

Cypha Time

The Cross Movement

[Prelude: The Phanatik]

We just want the world to know that God is into self glorification
He wants people to put Him on a pedestal
He wants to be "Prime Time," the center of attention, the main attraction
So one of the things that we wanna to do
is to promote this Lord and this God
because most people today, they... they'd rather do without Him
So we're bringing it back to how it should be.

[Enoch(Talkin)]

Cypha' Time! Yeah, The Cross Movement
Up in this piece y'all
Yeah! Cypha' Time...

(Rappin)

Kingdom building, peep the blueprint
Who brings the Gospel to your town? The Cross Movement
Kingdom building, peep the blueprint
Who brings the Gospel to your town?
Introducing God the Son who delivered you from sin
Influencing humans to commune with Him
You and Him can be one in unison
We who praise the One who saves with the true flav
The Savior's more than soufflé
We come off like toupees
The new phrase:
Advocates of the Theocratic Rule
Nomadical, radicals comin' dead at you
like heat seekers we're meat eaters down to the gristle
The Word of God chisels your middle
When you read these living epistles
The Gospel Shooter passin' out tracts like a producer
Get used to these new psalms and hymns of the future!
Rout for the winning team
We pollute the main stream
with "Jesus is Lord" as the main theme
Never change scenes
When it's time for action, we bring your focus to the main screen
Where Jesus be the center of attraction
The Lord's suffering, the pain brings healing
To all colors, creeds, salvation is granted
100% satisfaction guaranteed!

[T.R.U.-L.I.F.E.]

From the door I bring it raw from the realm of the spiritual
King Jesus and His amazing Grace be my lyrical
Crux
So when the mic gets touched
I erupt, like Vesuvius
Because He blew me up
And yes He knew just what I needed
To slow my speed and plasma leak
Being lower case "t" in
Just a touch of love
Just a little bit
For God to become man blows me to obliterate
So when I hit you with the mind of the Infinite

His Scripture sticks in your heart then I give a twist
The human race is born in sin, can't win
From our very first breath 'till we're gone with the wind
We need emergency surgery
'cause every time we breathe our life expectancy is scurrying
Down the road like Toto, the Scarecrow, and Dorothy
You wanna get on bow to Jesus authority!
Can't get in the game without a ticket
No Jesus, no rescue, no heaven....dig it?

[Phanatic]

Brothers be screaming: "What's this new thing
looking like a Christian Wu Tang?"
My crew who hangs loosely and we tie tight like a shoestring
And if you think you'll invade
You'll get stung by styles sweeter than 23 honeybees!
Funny, see these God wannabe's
don't meet none of the criteria
They miss the mark and end up way out there like Siberia
But from there to Nigeria
I swear to ya
Jesus Christ is Lord over every inch of every area
Join the bandwagon, the more the merrier
The stereotype from now on
Is brothers in baggy pants on to the corner
Kickin' the gospel like Jackie Chan
But the baggies and boots or suits and ties are optional
so long as the disagreements ain't nothing doctrinal
Now if you got the floor and you think you can hold it down
Then you can spark a movement of the Cross in your hometown
And when your finished with this tape and the music
If the Cross ain't done yet, then neither is the movement!

[The Ambassador]

Check the way we stepped in
No weapons
When we elected
Heaven's protecting us like a good investment
We never need a vest
when we step in to your section
nor a Smith and Wesson
'cause in Jehovah's arm we rest in
Eternal Life we don't deserve it
we're worthless, but God is perfect
The Servant worship, He's worth it!
Word it's a sad life we be living mad trife
There's mad strife, some grab pipes
They need to grab Christ
You say: "It's over"
I'm saying: "Hold up! Here comes Jehovah
Who saves always like Coca-Cola
Throw your hand up
Behold I know a Banner
The true Manna
A Lamb for a world dirty like Diana
Turning sins whiter than Vanna
No it's not Santa but
The Alpha who was raised like Gamma
The Omega who could save the world, and a
Always hang around you like a tourist with his camera
Can the Cross Movement drop God's propaganda?
The Word potty trains you, God's got the Pamper
Yeah, watch the crew unite the two, mics and grammar

Something clean for your head like a white bandanna
Sin's a cancer
Spreading like the legs of a dancer
But there's an answer
It's the Christ blood transfer!
The God-man's an ambulance for sin sickening
Who knows their life is going to end like this stanza?
So now I hand the
Mic to my man the
Tonic who drops the real deal like Evander (Holyfield)

[The Tonic]

We stick and move with the blast of a cannon
So we can display a life that's smooth like Dannon
While working on the Fruit of the Spirit we keep it creamy
'cause when you got a promise, who needs a Genie?
Or a rabbit's foot, or a lucky coin
Can't nobody beat Him so you might as well join!
Ok, who's Christ's equal?
Who is the balancer?
Who can tip the scale?
Who is His challenger?
What man, what myth, what relic
Would run to the grave? Let the empty tomb TELL IT!
And we'll take that fact to a city like Ninevah
Kicking down lies like a Chinese cinema
When some come with the nujitsu spiritual voodoo
No worry the Spirit will defend like a sumo wrestler
long as we keep professing the One that
Stands between the extremes of sacred and secular
He's more concerned whether you're saved or irregular
And if your life is standing perpendicular
And if your extra-curricular life pattern
Conforms to who you were born to be despite Adam
That's why the Cross is the place God stressed
For those that will receive and take it to the chest
Ah the Cross Movement
All up in your area
True Life, Ambassador, The Gift, The Phanatik, Enoch, Cruz Crudero
Yeah Jesus Christ be my hero!