

Cross Movement

"Creature Double Feature"

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3 months in, and we've stayed between the righteous
cones.

Jesus Christ be the Lord of our Love ones.

No one's home and she needs company for the feast,
that she was cooking so I slid on over to her piece.

Got on my eats, she's my peeps and I know I'm
blessed,

but in a flash, trash is rising up in my flesh.

Our talks are pure, nothing but about the Good
Shepherd.

But Honey got a walk more badder than a black
leopard.

My old masters' back, trying to drown the voice of my
Teacher,

like something Jurassic vs. My new creature.

Both of our Christian eyes caught one another scopin'

We couldn't front, we knew we both were open.

What da deal, this ain't the way to go for God's
anointed,

the last thing we want is a Holy God disappointed.

But what the heck, a peck won't take us cross the fine
line.

Oh my God her lips just turned into some Bon-Bon's.

Now I'm locked, I wanna stop, Lord Jesus help me.

Oh yeah, you say if I resist the devil he would flee.

And you also said that I should flee youthful lust,
but my legs are super heavy and my feet are stuck.

I know in marriage is where you'll give me the whole
bunch

but now she's smellin' sweeter than peanut butter
captain crunch.

And Lord you know what that's been doing to a brother
lately

Father forgive me, I think I'm going crazy.

Temptation, no or later, less or greater, keeps war
between my nature

totter, teeter, stronger, weaker, old master vs. teacher.

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Friday night, got liberty to do it all

but that ain't waise, cuz even got liberty to fall
I'm saved, eternally secure, and being sanctified
Whoever said Christian life is all fun, then they lied
Now Jesus is my Lord and ain't no doubt about it.
but it's 10pm clubs are open and they 'bout it, bout it
And I know all the world has to offer is obituary
but I'll kill myself if I play another game of Pictionary
Monopoly, Taboo, Bowling or even Guesstures
Freaks are coming out and its the end of the semester
Deep down I feel the Spirit really urging me to stall
but am I more of a Christian locked inside these four
walls
God, was I snatched from death to now live like a
hermit
if this is a lesson, teach me, cuz I can't discern it
But I guess it ain't right for me to get all excited
and race out to the party where you ain't even invited
WORD BOND! they ain't lettin you in, and this I know
They'll make you stand outside, while inside we say
HO!
And you probably would wait there for me until I got my
freak over
but that ain't right to do to a person who's name is
Jehovah
Help me, I see it ain't cool if you ain't welcome Lord
but I'm still contemplating going because a brothers
bored

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Well now, even rearranged his nose
only providence helped Him sustain the blows
Are yall seeing the One who owns it all
The King getting beaten in the Roman Halls
Headed for a Roman cross, and heaven is His home
and all
But He wouldn't give His home a call
soon to dislocate His bones and all
And still wouldn't wish for his opponents fall
Aaaah-tired and thirsty too
Blood lossed on a cross in His birthday suit
As he droops, pooped from attempts to breathe
I grieve...tears stop my attempts to read
The sign hanging over Him limp and weak
It's bleak--how could this have been meant to be

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No time to blink, but just continue to think of Scripture
Let it convict ya, focus get into picture
Watch it blow you square off the rector
As it teaches you of the real Victor
Who prevails you hear the crucifixion details
Now ask yourself why's your life still derailed
And why we fail to live for the One we nailed
This same Jesus, you know the One we Hail
With lips but not with lives
Time see with the heart and not with our eyes
See the Son, the One, who was hung like a poster
Was buried, but popped up like a toaster
Got all the host of heavenmakin a toast to
The King of kings who brings God and men closer
Sin's roped ya, guns out the holster
Can't stay alive even with John Travolta
Now I hope to pull you off the sofa
Cut the Tv's pause the CD's, the culture
Is in the midst of a raging storm
The rage is on, obituary page is long
Life is short, but casket sales are high
On the streets anything you want they'll supply
That's why beer, crack and weed sales are high
Love songs making you wail and cry
Number of pregnant single females is high
Youth get high--deal just to get by
Doing street corner business with no suit & tie
It's "do or die", truth or lie, you and I
refuse to try, and trust the Crucified
Yo what do you see when you close your eyes?
What will you see when your life goes by?

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