

The Cross Movement

"Hip-Hopcracy"

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[Verse One]

Where my riders for life in this rodeo
Who know what's it's like to have been Pinocchio
And living the life of slang and colloquial
Let me take you to school like parochial
Tokyo got heat for your Nokia
Hip-Hop World wide and appropriate
But when it tries to make God an associate
Even your phone ringer brings the atrocious
Back up young buck, I know I stretched that word
Ain't nobody hear it, you ain't have to stress that word
Ain't nobody fear it, you ain't have to stress that word
But when people say that got the Spirit
Stress that Word!
Now Hip-Hop music makes the world go round
On a turntable axis and a vinyl ground
Needle over the equator and they dropped it down
That pop and that click was a static sound
Now that click and that pop is an automatic round
Hip-Hop wears an autocratic crown
Who gonna tell this Art anything now?
Cause Hip-Hop can't even hear Hip-Hop now

[Verse Two]

So as Hip-Hop rocks to the break of dawn
Don't nobody leave til six in the morn'
And they all come home like the "Children of the Corn"
Just here to make a killing and they gone
Hip-hop used to say, "Rock on, baby bubba!"
Now it's dang diggy dang da dang!, more baby
mothers
And less men at work
And that's even from the "windows to the walls" of the
Church
And it's becoming a concocted mixture now
We record contrary tracks and try to mix it down
And people all confused and don't know what to do
I heard a brother leave the church talking bout',
"Holler-Lu!"
And another cat talking bout', "Praise the Ford!"
The same cat won the "Most Pimped Out" church van

award
And though I've never seen guns
I did see a guy pull out a knot and start speaking in
ones
Another said, "Pot is good, all the dime, and all the
dime pot is good!"
And if it ain't hit your town, then it could
Hip-Hopcracy don't discriminate by block or hood

[Verse Three]

Well now if Hip-Hop is gonna be true to life
Then Hip-Hop's gotta be true to Christ
Cause as the Hebrew writer cites
His creative endeavors made all things and hold all
together
So that kick and snare that jerks your spine
Is cause God made noise work by design
So it's Divine and not by chance
That you can make a hot track and do a little dance
And write a little rhyme
Ain't that crazy?
Words whose sounds match that stimulate the mind
And what if you can write a verse?
How you paying homage to music's Maker with
punchlines of curse?
And the stanza's that modern man does are full of
vanity, vulgarity and
propaganda
But I guess that's this age -
We Thugs and Fools
We even stick God up and saying, "Run the jewels!"
But God ain't the type to lay down flat
And put His hand behind His head and turn His back
He's the type to look right back down your pipe
And see the Cross in the crosshairs of your site
And be like, "Oh you sticking me up? No you not
I'm loaning you my stuff, but you on the clock
And when that last tic-tocks, I'm coming to your block
To see what you did with my Son and with my Hip-Hop!"
So woe to all men who have abused the craft
With unjustified math and filthy cash
"Will a man rob God?" No indeed
But that's the sin and attempt of Hip-Hop-crazy

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