

Bride, White House (Do Your Own Time)

He wore a 4-piece he's doin' all day
He had put on Front Street: plenty to say
Started with a Bullet: started buggin' out
Now he's Red Tag: Confine to a cell.
There was a blanket party There was a lock down
Somebody was Stitched up: Blook In, Blood Out
The Hooch: got deep the mainline squeezed
Fence parole rabbit drowned in his ink

Taking it to the Square: Bumpin his Gums:
The rev was called to clear the air up some
Don't mean nothin' don't mean a thing
CON SOFOS (Twice as bad back at you) L.W.O.P.
If you can't Make Paper: prepare for pay back
He had been debriefed he was courting out
Started with the moan and grown, ended with the clicks
Phones off the hook lifers in the bricks

Lean and Lurch here comes the church
On the one crew trying to feed me the word
Then it just happened like a house tossing
Who says it's fair Due Processing
Here's the righteous here's the holy
The redeemed of the Lord and godly
This is reality this is carnality
This is life. Life is a felony

From the White House to the Church House
From the School House to the court House

From the White House to the Church House
From the School House to the court House

Do your own time - Do your own time - Do your own time
Do your own time - Do your own time - Do your own time

Rest your neck kick the deck
Find peace within your head
When you press the bunk the shakedown comes
It's best to know Jesus what he has done
Of all the kings that have ever reigned
All the priest that have ever prayed
All the men elected president
Of all the armies that's walked on land

From the White House to the Church House
From the School House to the court House

From the White House to the Church House
From the School House to the court House

Do your own time - Do your own time - Do your own time
Do your own time - Do your own time - Do your own time

My Life - Love christ
My Life - Love christ

My Life - Love christ

My Life - Love christ
My Life - Love christ

My Life - Love christ

He took the form of a servant became flesh and blood
Got the prize of the poor got dragged through the mud
Let me give you a hook down Jesus was a walkalone
Smoke on the horizon the King's sittin' on the throne

He pardoned my sins he acquitted and forgave
I was a dead man walking to the sting of the grave
An exchange took place I was granted freedom
Don't need no governer with his twisted reason
Not by works or my own righteousness
Cause I wear filthy rags and I just can't brag
Comes by grace the measure of faith
Crucified the rebel that had been enslaved

From the White House to the Church House
From the School House to the court House

From the White House to the Church House
From the School House to the court House

From the White House to the Church House
From the School House to the court House

From the White House to the Church House
From the School House to the court House

From the White House to the Church House
From the School House to the court House

My Life - Love christ
My Life - Love christ

My Life - Love christ