

Binary Test Record

"Solo Cristo"

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It be The Gift and The Ambassador
The Cross Movement in your area, ah!
Who be champ, champion, who be champ, champion?
Who be only solo hero, who's champion?

[Chorus]

Yeah yeah yeah, whatcha want whatcha want?
Yeah yeah yeah, whatcha need whatcha need?
Yeah yeah yeah, whatcha got whatcha got?
Solo Christo, believe it or not!
Yeah yeah yeah, whatcha want whatcha want?
Yeah yeah yeah, whatcha need whatcha need?
Yeah yeah yeah, whatcha got whatcha got?
Solo Christo, yo, ya know the steelo!

[The Tonic]

Looks like it's quarter ta
According to the long arm on your Nautica
Bomb vise got you free
AlisÃ© swig, Land Cruiser rig
Solo, Timbo, Tom Hilfig
It's all by design
"Yeah my dough, I gotta get mine"
Your strictly melon, let others long rhyme
The fact that you're negligent is irrelevant
'Cause you still stomp through the street with more
weight than an elephant
When you aim you don't miss
Whether you come with the bom bom or the
Style of the drunken fist
While like Hannibal
Find the flesh like a cannibal
Trying to get the Xanadu
Smoking that cannabis botanical or botonical
Got a cracked monocle
Swearing you can comprehend the Holy Chronicle
But what's critical
And what makes it so pitiful,
Is that you don't know what
You were put here to do
You sin more than Drac

Not a thing you lack
But Christ be beating on that head like a coon got
slapped
True dat true dat
You can't relax
You'll never have peace
So you better react
The confusion will never cease
So pick option Solo Christo while you still living up in
this piece

[Chorus]

[The Ambassador]
Jesus, eternal Sonship
And He be One with
The Father come get
The only Son which ???
The Savior comes with
More flavor than the candy Fun-Dip
Some trip
But as for planet earth, the Savior runs it!
The drum kicks
Can't beat em even with the drumstick
One trip, He died so ye could have life
Who wants it?
M.I.C. aka: "microphone"
Solo Christo aka: "Christ Alone"

[The Tonic]
You put the plug in the socket
'Til the thing gets hot
To tighten up them fat curls on that knot
Gotta rush, don't want to get caught by the Disco feve'
'Cause the first 200 ladies get in free
And, you believe in Cupid and you hope he got a laser
sight
'Cause you come in gunnin' for Mr. Right
Which is usually Mr. Wrong
You dance to the same song
Maybe all life long..
Yeah, woman needs man, and that's all legit
But you give man a place that only God should get
"Only" means "Solo"
"Christ" means "Christo"
Snap out the spell, it aint hard to tell
Abbadeo!
Agape, phileo!
Christ loves you more than Scarface loved Mayo
And though both died
One rose with the true halo

And wants to hook you up with the right piece like Lego
(click, click)
See, put God first and everything falls in order
No doubt, ask yourself, "What's it all about?"
Is it really about the chocolate type that buys you what
you like?
Or a Logos love supreme to redeem that life?
Or is it about a hot dreamy steamy bump 'n grind?
Or an everlasting passion that will blow that mind?

[Chorus]

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