I NEVER INTENDED TO GET DEEP

'André Anderson'

I never ever intended to get deep
But when I evaluate the racial structures
That my brothers and sisters are locked in,
I thank God for the relationship between:
Karl Malone and John Stockton.

Jesus said, "Judge not, lest ye may be judged",
So how could I ever stand to knock them?
I just fall into a traditional, spiritual melody of:
Eric B. and Rakim.

"It's been a long time, I shouldn't have left you
Without a strong rhyme to step to.
Thinkin' of all the weak shows you slept through
Times up, Sorry I kept You..."

Jesus represented Himself in the exact same fashion.
Because when I think of a strong rhyme to step to:

I can't ignore the power in His Parables.
So when the terrible
Stimuli in this environment seems unbearable,
I'm gone fast, pray, until the day
I get my miracle.
Because the premise of my anger,
Is that none of y'all have crawled up on a cross
And died for me. Let alone been
Born in a manger.
These fleshly ideologies, got me
Lookin' at my momma like a common day stranger.
And the gang-banger
Gets so buck wild
That the pregnant child
Dips low profile...
Handlin' her business with a hanger.
All we need is faith like mustard seed
To pass through these ... little dangers.
And then proceed to cast out demons
By the power of God's ... middle finger

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But so many bourgeois brothers are
Pretending to be sleep,
That their own seeds are
Beginning to feel heat
On their spiritual journey.

And the Holy Ghost has me learning
Events responsible in shaping my past.
It's done took me 26 years to discern that
Snake in the grass.
He got Mosques and Churches on
lock down
Just 'cas he can:
Make a Nigga laugh.
Hired the local widow
Just so he can:
Make that Nigga's bath!
Oh, you better be glad
You wasn’t born with a developmental disability
They would have you in a facility
Deliberately understaffed.

I AM NOT TRYING TO BE DEEP

This is just a slight shaft
Of Armageddon’s aftermath.
Don’t ever forget...
The blood of Christ is the only path
That out weighs America’s
Ethnic Identity.

From here till infinity,
The blood of Christ
Is the only remedy
For the sins of
The Kennedy’s...

Would you brothers please
Come back to the inner-city
And bury your enemies?
Because any form of
Literature connected with rap
Is automatically paralleled with
Obscenity.

But what could be more obscene
Than the superego
Of the negro
Who’s id teaches her kids
How to steal?
When everybody from
Administrators to so called Legislators
Are clockin’ dollar bills.
I am not mad at the pastor
For rubbing momma’s head with oil
Saying, “Girl you gotta chill.”
She was a booster, slanging pharmaceuticals
And half them heifers in the choir was
Poppin’ Water Pills.

See, things aint gone change until
We apply the blood of Christ,
Or until we crack open a couple 40 ounces
Of Masengil.
Oh, still waters run real deep...
Especially,

IF YOU’VE NEVER INTENDED TO GET DEEP

Reflect back to when Ice Cube made
Kill At Will: Jackin’ For Beats
‘Cas Back in the day he was able to
Demonstrate
That you can take
A Gang of Hip-Hop jams
And make major papes $.

The same way technology is
Systematically pimped by
Bill Gates.

God does not respect him
‘Cas he owns IBM,
All of them
Be smackin’ their jaws on
mixed Tapes.
Grandmomma done told us
Time and Time again:
About fattenin' frogs to feed snakes!

Now, which one of you being evil
Would give your child a snake
When he asks for a slice of bread?

You would give the child the bread,
Not one cognition would trigger
In that baby's head.

He would nonchalantly take it,
Eat it, and wouldn't even ask you
Where your nasty hands been.
Every female can testify,
That behind closed doors,
All men, yours truly included be:
Itchin', Scratchin', Diggin', and Jackin'!

Aint gone use no water
Or Narry bit of soap.
Let me be the first to confess...
That behind closed doors,
All of us are utterly gross.

Now put yourself back into the shoes of the child,
And ask your Heavenly Father for anything,
And peep how He dispensesThe Holy Ghost.

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I made a mistake.