

## Questions

### The Cross Movement

[Tru-Life]

Yeah, Wassup Tru-Life Here

Lotta Questions... I'm not the Lord

But I do have some answers 'cuz I do read His word

So if you wanna talk, we can do it. Lets go

(Intro)

My mission here today is to make sure

That everything stays clear, everything stays secure

This session I will answer some questions

And when I'm done, hope some will trust their life to perfection

Get'cha pen and pads, I wanna erase doubt

Yeah, we look different, but from the inside out

We all twins, 'cuz since this life began

We needed somebody to pay our price for sin

(I wanna know!) Why people are so evil?

(I wanna know!) The difference in rich and poor people?

(I wanna know!) Why do the good die young?

(I wanna know!) Why that boy Immatel was hung?

(I wanna know!) Is it wrong for me to touch my girl?

(I wanna know!) Does Satan really rule this world?

(I wanna know!) Why they ensalved my people?

(I wanna know!) Are all men created equal?

Firstly, our hearts are dirty, blood thirsty

Rather kill a man than lend a hand when hurting

To most people, cash makes you who you are

But you can ask the biggest, richest, star

Are they really really happy with all they've got?

9 out of 10 are still searchin' and will tell you they're not

God gives life, that means he can also take it

We can't choose the time, Hes got a pattern he made it

Which bring me to a topic I've hated for years

Even brought me to tears, till God made it so clear

The young boy died, 'cuz someone lied

Our hearts are dark man, and thats the reason why

Be careful 'cuz touchin leads to feeling

And feeling leads to feelings

That suggest the need for sexual healin

Sex is meant for married people

So no matter what, no ring? No situation is equal

Satan knows the heart of man

But don't get it twisted, he too is just a part of the plan

And so is people bein beaten, shackeled, and lassl'ed

Those who had the power made others lives a hassle

And yes, we're created equal

We come from dust, and all start with a heart thats evil

I just put the canvas, up on the easel

But hold tight, 'cuz im'ma paint a picture, unbeleivable

(I wanna know!) Man, why does God hate me?

(I wanna know!) Why did he even make me?

(I wanna know!) Tell me, why am I here?

(I wanna know!) Is Jesus real, is he near?

(I wanna know!) Why are there so many religions?

(I wanna know!) When I get dissed, why I forgive 'em?

(I wanna know!) Tell me, is heaven real?

(I wanna know!) If I say no, whats the deal?

The Lord doesnt hate you, he hates the sin that dwells

'Cuz ever since Adam fell

The ones he created to chill with and call children  
Have long since been all about themselves  
You're here because hes given you a chance  
To accept His Sons hand for eternal romance  
(Check the history books) He's the one to do it  
Died, and rise, and got the holes to prove it  
The trees you see, and the air you breathe  
Didnt happen, those are compliments of the King  
And because they can't touch, or feel Him  
They creates states of spirituality to try and reveal Him  
The Lord is the only perfect whos liven  
Without forgiveness remember there would be no forgiven  
Heaven is a place, and not a state of mind  
But needs an access pass, given by The Divine  
You have the option to decline invitation  
But they why engage in this conversarion?  
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But they why engage in this conversarion?  
I wanna know! x 8