

The Cross Movement

"Happy Birthday to Who?"

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[Chorus]

Today's the day the Lord has made for us to share in a special way

So everybody join and sing "Happy Birthday!"

Happy Birthday! It's your Birthday!

Happy Birthday! It's your Birthday!

Happy Birthday, To who?, To who?, To Who?

[Tonic]

Ok, So I get invited to this Birthday fling

But it's crazy cause I don't normally do the "birthday" thing

You know, I'd rather chill at the crib

Lay up inside with my remote, barbecue Herts and my Xbox Live

But the "rah rah" made me say this' gonna be big

It's like the whole wide world gonna be at this shin dig

I mean marketers, retail specialists, economists

But the invite said the Birthday boy was anonymous-

How crazy is that?

And I heard by attending companies

Could go from being in the red to the black

Who ever this dude is he's profound

You talk about balloons and streamers, yo they lit up the whole downtown

So I'm like "If I go how am I gonna dress, Hip-Hop or chic?"

I heard of people actually getting' off of work for a week

Nah, I ain't missing this, it's too big

Let me go dish out some punches and celebrate with whoever's birthday this is

[Chorus]

[Tonic]

Hey yo so I got to the spot, Where all the hoop-lah be

And yo I just realized, man I ain't RSVP

I looked left and it was Ms. R-E-S-P-E-C-T

This joint was jumpin' like an after hour speak easy

I start walking around slow, you know, you gotta walk

slow

Cause pimpin' is in style now and I'm a Gigolo
Man, it's like this party should've been in heaven
Cause it was Good Times like James and Florida Evans
I mean, people lightin' candles, blowing out cake
People makin' wishes to be good for goodness sake
Then they started taking all these gifts from under this
tree
And giving them all out, and yo the joints was free
I was like "this is crazy B", cause in mind was money
It's like somebody else's party and the dough's for me
Well the Birthday Boy missin' out in my eyes
He's probably playin' around
Gonna walk up in here on us and be like "Surprise!"

[Chorus]

[Tonic]

Hey, trust me this is nice, but it's weird
This dude must be suffering from some kind of fear
Is he afraid to wade in emotional, societal waters?
What? He got a multiple, social anxiety disorder?
Just then I saw a guy like Little Jack Horner
Just sittin' in the back, way over in the corner
And I was like "nah this dude ain't gonna ruin this fun"
Let me walk over here and give this wallflower some
sun
I said, "Yo dun, you letting us down like the horse
Smarty"
He said, "Yo my bad, is this your party?"
I said, "Nah, but you chippin' up my joy"
HE said, "For real, well I'M the BIRTHDAY BOY
I'M THE BIRTHDAY MAN, slash, THE BIRTHDAY GOD
Now you can call me JESUS, or you can call ME LORD"
I was floored; I said, "Forgive us, we gave out all the
gifts"
HE said, "I forgive you, its cool - for real, don't even trip
I ain't worried about no gifts
And ain't nothing wrong with Christmas
I ain't even really mad at the real St. Nicolas
He said, "I'm more concerned about those that
recognize my worth
And chose today to signify the significance of my birth
So I'm chillin, can't nothing dim MY shine
Cause from now to eternity, I'MA still get MINE"
I was like, man it's been a bugged out day!
And I just stood there, ain't even know what to say, but

[Chorus]

