

## Cross Movement

### "Cypha' The Next Day"

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[Enoch]

Rise shine for the light has come  
I count all things as dung  
compared to the knowledge of God the Son  
serious as heart attacks  
took off my starters hat  
put on my martyrs cap  
Radical to the core, explore  
the path we travel  
where God overshadows  
those whose ways are narrow  
glorified apparel  
we'll sport like new garb  
we're bondservants of the Christ of the cost  
the true God  
the Father brought us back  
He devised the plan  
that His Son would bridge the gap  
between God and man  
How else could the Gospel be born?  
If His bodily form wasn't hostilely torn?  
This be norm crusin' heavens highway  
representin' Yaweh  
the fly Way, the do or die Way  
I won't hesitate to take my last breath  
I'm ready to die 'cause I possess eternal life after  
death

[Cruz Cordero]

Yo, here's a pop quiz, kid  
whose pop gives  
eternal life through Christ  
and who rocks gigs  
and digs into your chest  
like a big ole shovel  
and puts broken hearts together like a jigsaw puzzle  
Yo, pause, baby Paul, may I bust that bubble  
by telling you about the God who I trust to turn trouble  
into triumph  
You see, my God be too hard for science  
He brings rocks for my sling shot so I can drop giants

and enjoy the victory  
as I wave the white flag  
to the God who wrote, "Paid in full" on my sin's price  
tag  
Now mics are grabbed yo, we brag  
much about the Lord who left death in a bodybag cold-  
crushed, plus  
He's tough-rugged and rough like old rust  
His tender splendedness will cause hard rocks to  
blush, plus  
He'll interrupt your rap program with a slow jam  
and have you all hold hands to "Holy is the Lamb."

[The Ambassador]

Ahh, what a relief it is to be in Jesus  
I fooled you with the FUBU and baggies without the  
creases  
My chief is Jesus  
got's to know him is my thesis  
Without Jesus even Reeses can't know what peace is  
Seek us and you'll see us  
truth seekers  
Youth reachersÂ· paired up like two sneakers  
True preachers, louder than 22 speakers  
If you peep us, you get nothin' new JESUS!  
You know we live among tough guys  
who say they rough ride  
But I've seen them meet Elohim and no more tough  
side  
We're caughtÂ· you know the Savior's got our jaw stuck  
We're awe struck  
cause life's no longer a toss up  
And though there's a lot of trouble in it  
In comparison it pales like a bucket with a shovel in it  
Cause one day we'll be the eternal residents  
With the universal President  
for Whom we represent

[Tru-Life]

Of course this is a kid whose been through  
metamorphosis  
touched by his divine Jehovistic scorchin' fist  
His life was what He gave  
He paid so I was bought with it  
so I've got no remorse of any sorts when I'm torchin' it  
The mic is my element when I'm tellin'  
kids be cautioned with  
the fast life without Christ your portion is  
Eternal separation makin' statements  
'cause I was brought from this  
abyss of not knowin' Christ

which was so unfortunate  
His blood rushed from a thug's touch  
and to the floor it went  
And even as I'm speakin'  
to me it makes more than sense  
Only perfect plasma could settle up this matter  
he scored a ten  
and now we're more than friends  
I'm floored with this idea that he absolutely adored this  
kid  
co-heir to the kingdom  
and now the most fortunate

[The Tonic]

Well now, might ya  
decipherÂ· the first discipler  
Angel of Death sniper  
every Superman's Kryptoniter  
More tighter, than any street fighter on your team  
filleting all your saying and praying to your figurine  
Then there is the hyper type of  
God haterÂ· want to be sequel  
equalÂ· with the creator  
Accolade thiefÂ· puppet of the Beast  
who's the chief "Oh you the piggy with the roast beef"  
Well if it's you, then let me see you quench the sun  
then for laughs and fun  
blaze up another one  
Carve the mountains out with your bare hands  
take the dust of earth and form a man  
but what you gonna breath into his chest  
cause even from our best comes the breath of death  
Prepare for Emmanuel's mega burst  
There's only room for one Sheriff in the Universe

[The Phanatik]

Representing the Kingdom Theocratic  
it's the Phanatik getting' deep as if  
I was aquatic, nomadic  
the Son of Man has no place to lay his afro  
sacred tabernacle  
dwellin' prevalin' against the gates of hell and  
stickin' to the cross but without the use of nails  
and you say  
Great is the mystery but Mister, we don't understand  
I'm stalkin' while I'm walkin' through this winter  
wonderland  
with some Timberlands  
troopin' while I'm scoopin' out the Gospel  
don't get hostile  
it's complex but it's not so hard to understand

then again it is for some  
the mystery of the one who is and was and is to come  
if I could rhyme for forever twice  
you still won't have heard one-third  
of the words that would serve to describe Christ  
and still I rhyme  
'cause I believe what the text say  
Trust Christ in the End  
and you'll be in the cypha the next day  
"Like That!"

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