

Cross Movement "Questions"

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[Tru-Life]

Yeah, Wassup Tru-Life Here
Lotta Questions... I'm not the Lord
But I do have some answers 'cuz I do read His word
So if you wanna talk, we can do it. Lets go

(Intro)

My mission here today is to make sure
That everything stays clear, everything stays secure
This session I will answer some questions
And when I'm done, hope some will trust their life to
perfection
Get'cha pen and pads, I wanna erase doubt
Yeah, we look different, but from the inside out
We all twins, 'cuz since this life began
We needed somebody to pay our price for sin

(I wanna know!) Why people are so evil?
(I wanna know!) The difference in rich and poor
people?
(I wanna know!) Why do the good die young?
(I wanna know!) Why that boy Immatel was hung?
(I wanna know!) Is it wrong for me to touch my girl?
(I wanna know!) Does Satan really rule this world?
(I wanna know!) Why they enslaved my people?
(I wanna know!) Are all men created equal?

Firstly, our hearts are dirty, blood thirsty
Rather kill a man than lend a hand when hurting
To most people, cash makes you who you are
But you can ask the biggest, richest, star
Are they really really happy with all they've got?
9 out of 10 are still searchin' and will tell you they're not
God gives life, that means he can also take it
We can't choose the time, he's got a pattern he made it
Which bring me to a topic I've hated for years
Even brought me to tears, till God made it so clear
The young boy died, 'cuz someone lied
Our hearts are dark man, and that's the reason why
Be careful 'cuz touchin leads to feeling
And feeling leads to feelings
That suggest the need for sexual healin

Sex is meant for married people
So no matter what, no ring? No situation is equal

Satan knows the heart of man
But don't get it twisted, he too is just a part of the plan
And so is people bein beaten, shackeled, and lassl'ed
Those who had the power made others lives a hassle
And yes, we're created equal
We come from dust, and all start with a heart that's evil
I just put the canvas, up on the easel
But hold tight, 'cuz I'm'ma paint a picture, unbelievable

(I wanna know!) Man, why does God hate me?
(I wanna know!) Why did he even make me?
(I wanna know!) Tell me, why am I here?
(I wanna know!) Is Jesus real, is he near?
(I wanna know!) Why are there so many religions?
(I wanna know!) When I get dissed, why I forgive 'em?
(I wanna know!) Tell me, is heaven real?
(I wanna know!) If I say no, what's the deal?

The Lord doesn't hate you, he hates the sin that dwells
'Cuz ever since Adam fell
The ones he created to chill with and call children
Have long since been all about themselves
You're here because he's given you a chance
To accept His Sons hand for eternal romance
(Check the history books) He's the one to do it
Died, and rise, and got the holes to prove it
The trees you see, and the air you breathe
Didn't happen, those are compliments of the King
And because they can't touch, or feel Him
They creates states of spirituality to try and reveal Him
The Lord is the only perfect whos liven
Without forgivness remember there would be no
forgiven
Heaven is a place, and not a state of mind
But needs an access pass, given by The Divine
You have the option to decline invitation
But they why engage in this conversarion?
You have the option to decline invitation
But they why engage in this conversarion?

I wanna know! x 8

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