

## Cross Movement

### "Maze Of Madness"

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John K. Wells (Writer)

Earthquake (Producer)

Verse 1: Danger, danger  
Has got me stepping like a Power Ranger  
Calling on the power of the One from the manger

In anger, but not in sin  
I begin  
To make my way thru all of this mess I'm in

It's hard to see so many born faster  
Got hate oozing out'em like sulfuric acid

Everyday a new thief  
Today's, might want my teeth  
To string them all together and make'em into a wreath

Brother's ill, and won't think twice  
To shake his boom pipe  
Even if I run the jewels, he'll still want my life  
Puppy's sick  
Gotta shoot the gospel quick  
And hope the truth will hit him much harder than a mule  
kick

I let him know that if he lets the hollow points spray  
God's got a vengeance that'll make a flambe

But let me shut up before I provoke the "cack, cack!"  
Wish I could do a kick and put him on his back  
Not to make him handicapped

But so that I could get away  
And have another chance to pray  
That this brother would get out of the Maddness

Chorus: What do you do when life's a must  
But you already caught the rush  
Money, power, lust

In whom will you place your trust

All sin, no question, no doubt  
Stuck and you can't get out  
Christ knows how you feel  
So get'em up in the air if you know He's real!

Verse 2: Caution, caution  
Has got me turnin'  
Tossin'  
Pausin'  
Six million moves, Steve Austin

Check the picture  
Here comes that madd, fly, dime sister  
Guess she's sittin' waiting for her loving money Mr.

I wonder if she's got time to hear the plan  
I see her lips say "Her comes this corny preacher man"

I try to strike one up, I say, "That skirt is fly, is it  
pleated?"  
She said, "Man beat it!"

I said "Why is that the greeting that I'm given?"  
She said "Step!", I said "God Bless your soul and keep  
livin' "

And as I walk away  
I wish there was something I could say  
To really make her understand that she's more than a  
Chick-fila'

Piece of meat to be bought or sandwich to be made  
Cause a little mayonnaise won't change how your  
played

Cause the next man bites  
And the next man bites  
And when it's all over it's a terrible sight

Cause when they are done pulling up everything, man  
it's spooky  
You got substance, but float around the bowl  
And God's got a flush for all the manure  
That's why I'm trying to tell her, to keep her out of the  
sewer  
Of the Maddness

Chorus

Verse 3: Power, power  
Has got me lasting for another hour  
Trying to stay alert, awake to the devourer

Though his fate must drag on  
The Dragon  
Satan  
Been hawking to destroy me ever since I was a little  
man  
And even though I know I'm sealed for the long ride  
He tempts me to feel the pleasure of the dark side

It gets raw hide in obeying God's will  
The power is in steady spittin'  
"It's Written"  
In his lying grill

And if he wasn't enough to shake roll and rattle  
The world is another enemy of constant battle

They invite me in, only to disown me  
Build me up to brake me down, till I'm lonely

Lastly  
I war with myself the most  
Today will I play dictator or will I play host

Will I do what I hate  
Or hate what I do  
Or don't do what I should  
Or deny what I know is true

This is the ceaseless, keeping it real, kinda war  
Not only am I a conqueror but I'm more

So tell my three enemies that God's got the back of his  
buddy  
So I'm going to my grave with my knucks (Knuckles)  
bloody

Not in the physical, but in a spiritual kinda baddness  
Cause I gotta fight the Maddness

Chorus

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