Is There A God? – by Agent Psyte / C. Shelton

I guess all of us get questions as we’re messing around, growing up. But some of us never speak up or ask out loud, well even if you can’t now, just bump this beat, I’ll take you down. Let’s mind meld our mentals, and touch temples, shouting out “DIE DEVILS!” Even if you don’t believe just take 17 seconds to breathe with me and say these lines…

God, gimme sight cuz I’m going blind, gimme shelter cuz I’m sick of the fight, gimme love cuz I’m lost tonight, and give me one chance to prove my life, cuz if I can I’m gonna live it right. Just saying this will make you feel alright, super tight, unified with what you and I really are inside, God’s child!

Again, even if you don’t believe, I wrote this song so you too could receive, a bit of the Sonic Temple energy, it’s what God gives to me when I emcee. This is what it’s like to be me, the rhythm the symphony, the triumph the tragedy, the victory, defeat, above, beneath. I use the 303 to influence the street.

And in the underground I run around looking for the free. The souls singing songs that speak to me. You won’t find me in any kind of church you see, cuz that’s where the devil reaps his seeds, the dirty work where the weak were turned from what they need, an active plan, to love, like the Son of Man.

Now you gotta believe, Jesus didn’t go to church, he broke the Sabbath law, he was arrested, tried, and brought before all, for His crimes of Compassion, cuz real men set the trend they don’t follow the fashion. The whole point of His rise and fall, to anoint us all, in the Ways of the Kingdom’s call, for when you embrace the True Power, there is love in all.

So is there a God, is there Elohim, is there Allah, is there anything? And if so why doesn’t he get back on the scene and help out the oppressed, the weak? And if there’s no God, is there destiny? Or such a thing as spirituality? Can man survive without his own wings? Can one man change the dream, reset the whole thing?

Cuz even if we start fucking with microbiology, I think we’ll still fall short of what we need, from nature, or from life – to make it feel right. You in the matrix Neo, that’s right this is what I say as I fall asleep so that when I rise to see the new day, I might be able to make my mind manipulate the matter, like making glass shatter with my mental energy…

The trick is you gotta believe.