

# Hip-hop-cracy

## The Cross Movement

[Verse One]

Where my riders for life in this rodeo  
Who know what's it's like to have been Pinocchio  
And living the life of slang and colloquial  
Let me take you to school like parochial  
Tokyo got heat for your Nokia  
Hip-Hop World wide and appropriate  
But when it tries to make God an associate  
Even your phone ringer brings the atrocious  
Back up young buck, I know I stretched that word  
Ain't nobody hear it, you ain't have to stress that word  
Ain't nobody fear it, you ain't have to stress that word  
But when people say that got the Spirit  
Stress that Word!  
Now Hip-Hop music makes the world go round  
On a turntable axis and a vinyl ground  
Needle over the equator and they dropped it down  
That pop and that click was a static sound  
Now that click and that pop is an automatic round  
Hip-Hop wears an autocratic crown  
Who gonna tell this Art anything now?  
Cause Hip-Hop can't even hear Hip-Hop now

[Verse Two]

So as Hip-Hop rocks to the break of dawn  
Don't nobody leave til six in the morn'  
And they all come home like the "Children of the Corn"  
Just here to make a killing and they gone  
Hip-hop used to say, "Rock on, baby bubba!"  
Now it's dang diggy dang da dang!, more baby mothers  
And less men at work  
And that's even from the "windows to the walls" of the Church  
And it's becoming a concocted mixture now  
We record contrary tracks and try to mix it down  
And people all confused and don't know what to do  
I heard a brother leave the church talking bout', "Holler-Lu!"  
And another cat talking bout', "Praise the Ford!"  
The same cat won the "Most Pimped Out" church van award  
And though I've never seen guns  
I did see a guy pull out a knot and start speaking in ones  
Another said, "Pot is good, all the dime, and all the dime pot is good!"  
And if it ain't hit your town, then it could  
Hip-Hopcracy don't discriminate by block or hood

[Verse Three]

Well now if Hip-Hop is gonna be true to life  
Then Hip-Hop's gotta be true to Christ  
Cause as the Hebrew writer cites  
His creative endeavors made all things and hold all together  
So that kick and snare that jerks your spine  
Is cause God made noise work by design  
So it's Divine and not by chance  
That you can make a hot track and do a little dance  
And write a little rhyme  
Ain't that crazy?  
Words whose sounds match that stimulate the mind  
And what if you can write a verse?

How you paying homage to music's Maker with punchlines of curse?  
And the stanza's that modern man does are full of vanity, vulgarity and  
propaganda  
But I guess that's this age  
We Thugs and Fools  
We even stick God up and saying, "Run the jewels!"  
But God ain't the type to lay down flat  
And put His hand behind His head and turn His back  
He's the type to look right back down your pipe  
And see the Cross in the crosshairs of your site  
And be like, "Oh you sticking me up? No you not  
I'm loaning you my stuff, but you on the clock  
And when that last tic-tocks, I'm coming to your block  
To see what you did with my Son and with my Hip-Hop!"  
So woe to all men who have abused the craft  
With unjustified math and filthy cash  
"Will a man rob God?" No indeed  
But that's the sin and attempt of Hip-Hop-cracy