

Crown (feat. Diane Coffee)

Run The Jewels

Down with the shame
Down with the shame
Used to walk traps in the rain with cocaine
Used to write raps in the traps as I sat in the rain and I prayed that God give me a lane
Give me a lane
Give me the fame
Give me the fame and I promise to change
Won't be the same
Won't be the same type of man that puts cocaine in this lady's hand
Heard she was pregnant, I'm guilty I reckon cause I hear that good shit can hurt baby's brain
Heard he was normal 'til three and then he stopped talkin'
Since then, ain't nothin been the same
Seen her some years later out in decatur told her that I'm sorry for causin' her pain
Causin' me pain?
Causin' me pain?
She asked again and she grabbed my right hand
Asked am I crazy, said look here, baby, I release you from all of your sins and your shame
Cause I've been redeemed
I found in Christ
Whatever it take I hope you find it, Mike
The look on her face shown that glory replaced all the shame and the hate and that she wears a
crown
My late grandma Bettie had prayed with her heavy and told her to tell me lay my burdens down
Can't pick up no crown, holding
What's holding you down
Can't pick up no crown, holding
What's holding you down
Can't pick up no crown, can't pick up no crown
(Down with the shame
Down with the shame)
Carried the flag in some other men's name
Loaded my weapon and swore to them vengeance and stepped with aggression right into the
fray
Into the haze
Into the murk
Told me to prove to them what I was worth
We'll teach you to move without mercy and give you the tools to go after the causers of hurt
You'll become death
You will take breath
This is for everything you've ever loved
Use all the pain that you've felt in your life as the currency go out and trade it for blood
You are not you

You are now us
We are the only ones that you can trust
You'll become fear
They'll become dust
Before this moment you didn't mean much
You are the smoldering vessel of punishment born to do nothing but justify us
Give us your empathy we'll give you lust
Let yourself go my son time to grow up
Give up your childish obsession with questioning
Anything we don't tell you is irrelevant
Everything you've ever been is replaced by the metal and fire of the weapon you clutch
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by <http://www.1songlyrics.com/>