

# The Fever (feat. Andy Mineo & Papa San)

## Lecrae

Them have flu, we na catch the fever  
Ya can't cut through my life like deceser  
You coulda never shut the mouth of a believer  
Big foot can't fit ina mi sneakersOK, I'm tatted up with my J's on  
Hat cocked to my fay-shion  
Folks thinking we Ned Flanders  
Okely-dokely, game on  
They don't hate me they just think they know what I'mma say  
I can't promise that them tv pastors ain't gonna prey  
On your grandma with your auntie nem'  
Promise y'all I ain't none of them  
And you can call me lame, just don't  
Call me fake and then call me friend  
Cause I don't pretend, boy I live this  
Some of y'all on the fences  
Oh girl you took home with you  
Man she swore she was a Christian  
She might be and likely  
She like you and just like me  
An imperfect person, broke and hurting  
Trying to do the right thing  
And I'm courtside like Spike Lee  
Keep it 'Melo nightly  
O-K-G?  
Cause I ain't 'bout that drama in my lifey  
That bad one? That's wifey  
You know she bout that life, B  
She got red bottoms you ain't never seen  
And her soul's covered up nicely  
That's blood dipped, I mean blood bought  
No SuWoo, but this blood talk  
Never thought they'd see  
Have a concert in the club, huh?Them have flu, we na catch the fever  
Ya can't cut through my life like deceserYou coulda never shut the mouth of a believer  
Big foot can't fit ina mi sneakersWho could step in these size tens?  
White boy, cool grey 11's  
Since age twelve I represented  
Now I'm digging them 13 letters  
My church clothes these leather pants  
Boy sick? I got medicine  
We found the light; Edison  
Do God exist? We the evidence (Whoop!)

We the children of the Light, you know what I mean?  
That's why I'm hating on the darkness like Paula Deen  
Cause in my hood they masked up, like it's Halloween  
We going hard for the Rock, but we not seven  
See and the mission we live for is bigger than everything you could attain  
They trying to hate us for sharing our faith but I bet that we do it again  
Your hubris is humorous, real talk we true to this  
Y'all rappers acting like Ludacris  
We unashamed, get used to this, boy Them have flu, we na catch the fever  
Ya can't cut through my life like decaeser  
You coulda never shut the mouth of a believer  
Big foot can't fit in a mi sneakers Yes Sir, We have to drop it one away  
We have to choose Christ for a better day  
Yes sir, we have to drop it one away Live to see me friends them gone astray We have to drop it  
one away  
We have to choose Christ for a better day  
Yes sir, we have to drop it one away  
Live to see me friends them gone astray Ay, look. Perpetrating not likely  
We live here we don't sightsee  
Ain't trying to brag on my service  
Telling my left hand where my right be  
And it's real rap, no faking  
Not some rap dudes who couldn't make it  
This ain't the life I chose, boy  
It chose me I can't shake it I can't feel 'em  
How come they can kill 'em?  
How come I can't heal 'em?  
They be drilling me with codiene stripping  
Plus they popping pills  
So I feel what's popping on the charts is popping body parts  
And yeah, sometimes my music's for the church, I call it body art  
Them have flu, we na catch the fever  
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Big foot can't fit in a mi sneakers  
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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