

12) let your life speak (f. gina chavez)

HOOK 1 (gina chavez)

walk, walk, the truth before you say a word,
preach love in movement, needing not be heard.

Verse 1

i can speak words to be heard, but i'd say i prefer,
to lace my sandals, let example be the teacher.
set standards feet first, one in front of the other,
show where road meets rubber, with no muttering tongue or stutter.
teach struggling younger brothers who stumble and half-step,
that their path's blessed from conception to last breath.
keep my tracks fresh,
as the best response to whatever question's asked next.
let's chat a tad less about the sadder aspects,
and actually address cats strapped with flak vests.
living life like crash tests, running into walls,
trying to jump the gun before the young begin to crawl.
or buying a gun to jump because we're up against the fall,
when what we're called to do is prove our love extends to all.
if action's uninvolved, then passionate talk is hollow,
so match the walk you follow like His summons did to paul.

HOOK 1 (x2) (gina chavez)

walk, walk, the truth before you say a word,
preach love in movement, needing not be heard.

Verse 2

a picture's worth a thousand words, because it captures action,
but i'd rather gather round the person when, in fact, it happened.
like catching back spins versus, "wow, you should have been there,"
cuz that speaks volumes louder than when whispers enter thin air.
plus obviously talk is cheap with pennies for your thoughts,
if the influence of two cents is simply spent and lost.
it doesn't justify the cost, since what you've bought is empty,
full-stride, my pulse divides the tide for God within me.
consequently, i'm at odds even with these zealots,
who preach belief but then retreat before the seed's developed.
my peeps increase the wellness and seek to reach the helpless,
bleeding anguish through the language of graffiti felt tips.
a selfish dream vanquished if there's no supportive scaffold,
like hiding from your battles when there's miles more to travel.
i fight the war on gravel, but turn the right cheek,
learned to drown out the sound and let my life...

HOOK 2 (x2)

(gina chavez) let my life speak your love,
carry truth to those in need of.
(paradox) i, i know it's a tough act to follow,
act to follow, a tough act to follow.
i, i know it's a tough act to follow,
act to follow, tough act to follow.

OUTRO (gina chavez)

walk, walk, the truth before you say a word,
preach love in movement, needing not be heard...
needing not be heard.