

## **Cross Movement "Cypha Time"**

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[Prelude: The Phanatik]

We just want the world to know that God is into self  
glorification  
He wants people to put Him on a pedestal  
He wants to be "Prime Time," the center of attention,  
the main attraction  
So one of the things that we wanna to do  
Is to promote this Lord and this God  
Because most people today, they... they'd rather do  
without Him  
So we're bringing it back to how it should be.

[Enoch(Talkin)]

Cypha' Time! Yeah, The Cross Movement  
Up in this piece y'all  
Yeah! Cypha' Time...

(Rappin)

Kingdom building, peep the blueprint  
Who brings the Gospel to your town? The Cross  
Movement  
Kingdom building, peep the blueprint  
Who brings the Gospel to your town?  
Introducing God the Son who delivered you from sin  
Influencing humans to commune with Him  
You and Him can be one in unison  
We who praise the One who saves with the true flav  
The Savior's more than soufflÃ©  
We come off like toupees  
The new phrase:  
Advocates of the Theocratic Rule  
Nomadical, radicals comin' dead at you  
Like heat seekers we're meat eaters down to the gristle  
The Word of God chisels your middle  
When you read these living epistles  
The Gospel Shooter passin' out tracts like a producer  
Get used to these new psalms and hymns of the  
future!  
Rout for the winning team  
We pollute the main stream  
With "Jesus is Lord" as the main theme  
Never change scenes

When it's time for action, we bring your focus to the  
main screen  
Where Jesus be the center of attraction  
The Lord's suffering, the pain brings healing  
To all colors, creeds, salvation is granted  
100% satisfaction guaranteed!

[T.R.U.-L.I.F.E.]

From the door I bring it raw from the realm of the  
spiritual  
King Jesus and His amazing Grace be my lyrical  
Crux  
So when the mic gets touched  
I erupt, like Vesuvius  
Because He blew me up  
And yes He knew just what I needed  
To slow my speed and plasma leak  
Being lower case "t" in  
Just a touch of love  
Just a little bit  
For God to become man blows me to obliterate  
So when I hit you with the mind of the Infinite  
His Scripture sticks in your heart then I give a twist  
The human race is born in sin, can't win  
From our very first breath 'till we're gone with the wind  
We need emergency surgery  
'Cause every time we breathe our life expectancy is  
scurrying  
Down the road like Toto, the Scarecrow, and Dorothy  
You wanna get on bow to Jesus authority!  
Can't get in the game without a ticket  
No Jesus, no rescue, no heaven... dig it?

[Phanatic]

Brothers be screaming: "What's this new thing  
Looking like a Christian Wu Tang?"  
My crew who hangs loosely and we tie tight like a  
shoestring  
And if you think you'll invade  
You'll get stung by styles sweeter than 23 honeybees!  
Funny, see these God wannabe's  
Don't meet none of the criteria  
They miss the mark and end up way out there like  
Siberia  
But from there to Nigeria  
I swear to ya  
Jesus Christ is Lord over every inch of every area  
Join the bandwagon, the more the merrier  
The stereotype from now on  
Is brothers in baggy pants on to the corner  
Kickin' the gospel like Jackie Chan

But the baggies and boots or suits and ties are optional  
So long as the disagreements ain't nothing doctrinal  
Now if you got the floor and you think you can hold it  
down  
Then you can spark a movement of the Cross in your  
hometown  
And when your finished with this tape and the music  
If the Cross ain't done yet, then neither is the  
movement!

[The Ambassador]

Check the way we stepped in  
No weapons  
When we elected  
Heaven's protecting us like a good investment  
We never need a vest  
When we step in to your section  
Nor a Smith and Wesson  
'Cause in Jehovah's arm we rest in  
Eternal Life we don't deserve it  
We're worthless, but God is perfect  
The Servant worship, He's worth it!  
Word it's a sad life we be living mad trife  
There's mad strife, some grab pipes  
They need to grab Christ  
You say: "It's over"  
I'm saying: "Hold up! Here comes Jehovah  
Who saves always like Coca-Cola  
Throw your hand up  
Behold I know a Banner  
The true Manna  
A Lamb for a world dirty like Diana  
Turning sins whiter than Vanna  
No it's not Santa but  
The Alpha who was raised like Gamma  
The Omega who could save the world, and a  
Always hang around you like a tourist with his camera  
Can the Cross Movement drop God's propoganda?  
The Word potty trains you, God's got the Pamper  
Yeah, watch the crew unite the two, mics and grammar  
Something clean for your head like a white bandanna  
Sin's a cancer  
Spreading like the legs of a dancer  
But there's an answer  
It's the Christ blood transfer!  
The God-man's an ambulance for sin sickening  
Who knows their life is going to end like this stanza?  
So now I hand the  
Mic to my man the  
Tonic who drops the real deal like Evander (Holyfield)

[The Tonic]

We stick and move with the blast of a cannon  
So we can display a life that's smooth like Dannon  
While working on the Fruit of the Spirit we keep it  
creamy  
'Cause when you got a promise, who needs a Genie?  
Or a rabbit's foot, or a lucky coin  
Can't nobody beat Him so you might as well join!  
Ok, who's Christ's equal?  
Who is the balancer?  
Who can tip the scale?  
Who is His challenger?  
What man, what myth, what relic  
Would run to the grave? Let the empty tomb TELL IT!  
And we'll take that fact to a city like Ninevah  
Kicking down lies like a Chinese cinema  
When some come with the nujitsu spiritual voodoo  
No worry the Spirit will defend like a sumo wrestler  
Long as we keep professing the One that  
Stands between the extremes of sacred and secular  
He's more concerned whether you're saved or irregular  
And if your life is standing perpendicular  
And if your extra-curricular life pattern  
Conforms to who you were born to be despite Adam  
That's why the Cross is the place God stressed  
For those that will receive and take it to the chest  
Ah the Cross Movement  
All up in your area  
True Life, Ambassador, The Gift, The Phanatik, Enoch,  
Cruz Crudero  
Yeah Jesus Christ be my hero!

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