

You Will

Andy Mineo

[Produced by Gawvi]

[Verse 1]

When you see me I'm in uptown baby
What you know about me?
Oh, nothin' really, well let's change that
See I came back
I took a break, but now I break that
Formerly Known, yeah, I made that
And them Car-Tunez every Saturday
Get your breakfast tell 'em (play that)
Yeah, I got lines like bar codes
Yeah, I got jokes like Bart Simpson on bar phones (Moe's Tavern)
How you actin' dumb on your smartphone?
Fishers of men so I stay lookin'
Catch the nets like I'm straight Brooklyn
Oh, your life so hard
Why don't you face your problems don't Facebook 'em
Satan try to make the straight crooked with the porn sites
But I ain't looking
I got bands that'll make her dance
That's a wedding ring for my wife, bling
I'mma say that twice, bling
Ladies if you ain't got one don't give him none
True love is waiting and you so worth that
I know you heard some bull crap
But if you headed down the wrong path
Go ahead and turn back
You're never too far to be made new
They said you damaged goods, that ain't true
I testify to that I ain't lyin', Jack
You could check with my whole crew

[Hook]

Y-O-U owe me nothin', no, nothin'
Y-O-U owe me nothing, no, nothing
I know you will, I know you will, I know you will, I know you will
I know you will, I know you will, I know you will, I know you will
I know you will, I know you will
Even when they say you won't

I know you will, I know you will, I know you will
Even when they say you can't
I know you will
No, there's nothing you can't do
Nothing in this world too big for you
So when they say you can't
I know you will, I know you will
Even when they say you can't
I know you will

[Verse 2]

Some say you can't, I say that you will
My sin, it cost a grip but Jesus paid the bill
You don't believe in miracles, I show you why they real
Some rappers don't got skill but somehow they got a deal, weird
I'm ridin' around in this airport, flyin' 'round on my skateboard
And my glasses on like a straight dork
Oh, your money tall, but these days short
I love the haters so I pray for 'em
See them hearts we aim for 'em
So I tell the world and we stay tourin'
And we do it our way, we won't change for 'em
This ain't no fast food, you can't order us
They lookin' so confused, what's the formula?
We just really want more of God
Nah, we don't want more of us
Cause He did it, we givin' Him thanks
Even when they ain't awardin' us
And them strip clubs, money drugs
C'mon cuz, you borin' us
We heard it all before
And I'm still unimpressed with that sort of stuff
We were made for more though
With them award shows and you thank Christ
That lip service don't mean nothing if you ain't about that life

[Hook]

Lyrics provided by <https://www.songlyrics.band/>