

Flame, God Man

(Verse One)

You say you would die for your block, and you would die for your dawgs
But would you get on the cross, and then die for us all
I can hear Him cryin' "Let this cup pass from Me"
Yet some sin against Holy Ghost which is blasphemy
Now picture pain the worst on earth ever existed
Experienced the mischief, endureth the crucifixion
He died although 40 percent wouldn't believe
See He died although 10 percent wouldn't receive
See He died although 20 percent wouldn't understand
And only 30 percent revered Him as the Son of Man
Now knowin' this He still said "Nevertheless, not My will but let Yours be done"
33 years of pain, sufferin' and sorrow
Rejection, ridicule in a tomb that was borrowed
Foxes have holes, birds have nest
But even the Son of Man didn't have a place to rest

(Chorus)

They forget You're the Godman
Your Word says You were tempted on every hand
yet they promise up and down that you don't understand
Could it be an excuse to continue in sin
Could it be in their greed that they want more
As if dyin' on the cross wasn't enough for them
Let's pretend and defend like it's the last rhyme
This is what I would say to persuade minds
Listen

(Verse Two)

The first Adam straight died with his bride
And the second Adam straight died for His bride
And we have a high priest who can really sympathize
With our weaknesses and see the lies
And the disguise in us lived in Nazareth that's similar to our urban streets
Til He was 30 and rejected by His town peeps
Know what it's like to be shun, hung, spit upon
And still be the Son and one with the Father
Feel the agony of the main people hatin' on you
The ones that read about you and suppose to be waitin' on you
Know what it's like to be dogged out
But gotta fight cause you called out
Plus in the garden of Gethsemane
He made the choice to surrender to His enemies
Know what it's like to walk the earth and get no love
Treated so cold like hands and ice with no gloves

(Chorus)

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(Verse Three)

No tongue should ever speak He don't know strugglin'
Heartache, heart break and sufferin'
Spit on, whipped on, and thrown down
A prophet without honor in His hometown own town
We waitin' to see the spectacular and miraculous
He cracked the grave and resurrected the miraculous

Showed His love and died for us while we were yet sinners
You're either generation X or blessed winners
Took many lashes and then shed blood
Cried and sweat blood, God, now that's love that's love
What more can He do than He's already done
Than to love the world so much that He sent His only begotten son
What more can He do to say that He loves your life
Than to wrap in human flesh and become the Christ