

## The Cross Movement

### "Hey Y'all"

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[Chorus]

Hey y'all, hey y'all, hey y'all hey y'all  
What's the deal? What's the haps? Whatcha' say y'all?  
Hey y'all, hey y'all, hey y'all, hey y'all  
I know the truth, I know the life, I know the way

[Verse One]

I figured somebody thinks it took Kanye to get us  
God spitters the kind of shine that proves that God's  
with us  
Nah player, God's rare  
It's typical God here  
He makes sure His glory is clear in all spheres and  
sections  
He shows up where you least expect him  
This Lord's the blesser - yep - and He's the blessin'  
He likes flexin' cause He's perfection  
You see these perfections in each direction  
After seein' them things look bleak I'm guessin'  
Cause you see 'em and you see you need correction  
Then you feel like the writer of Psalm 12  
The godly's no more, it's so raw it seems like people  
just want hell

[Chorus]

[Verse Two]

The hood can be a beautiful thing  
But with no Christ in the city it ain't pretty what the  
future would bring  
We need more than Malcom X and Martin Luther the  
King  
We need "Davids" walkin' the pavement with truth in  
their sling  
And no matter what hood we stroll  
We're like the kid that everywhere he looked he only  
saw tootsie rolls  
We see a chance to give people a reason for the hope  
of believers  
Cause though they're breathin' these hopeless people  
are grievin'

In the streets some are numb but others are still  
bothered  
At the unfit mothers and the unskilled fathers  
That's why we plug Christ like an unskilled barber  
Rap artists who harvest- some plant and some will  
water  
But God'll make it grow and it won't stop  
If He's the center like the gum in a blow pop  
Remember you're eternal but your dough's not  
Your rims, your Timbs, your brims and your clothes rot

[Chorus]

[Verse Three]

I like to brag on my Righteous Dad  
Who saves from the Einsteins to the psychopaths  
To the dudes that conclude all of life's so bad  
To the slums, to the ones that moved out to the nice ol'  
pad  
And I spit it as a regular dude  
Spit after chewin' Holy Writ and this is my regular food  
Plus I get with a crew that gets with Him too  
We'll get with you even if you never step in a pew  
And it's been like this since I was seven  
To the point where they now sense I'm a reverend  
But I tell 'em til I'm in heaven  
I'm reppin' the God who changes lives like 9/11

[Chorus]

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