

**Title: Actin' A Fool**  
**Subject: God's Foolishness**  
**Inspiration: 1 Corinthians 1:10-30**  
**Lyrics: C. Scott (ASCAP)**  
**Music: R. Brambila (BMI)**  
**Copyright 2016 All Rights Reserved**

**Synopsis: C.O. of IDOL KING, a true pioneering Christian rap and hip hop artist, returns with another stimulating track entitled "Actin' A Fool," a perspective of how God chose to use the act of preaching to save persons who are lost. In a time where much of hip hop seems comfortable with moral ambiguity retreating from any substantive straightforward communication to avoid diminishing their status or being labeled too preachy, its refreshing to know that there are emcees like C.O. who still believe in uncomfortable truths despite the discomfort it may cause them, and are bold enough to risk sharing them. "Actin A Fool" is a preview of what's to come from one of the premiere architects of Holy Hip Hop. More to come soon. Stay tuned, and check out [www.officialidolking.co](http://www.officialidolking.co). Also, follow and or like C.O. of IDOL KING on his respective social media platforms:  
**@idolking1985/facebook**  
**@idolking1985/twitter**  
**@officialidolking/instagram****



**(Verse 1)**

**Chosen, appointed anointed to rock  
Glowing while going in  
Blowing the think they knowing but not  
Only opponents are disappointed  
The moment we drop  
C.O.!!! ...  
Your basic average joe  
Making the above average low  
With a maverick flow  
IDOL KING!!! ...  
Holy hip hoppers  
And show rockers  
Is also ordinary doc  
Deliberately  
Soul shockers  
G-O-D chose properly  
The foolish things  
To pop up see  
The weak everybody poppy  
Let's put to shame the mightily  
So there's not a robbery  
And man gets the credit  
Glories in His presence or can say that he did it  
When he didn't  
It's just the work of Christ  
Towering, showering cats  
With power empowering  
Peasants with presents  
In fact  
The lowly common  
Downtrodden  
Forgotten  
Ends of the bread  
On the bottom  
Rotten  
Pickers of cotton  
We all rise  
To this revolutionary rhythm  
How else can you explain all this truth that I'm spitting and ripping?  
Flipping the game  
Name**

**Gang life change strange  
To the perishing  
The cross seems deranged, vain  
Kind of embarrassing  
But to the called  
and the saved  
Yes y'all  
It's the power of Jehovah Man's wisdom getting ran over  
Where is the scribe, the debater, the wise, the philosopher, doctor,  
scientist, Deepak Chopra?  
They in a boat  
with the rest of the blind up a creek  
Floating out into the Pacific with a leak  
See God remained a mystery  
To Greeks and Egyptians  
Who tried to find Him through metaphysical  
Philosophical rituals Polytheistic puzzles  
But it pleased God to use  
The foolishness of preaching dude  
To save some of the lost from the wrath to come  
A remnant of what Idol King is from  
But y'all don't like  
Know what it is you've done  
Or like what it is you need to be saved from  
You need grace, but to you that's a foreign word  
Grace gives us all what we don't deserve  
Mercy holds back  
What we do deserve fact  
Forgiveness pardons our sinfulness  
I'm hoping that you get with this  
But how can you get with what you don't know?  
And how can you know what ain't been disclosed  
Exposed  
You've only been if you've been told  
So I'm telling you all,  
So y'all can call  
But how can you call, if He ain't called you?  
Many are the called and the chosen are few  
But how can you call, if you ain't believed?  
How can u believe if you haven't heard?  
The word, you won't hear if I don't spit  
How can I spit if I ain't been sent?  
Faith comes by hearing and hearing by the word of God  
Stop hating C.O. he's just doing his job yo**

