

# Rejects (feat. Christon Gray)

Lecrae

Listen

I think they think they know me, I think they think they get it  
Some holy water, crucifix 'n mix it with some lyrics  
But this ain't that and that ain't rap,  
we're going in lock the front door if I ain't back  
They feelin you, Crae, it's cool,  
I'm respected, but I won't be a slave to acceptance  
I got my co-sign from the master, so maranatha  
They like the flow, oh they go'n love the message  
(For real?)  
Nah, I'm sure that they'll reject it,  
but that's what they supposed to do  
Don't wanna see, they opposing views  
Say they married to the game but mayne they souls stay itchin'  
She never hit the spot, I guess that's why they call her misses  
My snap back fitted, the choir robe didn't  
And I don't play church, partna, this is what I'm living  
Hey Bun call from Texas, told me Crae, I get it,  
You are no impostor, you spit it how you live it  
Them inmates tellin me keep spittin 'n don't quit it  
Cause when that music play they ain't worried about the sentence  
25 to life boy the dead has risen, so tell Sing Sing,  
the king is coming back to get 'em.  
I'm so reckless with my message I don't care tho,  
call me a weirdo, but I'm an heirloom  
And if I say it, then I mean what I say,  
boy I live for the truth and I die for the way.  
And when that inspiration hit me I write it, while try to fight it  
If I'm thinking too hard, don't try it, they'll never buy it.  
And if they don't buy it, they don't buy it, okay, I get it.  
They want inherited wealth, so I'm giving them the business  
You are not your momma, your daddy, whatever happened  
You are not the product of all of yo life's misshappnins  
That is just a lie that you tell yourself when it's tragic  
But I believe in miracles, I don't believe in magic.  
Made in His image, most of y'all don't hear me  
Looking for identity in the things that you givin  
The gift, not the giver mayne it's cold in the winter  
When you face your life existence stop looking like you's a winner  
That S class Mercedes, Bugatti, yeah that Bentley  
Won't fit up in my coffin when I die, can't take em with me.  
But still I let em tempt me, and show me what I'm worth

But none of them can solve my problems or my hurt.  
Reject me  
This is not the first time I'm far from just gettin my feet wet  
And this is won't be the last time I tell the world about your love and they tell me I'm a reject  
Yeah, they look at me like a reject  
Go and treat me like a reject  
Cause if it's how they treated the King, then for Christ sake  
All I wanna be is a reject  
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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