

## **The Cross Movement**

### **"In Not Of"**

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Bridge:

Gotta let 'em know  
Gotta let 'em know 'bout the Name  
Gotta let 'em know  
Gotta let 'em know 'bout the game

Repeat Bridge

Verse One:

Lord, the world thinks you've left the streets  
And that you ain't the kind of guy  
That would bless the beats  
And because you ain't busting heat  
that you can't relate to being tempted  
to grind to eat  
or to flip a little ecstasy  
just playing roll for your seed  
like a sesame  
Or the meaning of Thug Destiny  
Or to know what's all up  
in a mix like a recipe

They can't possibly think that  
You paid your dues  
when you ran in the streets  
of old Jeruz.  
You wasn't the Don with the God Father nod  
but visible Father God and you ran your squad  
And now you run inside of cats  
With backward hats and boots  
Evangelical hip-hop modern day recruits  
And just like Jews and Gafilta Fish  
Ain't too many dudes that are built for this

We grind for souls  
Forget what the liar told  
You give throwback jersey for choir robes  
Sunday Clothes?  
If you catch us in the pulpit,  
it's fitted's and black Gibuard's  
Here's the goals  
Take the risk, light the coals

Bring the heat, flex the gift  
Break the molds  
Recruit, enlist  
Fulfill the Great Commish.  
And like L.J. said,  
“We trying to Rock the Souls”

Hook:  
Who’s mic is this?  
I’m in it, but I ain’t of it  
I live it, but I don’t love it

Who’s life is this?  
I admit it  
I ain’t above it  
I gotta get it  
But I don’t covet

Who’s world is this?  
It’s dated  
many love it  
I hate it  
But I don’t judge it

Who’s world is this?  
Not to conform  
Who’s life is this?  
Here to transform  
Who’s mic is this?  
Flavor, not norm  
Salt and light, among the night  
Word bond!

Verse Two:  
That’s right word bond  
I’m trying to Kingdom work like I got a third arm  
Most hip-hop needs stimulant turn on, Yak or Bourbon  
But not these words from the street that turn Psalm  
Brooklyn to Guam, we “Ring thee Alarm!”  
watch God get His in Hip-Hop for certain  
Don’t front, this culture needs a clear display  
A clearer way, somebody make it clear today  
It’s hard to look on my outward to peep my in  
That’s like trying to see my heart beat inside my skin  
But if you know hip-hop courses inside my veins  
Know all [of] hip-hop’s blood types ain’t the same

I’m transfused with the Blood of an ancient King  
He paid dues, and now I can’t help but bling  
But not ice, ain’t talking about a life of crime  
My whole crew don’t know nothing but a life of rhyme

It ain't strange, new birth done met the knock  
It done changed, the church done met the block  
It's so plain, the God of the Israelites  
Got a pain in His heart for the dismal types  
He ain't concerned about your plaits and your tiny  
roots  
He even thinks you kinda fly with your shinny tooth  
He left us in the world and said mix it up  
But with a righteous kind of flow that picks it up  
before Satan can 666 it up  
He gone bust through the sky and fix it up  
But 'til then, let this culture make us proud  
But only to the point where it starts acting foul  
And if it does, ain't no time to blackout dude  
You gotta put it in a hold and make it tap out, oooooo  
Cause to God, hip-hop got to bow and blush  
We don't live for hip-hop, hip-hop lives for us

Repeat Bridge (x2)

Verse Three:

To each his own,  
but none will ever come unseat the throne  
Salt penetrates from meat to bone  
We tryinna to reach the pain  
bring the peace, 'til they say "Preach it, homes!"  
"Teach it, man!" Keep your dough  
'cause this is strictly on a need to know  
yo, everybody need to know  
that's why I gotta lace the flow  
'til men holla [for] "Christ"  
like Japan hollas "Ichiro!"  
Men gotta need like Pizza dough  
We pull we stretch, but do we ever really reach them,  
though?  
I don't mean no harm, but I'll bet the farm  
some put the weight of the mission on skill and charm

And they get iller than all, their killing evolves  
But with no alarm, CM will remain calm  
Lord, how long the wait, cause this is a long debate  
Neither side wants to prolong the hate  
They say we reach the church and they reach the  
streets  
But can't find an in or out of season to preach  
And there's only two, but you kept the charge the  
same  
The harvest is ready, but the workers lame  
I say we reach the church and we reach the streets  
And some don't believe and I'll catch the heat  
But we'll take the lash, word bond,

But they'd be surprised if they knew who was ringing  
the horn  
But ain't no beef, cause we all still fam  
I'm gonna shut my teeth and not give the enemy a  
chance  
But just know this, this is our only main stance  
Trust the wisdom of God and not the stratz of man

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