life for granted, it could end today,
Trust in the Lord cuz he's the only way,
What I spit should shake your heart, If it does, then good,
Don't be ashamed of the Gospel, Rep it in the hood,
Take it to the streets, where the folks ain't sweet,
Where the gangstas like to hang, where the crooks bring the heat,
That's why God put that oxygen inside of your lungs,
Now take it serious, get up and run, done,

[Chorus]