

## Cross Movement

### "When I Flow"

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Back in the lab again, young lads getting bad with the  
pad and pen  
Holy Culture, a fabulous fabric blend, God's people  
got fashion sense  
That'll take it pass your trends and get passionate  
with passages from the text while we passing it  
though we not highly paid to perform,  
that don't stop us from stepping on stages galore

You can take away the stage and the studio booth,  
pull the label exec's and the loot they recoup  
That don't change what we slang we not your usual  
group  
We only jump for the Lord, so we don't jump through  
the hoops  
I see the culture's distress, I got a lot to express  
It's just some things I had to get off my chest.

But it's time to release the pressure, decrease the  
flesh cuz  
Jesus, He seeks to bless us  
Drop jewels see deep like treasure men seek the lesser  
But Christians we seek His Pleasure

Hook:  
When you see that this life is more than ice and rims  
and you ready to go  
You can't hide that pride deep down inside, playboy  
you ready to know  
If ya hot with the proof and you got the juice of the Son,  
then ya ready to ride  
But are you ready to do in the name of truth what the  
world might do for a lie

Rock shows with the Gospel (Gospel)  
Long as I got breath in my nostrils (Gospel)  
When I flow it's Gospel (Gospel)  
Cross Movement and Rock Soul (We rock souls)

Verse Two:  
Oh no, the CM's back, yeah, we're intact,

was in the cut but the "C" ain't slack  
God was adding to what CM lacked,  
now it's like Phil Jack and '02 Kobe and Shaq  
The whole crew wanted true G-O-D in rap,  
we've gotta view that's a minority like being black  
But we've agreed to feed and lead the packs,  
Hip hop's the key it's like some cheese to rats  
And they come if your beats are raw,  
'cause the streets are raw, but all fall when they meet  
the Law,  
'cause they meet their flaws and see defeat when they  
meet the Boss  
And that's terror like a beach with Jaws,  
Yo, God's got beef galore  
Cause you tell Peace, "Get lost," plus play Easter soft,  
So peep the cross and weep no more  
all rise, recognize that you need Lord, boy  
who would've thought that a lost crook would  
get brought to the point where the cross looked good

Repeat Hook

Verse Three:

Where's the buzz  
Better yet, where's the love  
Seems like, what we got wrecks the clubs  
There's no hugs, probably cause there's no drugs  
And no mansion that's housing thugs  
Here's the thing, it's an enigma thing  
Sometimes it feels like a Q-dog at a sigma thing  
We don't try to jig the thing  
Cause one day we gonna reign in the same chains that  
the stigma brings  
Christ Supreme, all that means is:  
Christ Rules Everything Around Me: C.R.E.A.M.!  
If He's the King, and you don't let Him do His thing  
That's Gollum's fellowship with the ring  
Pain and strife, is how this world pays the price  
Lust of the flesh, lust of the eyes, pride of life  
That's why we gotta get it right  
ain't nobody got it right  
If you think so, Satan's pulling off a heist  
But when dealing with the Christ  
[You] gotta be real, not fake like a Poltergeist

Repeat Hook

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