

## A Klana Indiana

### "Hands in the Air"

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[Ambassador]

From the Philly pad I've been servin' Christ and now it's really ...

nonbelievers are treating Jesus like a silly fad

Weak like the spot Achilles had they got me really mad

Talking 'bout relationships they never really had

The kill me dog but it's not about the skills we have

Because the city is sickly the need the Balm on Gilead

Known for doin' things that's odd to see like the Iliad

Like standing on top of the water like a lily pad

The Life Giver who turns my heart like a river

From when it was trashy and when it was nasty like lives

He fills His quiver with children with who follow His orders

Sons and daughters

who've been changed like dollars to quarters

Holler. He'll pour you grace and then give you some more ...

Give you wisdom when you're in a trial like a court case

Can't show you the pure face but you can get the pure taste goodness

never running out like you're raw space

All sing to the only acceptable offering

All things reconciled by His death on the cross beam

With blood that was clean, and blood that "ca-ching!"

He purchased men so that must mean worship the King

God the Son - the only One with a plan to redeem

Stronger than the Army-Navy, Air force, and the Marines

Elohim the A to Z and all that's in between

The Supreme who could have let us fall yet intervened

Called the elect made sure we accept

Roots us in Christ so we can grow like a chia pet

So hail the King, priest and prophet

The inexhaustible topic The Person

of God you can peep with your optic

[Enoch]

In the eyes of this world my life is trife

they don't understand when I say I've died to Christ

died to my rights  
Livin' selfless, render myself helpless  
trustin' God, set my heart where his eternal wealth is  
What else is there to live for, what else is there to hope  
in still  
I bow to Christ with a broken with a broken will  
becoming broken bread and poured out wine  
when seen with the natural eye authentic  
Christian livin' blows the mind  
What validates my faith go check  
you'll see from the holy scroll to the codex  
that God inspires the whole text  
the scriptural facts will surprise  
and paralyze you like broke necks  
shake up your whole set  
leave your soul vexed  
I pray you dream of his holiness and wake up in cold  
sweats  
Can't dissolve the mixture  
no matter how odd the picture  
you can't deny the God of scripture equipped with the  
truths that transform becoming a thorn where man  
swarm  
We bring the real when we kingdom build upon the rock  
He's the one you can either stand on  
or be the one whom he lands on  
weather the sinkin sand storms  
until you realize there's no other God  
worth taking a chance on  
We keep our hands on the plow breaking up the fallow  
ground  
while Christ can found seek him and follow now

[The Phanatik]

It's been told that men without  
Christ would face insurmountable odds  
and the greatest of these would be a close encounter  
with God  
(and you don't want that) even though your free to give  
it a try  
100% before the Most High  
either live it or die  
Cause ever since Adam sinned life was done  
but thanks to Christ the Son  
when Death marked us up with it's pricin' gun  
Jesus came and smiled and paid  
for us all and brought the work of sin to an  
end like the child labor law  
when the wild and wayward saw  
that in Jesus God forgave us all who repented  
and consented that our way was wrong

then they saw why the truth rocks us  
so hard enough to work arduous  
to bogard yo just pardon us. Like the  
marginous distance between mars and us  
understand men are from dust and  
smart enough or large enough to harness  
up and jump the marvelous distance  
between us and God we just tarnish up His image  
My mission is to open eyes  
and I'm steady mobilizin'  
because of the hope I find in Jesus, tougher than  
Teflon, hung with the common thugs  
though He had more class than Upper Eshelon  
I'm in love with the way He put us back together, life  
was broke  
then Christ came in handy like Black and Decker  
the fact is pleasure could never measure up black  
to Christ so tell us where's your treasure at  
this song was not on the tapes you gave us  
so I assume that you have it and can get the lyrics

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