

Cross Movement

"Think On These Things"

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[Chorus]

Trust me son you haven't lived
Until you've lived with the mind-set that heaven gives
And I be tellin' kids, "Christ is the King,"
My crew makes rhymes
So y'all can take time to think on these things
I be tellin kids, "Christ is the Bomb
My crew makes rhymes
So y'all can take time to think on these things."
You don't have to wander
Just sit and ponder
You might find Love
If you take time just to think on these things

My crew spent madd week-ends of weeks
Out bondin' like leather comin' thru wit' style more
versatile than the
Weather
And whether or not Christ is the sure-shot
No question, in our click that's the one thought
That we be stressin' with our lips
And our thoughts and our actions, we factor God's
word into our daily
Rations
Now who's the has-been?
Not My God
See I stand with the Three
Who be on point just like a tripod
The Ever-lasting Union, you'd be clever to
Fasten and tune into the God who's passin' you
In Wisdom, and freely gives to those who ask Him
He hooked up sixty-six booklets for easy graspin' like
Sixty-six chips in a wave-card
His info protects us like a shave-guard
To keep our closets from becoming grave-yards
Full of skeletons
He's able to tell us who Christ is and save us from a
hellish end
One that hurts like bees and stings
You like our reasoning?
Well check the break and Think on these things

[Chrous]

Who lives long and gives strong men their strength
And rules Earth with infinite power to the tenth?
For the longest man-kind has been rude to the God
who's about to
Intrude this world of men who chose not to include (ah)
I'm stressin I guess I'd better stop (why?), It's kind of
hard
I got more love for my King than Coretta Scott
Get the plot?
Let us not repeat history, we will if we treat this to be
one man's beef
And label God a mystery
Like the subject of God is a private
One when we got madd questions and the answer's not
Allen IversonÂ· I for one preach Christ and Him
crucified
He's comin' again soon
To bring doom
So your crew should hide
If not then you should side with the God who got it goin'
on
Catchin' men's attention
Like cars blowin' horns in traffic
We make moves like a rental van
To set you straight like a dental plan
All up in your mind like a mental scan
Get hooked on Christ like keys on rings
You like our reasoning?
Well, check the break and think on these things

[Chrous]

You know that I'm a shoe in
For doin' you in [Ewing] like Patrick
Amazing like a hat trick
You can catch it if you follow me like dot matrix (or
matrix)
When I breaks it down in terms like laymen's
Catchin' amens
All about the cross like I was haman
Day in and day out I see men sittin'
Thinkin', drinkin' tall ounces
Tryin' to figure out why's that the way the ball bounces
Why's it so easy for trouble to catch us
Like it comes in double decka's
Enough to make us twist like Chubby Checka's
How come the right way is never popular?
And when you try to travel it somethin's always stoppin'
ya?

Could the Bible be true
When it says that sin separates you from the God who
made you?
Is God really out to off ya?
Or does He offer a bridge to get across stuff
The cross does just that
You might find this life is rough
You also might find that God designs that type of stuff,
just to get you
Lookin' His way
Just to display His love
To show you how He fits in like hands fit in gloves
Trust Jesus 'cause He's the King
You like our reasonings?
Well take some time and think on these things

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