

Cross Movement

"Rise Up"

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Hook:

We're goin' live this life

We're goin' live it right

Not just talk it but walk it cause we're goin' live for
Christ

We're goin' hold it down, stone cold, hold our ground

All my soldiers RISE UP, SPARK THE HOLY CULTURE

BLAAW!

Repeat Hook

Verse One:

You know the squad is a collection artist

Blessin' our God regardless of the fact we're engulfed
in this godless

world that's spiritually broke like when folks are jobless
no spiritual ear like when corn is cob-less

No spiritual sight, no optics

No wonder spiritual life is hard to grasp like rice with
chopsticks

We need our heart fixed, pull out the heart-kit

If change is gonna come then God has to spark it

We don't need another material object

We need to be re-plugged back into God, He's the
socket

We'll meditate on His law but won't exhaust it

God'll take our heart and carve it like Boston Market

Repeat Hook

Verse Two:

Sin kills like arsenic, God is pure,

but some can't stomach His cure like when you're car-
sick

Dead right, you need a headlight- you're headed for
darkness

Get Christ---you get life---you're dead as a carcass

We're tellin' men that your sins are red as a carpet

He won't just forgive you He'll turn your debt into profit
You need to sweat Him, and let Him get in the cockpit
Halt the "co-pilot" talk you need to stop it

Man, you ain't in a Benz you're in a rocket
Life's too heavy for you, you men will drop it
We saw fit to take His path and walk it
Was on a high horse but got kicked right off it

Fought with Christ but we were forced the forfeit
Had a towel but we were forced to toss it
Had ego but thank God we lost it
Sin's signal was strong but thank God He crossed it

Repeat Hook (x2)

Verse Three:

Oh, what a sight now, we're living right now
Use the skills until we put the mic down
Check it, yo, cause the flow is like a nightgown
Rep Christ for life so you know we've got the right
sound

And though the world is godless we thank God that
God has called us
from being ballers, and players, and pimps and
alcoholics
Times are hard but even still we must run our hardest
?Run like Forest," with a limp, but we run regardless!

For His glory we wanna be the flyest artist
But because of what our vocals be socially we may die
as martyrs
Might have to take flight and say our "Sayonara?s?
But that's alright we're meeting Christ in the sky
tomorrow

So no more weed in us, or Hennessey in us
We've been freed indeed, we've got His seed in us
so while you're teasing us, He's gonna present us
faultless and blameless because He died for these
sinners

Repeat Hook

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