

Shock!

The Cross Movement

[Prelude: Tonic]

Yah, you know my signature
Be the Tonic with my man Earthquake and we be the Gift
Constantly surrounded by The Movement in the Spirit of Jesus Christ
Now you can be shocking, or you can get shocked
Check this..

[Tonic]

Now I can dig into the holy data
with the clicking of the fader
though delivered from the swamp I can still snap it like a gator
And rightly divide the data back into the data
for those that are hungry we can whip up the batter
Singing hey diddle diddle can this cat get fat
over top the fiddle heat up the griddle
and flip scriptures hot in stacks like flap jacks or pancakes
with thick breaks hearty like steaks
With lessons in the essence of seeking God in His presence
while some 'round here sacrificing pheasants
we be standing on top of a hill looking over
letting our lights shine before men like a super nova
Though its dark because of God I'm brighter bubonic,
chronic, demonic sucker MC fighter
here to tax and levy the evil and heavy
built like a Ford with the flex of a Chevy
And you can smell the drag of the rubber from my mags
'cause I was out so fast you couldn't peep my tags
So now I'm off the gas so you can see where I'm from
as you ease up you see I'm from the Kingdom
Thy Kingdom come, Thy will be done but none
come to the Father 'less they come to the Son
And that'll take you past any nirvana that's a blast of shekinah
but some will be shocked, watch!

[Chorus: Earthquake [Tonic]]

We comin' with the [Shock!]
And y'all can catch the [Shock!]
We comin' with the [Shock!]
Let the world catch the [Shock!]
We comin' with the [Shock!]
Jesus Christ brings the [Shock!]
In Christ we come to blow up the spot

We comin' with the [Shock!]
And you can catch the [Shock!]
We comin' with the [Shock!]
Let the world catch the [Shock!]
Jesus Christ brings the [Shock!]
Prepare for the [Shock!]
In Christ we come to blow up the spot

[Tonic]

Three to get ready 'cause we all must go
The wages of sin will let you know
that death be comin' no man can hide
As surely as we live we gots to surely die
This ain't meant to scare, ain't meant to haunt

You can eat all the fish and herbs you want
pull all of the skin off your chicken wings
only drink fresh water from the natural springs
Vitamix, vitamix in stacks you buy
no pork only greens and beans on rye
no cholesterol, alcohol or smoke
but all in all, we all still croak
So you can join a health kick wave
and be another healthy person on your way to the grave
and that's good shows you're not simple, Why?
You're honoring God by taking care of you're temple
But what about life beyond this place
are you lifting spiritual weights and pumping up faith
In prayer do you do sets, in church do you do reps
to build righteous massive biceps and pecs (pectorals)
Oh watch out are you about to flex
and give God the glory from this life to the next
So as the crab grass grows up around your tomb stone
will your epitaph give you the last laugh or will it have..

[Chorus]

[Tonic]

For all those evil, bold, and in control
bend over it's time to spank the cheeks of you soul
And it won't matter if you call Dyfuss (DYFS)
'cause it's never abuse if the love be righteous
It seems the world has gone hysterical
and needs to be slapped back to the real facts about who be the Imperial
one to keep air in your lungs and milk in your cereal
The only moon glower and the only sun setter
Now you've been potty trained but you're still a bed wetter
In other words, you know what God requires
but you wanna see how close you can dance to the fire
You've never been burnt, so you're funky, mikosa
to see if you can stay free from the smell of the sulfer
Spiritual youngster swearin' you grown
tryin' to throw on righteousness like it's cologne
But you're mistaken 'cause it's much more than fakin'
'cause that's like tryin' to throw sugar on bacon
Like tryin' to mix the sweet with the grease
or like sayin' you don't like cheese, but your down with the "meece"
or the mice, or like tre is point, but you box car the dice
or like at a funeral tryin' to throw rice
What? It ain't workin' is it?
Well on your day in the sunshine, beware of the blizzard
'Cause contraire to care God won't be mocked
So in you're Glock lingo the hammer is cocked
If the armored Christ vest breast plate ain't there to block
beware of the trauma that comes with the, ahh..

[Extended Chorus]

We comin' with the [Shock!]
The world can catch the [Shock!]
We comin' with the [Shock!]
And you can catch the [Shock!]
Jesus Christ brings the [Shock!]
Let the world catch the [Shock!]
In Christ we come to blow up the spot

Prepare for the [Shock!]
Let the world catch the [Shock!]
Do you bring the [Shock!]

Jesus Christ brings the [Shock!]
Yeah we comin' with the [Shock!]
Yeah we comin' with the [Shock!]
In Christ we come to blow up the spot

We comin' with the [Shock!]
The world can catch the [Shock!]
Jesus Christ brings the [Shock!]
Prepare for the [Shock!]
We comin' with the [Shock!]
And you can catch the [Shock!]
In Christ we come to blow up the spot, uh