

## Blood Sweat & Tears

### "Rise Up"

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[Chorus]

We're gon live this life  
We're gon live it right  
Not jus talk it but walk it  
Cause we're gon live for Christ  
We're gon hold it down  
Stone cold hold your ground  
All my soldiers RISE UP  
SPARK THE HOLY CULTURE  
BLAAW

[2x]

[The Ambassador]

You know this squad is a collection of artist  
Blessin our dad regardless  
Of the fact that we're engulfed in this godless  
World that's spiritual broke like when folks are jobless  
No spiritual ear like when corn is cobless  
No spiritual sight, no optics  
No wonder spiritual life is hard to grasp like rice wit  
chopsticks  
We need our hearts fixed, pull out the heart kit  
If change is gonna come, God has to spark it  
We dont need another material object  
You need to be re-plugged back in to God, He's the  
socket  
We'll mediate on His law but wont exhaust it  
God'll take our hearts and carve it like Boston Market

[Chorus]

[The Ambassador]

Sin kills like arsenic, God is pure  
But some cant stomach His cure like when you're car  
sick  
Dead right, you need a headlight you're headin for  
darkness  
Get Christ, you get life, you're dead as a carcass  
We're tellin men, you're sins are red as a carpet  
He jus wont forgive you, He'll turn your debt into profit  
You need to sweat Him and let Him get into the cockpit

Halt the "co-pilot" talk you need to stop it  
Man, you aint in a benz, you're in the rocket  
Life's too heavy for you, you'll men will drop it  
We saw it fit, to take His path and walk it  
Was on a high horse but got knocked right off it  
Fought wit Christ, but we were forced to forfeit  
Had a towel, but we were forced to toss it  
Had ego, but thank God we lossed it  
Sin's signal was strong but thank God He crossed it

[Chorus]

[The Ambassador]

Oh, what a sight now, we're livin right now  
Use the skills til we put the mic down  
Check it yo, cause the flow is like a nightgown  
Rep Christ for life, so you know we got the right sound  
And though the world is godless  
We thank God that God has called us  
From bein ballas, and playas, and pimps and alcoholics  
Times are hard, but we must still run our hardest  
"Run like Forest", wit a limp, but we run regardless  
For His glory, we wanna be the flyest artist  
But because of what are vocals be, socially we may die  
as martyrs  
Might have to take flight and say our "Sayonara's"  
But that's alright, we're meetin Christ in the sky  
tomorrow  
So no more weed in us, no more Hennessey in us  
We've been freed, indeed, we've got His seed in us  
So while you're teasin us, He's gonna present us  
Faultless and blameless, cause He died for these  
sinners

[Chorus]

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