**(Hook - repeat 2xs)**

**Ms. Scott**

**Your boy is "Actin A Fool"**

**Still believing in things that are coo-coo**

**Preach and teach and always schooling**

**Done escaped the crazy house no fooling**

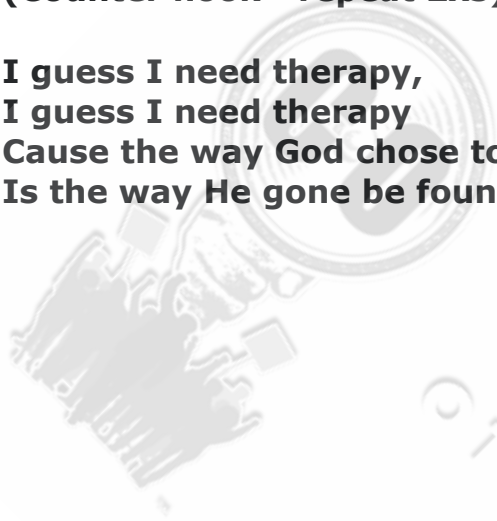
**(Counter hook - repeat 2xs)**

**I guess I need therapy,**

**I guess I need therapy**

**Cause the way God chose to be located**

**Is the way He gone be found I believe**



© f



**(Verse 2)**

**Now let's get it cracking like New Orleans  
Like flesh in skin tight jeans  
Like clothes in the dryer with static cling  
Like ashy feet, when they slide across the carpet it's shocking  
My dude isn't it  
Magnificent that  
Like the Philippians  
And Indians  
Recipients  
Experiencing constant attack  
An ex- player and a thief dipping in the lac (Cadillac)  
Flipping and ripping and giving you that  
New rap  
God,  
you want me to do what?  
Build an ark?  
You want me to do what?  
My wife Sara, you say she gone have what?  
Blowing these horns these walls are gone fall what?  
Lifting my staff, the sea is gone do what?  
If I'm Noah I'm like, "it ain't never been rainy"  
If I'm Abraham, "my lady's way pass eighty"  
If I'm Joshua, "these walls gone fall what?"  
If I'm Moses I'm like, "where's the scuba gear?"  
If I'm Jonah, I'm hoping the whale is full of fear  
The foolishness of God isn't crystal clear, but odd Understandable  
doubt  
If you agree with me the nod  
But reaching saving souls is what God's about  
The depths He goes shows this no doubt  
Speak out, watchout beware of the wise false teacher  
Give me the foolish preacher  
Cause he's the truest teacher  
God's divine wisdom demands faithful living  
The substance hoped for, the evidence is hidden  
The ultimate tool God used, to show us He's a fool  
Is saving man by the death of jew  
How odd that God, would choose a jew  
Who proved my dude  
In carpenter's shoes  
To bring this chocolate dude good news  
Every knee shall bow including you  
My dude  
Angels, Lucifer, demons, children, men and women  
Every tongue will confess that He's the truth**

**And yes I'm preaching  
I know it's crazy, but we must continue with this teaching  
Though most won't get it  
Those He chose won't forget it  
Receive, believe and accept it  
Stick to it thick headed  
Got treasure in these jars of clay  
But the Star forever and a day  
The Supreme power YHWH  
We see through a dim glass, tomorrow will say dag  
No one got to heaven with the Confederate flag**



© f



**(Hook - repeat 2xs)**

**Ms. Scott**

**Your boy is "Actin a Fool"**

**Still believing in things that are coo-coo**

**Preach and teach and always schooling**

**Done escaped the crazy house no fooling**

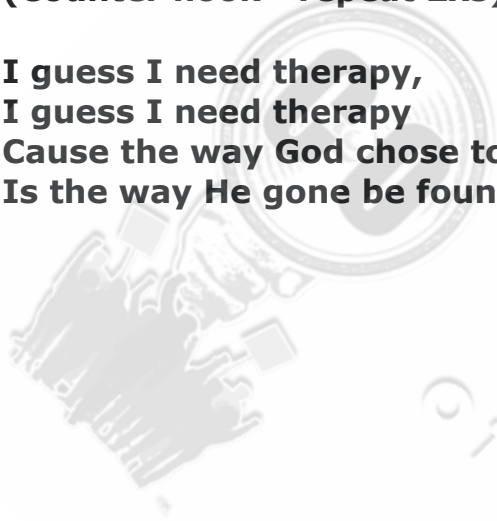
**(Counter hook - repeat 2xs)**

**I guess I need therapy,**

**I guess I need therapy**

**Cause the way God chose to be located**

**Is the way He gone be found I believe**



© f

