

Cross Movement

"Love Life"

Visit "[Love Life](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

What is Life, when you ain't living right
Sight when your blind as night
Low level living, trying to perpetrate height
With all your might, you scrape, and you thug, and you
fight
And refuse every invitation to come into the Light
What's it like, to have to maintain
Gain, life left lane, strife, death, pain, all in vain
This world will make a lot of promise to keep you high
lit
If your an earthbound thug, than you've got what you
get
And don't even expect no more
You might as well plunder in this war
But also expect the God of Heaven to one day tally up
the score
Who you playing for, does your coach know the game
Are you shooting with a ball that's engulfed in flame
Well if your tired of contract, you saw what it paid
Hold out right now, make your team force a trade
It ain't a easy move, in fact it's hard
But only real ball players play for this real rough squad
Coached by the God, the one and only Jehovah
And the first dribbling skill he teaches is the Cross over
In fact He did it to perfection, without (no) question
Refer to the Holy play book for accurate recollection
He seeking no names rookies, in which he never met
And those in foul trouble who admit their game is
suspect
He'll turn a freshman in to an upper classer
With joy and laughter, He'll take'em higher than NASA
He can turn a Pimp into a sho'nuff Pastor
Turn a pathetic amateur in to a perennial master
And he'll do more than these mere power displays
He'll teach you His way, and make it John Blaze
Cause ain't nothing lacking in Christ
And he loves to turn a thug to the Love Life

[Chorus]

What's the right life
More rugged than thug life
It's the Love Life, It's the Love Life

Mo' better than drug life, mug life or the club life
It's the Love Life Yall
[2x]

[Bridge]

How is it that your gonna go all out

When you really don't know what life is all about
Your wile-ing out, your wile-ing out
Thug life ain't really what you hear them claim
Somebody always seems to have a better aim
Get out the game, get out the game
When Christ comes back to collect on Dues
Watch how many thugs gonna sing the blues
You better choose, Yo He can't lose

All now here we go again
New day and new flow again
Mission, prove and show again
Let my Sis and Dun's know again
Same stizzy and plan again
Proclaim the God-Man again
To the Dead Â–mannequins
Want clothes and places to stand again
On the Bully, everybody's high strung like a pulley
You don't survive unless understand the game fully
So as God's aliens and strangers in this place
The only way we make it is to stay up in His face
By prayer and grace as sheep among wolves
We duck the buck shot and keep it moving with the
hooves
Tell me what's rugged
To dwells with the murders and the thugged
And have a four-pound and won't even lug it
You don't want to kill but you will to keep it real
You got a lot a heat some of these cold blooded cats
need to feel
Like Davy Crocket, you'll loose the hand rockets
But there's a crown of thorns that won't let you cock it
There's the one who was hit with the three spike bullets
Who bleed all on your trigger and now you can't even
pull it
The shots pierced through His wrist and feet into the
wood
And He took it like a Savior like thug never could
Like a God, Like a King, Like a Soldier at War
Who knew the cost of dying, and all that it was for
All for us, who would never feel his pain
But now we say to live is Christ and to die is gain
So Praise the true God in His wisdom and might
Who can turn a thug to the Love Life

[Chorus]

Visit [Cross Movement](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.