

From The Mid To The East Cypha

Flame

He's in a class by himself, a league of His own
He'll give life to the dead, He'll breathe on your bones
He's more than a homeboy, He's king on a throne
Now either love Him, or leave Him alone
But you can't do both, it's either or
The velvet or the iron door
The lamb or the lion that roars
The provider of the rider on the horse
He's Yahweh, King, much more than a product in the store
Plus, He's faithful and true
Waitin' to come through, consume fools like a plate full of food
Eternal life, that's a fate for the few
No breaking the rule, come on a roll like skateboarder dudes

Check the flavor my neighbor
You can raise your hand while I set the faiser to taiser
This is shock for you soul
A little rock and roll
Something to step to when you hit the block and stroll
So let's lock and load
Word of God is the ammo
Armor of God, camo fatigues
Strategic Rambo maneuvers
Hand over land is the move, man
Stand soldier, firm in your faith
Time to do what He told ya
Hold up the 66 books
Stuck in the radio
Always trying to hit me with hooks, nope
Feeling my crew? Hallelu
This is how it sounds when Pilly goes down, mixed with the Lou
Ooh, try and listen
I, yes the Christian
Wide screen addition
In high definition
Coming soon
Like manana, sun and moon
That the _____ for my peoples, like sunny tunes

So it's one, two for my mic check
As I approach a world that Christ-less
Giving you good meat to digest
And I swear solidly the rock properly
Dropping non-stopily
Since the rock spotted me
Knocked me down, switched my flow game
Changed my identity from sinner to no-name
Introduced me to light
Gave my soul flame
Now it's nothing but Gospel whenever I flow man
From Philly to the mid-west right thurr
My mic serves the Gospel to strike the right nerve
So when you finished with this cypha music
If the Cross ain't done yet, then neither is the movement

His mercy, mercy's
On me like the jersey

Royalty purple and gold like James Worthy
A trade's been made, I ain't worth a food stamp
Can't stand on my own like I've got two cramps
Ain't sinning, but I can, pray for me
You're my brother right?
Then you're able to pray for me
We all foolish, thinking we ain't Judas
Help me Lord, Paul thought his sins were rudest
Stacey dashes, taking dashes clueless
Makes me mad is us Christians act the cruelest
I got some knocks on my head from some Bibles
Gave some too, thank Christ for survival
Hearts deceitful
Making knowledge idols
Trunks in my eye and I can't see my rivals
Cause they unseen, please remember
We don't uproot, God yells timber

This is the lost swift movement
From the mid to the east
To bring across truth to flame to the ears of the streets
My Bible's my Tonic, I guess I'm a Phantik for Christ
Or Ambassador, slashin hearts with the Word of Tru-Life
Actually, He's giving me what I need to survive
Cause Adam had to have branded us to the breed that would die
Thank Jesus, at least you can say that our hearts still ain't hardened
He said This House I Shall Live, so right there my sins have been pardoned
It's mercy, because we're sinners saved by grace
If not, smell it like pee-ew, as J-Silas would say
The violence today is running rapid from the nature of sin
So we paint a picture of the Cross and pray the world will give in

We set tracks ablaze
For the Rock of Ages
To free captive minds from locks and cages
This is hot off the press, fam
Flip the pages
Sin has a penalty, who paying the wages?
Its as clear as it gets, can't get no clearer
Couldn't get it closer to ya if you looked in a mirror
Unless your vision dirty fam, like grit on the mirror
Gritty, grimy, filthy, like spit on the mirror
Jesus' blood cleansed us though like Windex on the mirror
'till His image what we see when we look in the mirror
'till His love is what you see when you looking at us
Black is blood is what it seem when God is looking at us

Oh, it's outrageous, the Word of God is so amazing
Its time, let's walk this way and let's get to cypha God-blazin
Sin and death, I'm sick of it
We need His omnipotence
Stand against wickedness
With lifted fists and arms raised
It is my turn to spark this cypha
Its time to start this fire
The real Jesus walks with me
Even through the wire
He's the true Messiah
He don't care about a tire
You filthy rags, He makes clean
_____ He admires
I don't need the blings
I rock the products of the Father

I hold onto this attire manufactured by Abba
Don't need the Gucci
The phat ride, or the Prada
Cause my hand gesture welcomes God in like the Ramada

He preach the Cross even when the legions mock
And we seek what's pleasing God cause He's the boss
Watching what we say like closed caption, believe it doc'
The world's watching us like peeping tom's
When we spit like teething tots
Thousands of heathens drop
And become dumb-founded like when speech is lost
Gospel emcees are rare like an equinox
Non-Christ-centered verses are grieving God
I don't need the props
I was the sheep that's lost
Then I met the good Shepard
His voice leads the flock
In this day and time Satan is taking lives like Ethan Hawk
So cling to God with tunes open, receive the plot

We scream enough truth that you've got to listen
I'm Flame, can't take the heat, get out the kitchen
Christian cats are spittin' Christ with the mic on
We ride through the dark with our high-beam lights on
The whole camp might be social martyrs
We preach with our life and are vocal artists
Jesus, welcome to Christ saints
Can I take your order?
I'll have the bread of Heaven and the living water
We'll stick together, God's sons and daughters
Let us worship together, the God who called us
And we ain't those cats after a platinum million
Cause just knowing Christ is that platinum feeling