

Binary Test Record

"Spare Rituals"

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[Chorus]

Without Christ, men ain't spiritual
they get caught up in a bunch of spare rituals

I got a feelin' most of this spiritual
mess is just spare rituals
dressed in traditional garb
Hip-hop tells a man that he's god
a contradiction of terms but noone thinks it's odd
and noone hopes that God comes to reclaim His planet
when back in the day that type of hope was demanded
or should I say da' mandate?
Now man hates to hear words about man's fate
and breaks into tears
And swears
it's no fact that man was manufactured
If you're down with this world's thinkin' man you're
backwards
We are not your ordinary slum dwellas
check the young fellas gettin' open like an umbrella
in the rain
I still maintain
I tell the truth: that me without Christ is like the house
without the roof
and you need proof?
well check the average house with no doors, or no
floors
no windows, just empty corridors
that's what we call abandoned
and that's the state that every man's in
unless you've asked Christ to come and stand in
the gap, I slap on the jeans
and walk the urban scene
and see mad teens in love and down with the world's
theme
song but check the new song we sing
it's Jesus the Christ, y'all long live the King!

[Chorus]

See, ever since I learned that it was more than cliches

I sought to grab the microphone and put Christ on display
so all can see that all the way from here to Albany
there ought to be love for the God who makes the
autumn leaves awesomely
fall in the Fall time, often we draw lines and alter the
plans with our flawed minds
all up and down the F.M. dial
they make songs about takin' the wrong route
and yet men smile
Yet when trials and tribulations appear
"God this" and "God that" is all that you hear
You don't see them runnin' to them BMWs
when trials of regular human beings trouble you
There's only one God I know of
who does more than create to devastate but
demonstrates to show love
(it's so bugged) yet not wack doctrine
Lyrically I throw gloves to tag ya head like we was slap
boxin' (ain't that shockin')
but did you know? Yoshua offers us relationships and
not just rituals
Oh if you know what you gonna bring (than bring it)
you know what our thing is it's long live the King, kid

[Chorus]

See, mankind is opposite God, meaning He's anti
it's called sin a.k.a. the reason why man dies
hold your hands high
if you want Christ to sub for you
the only one life who qualifies to substitute
who suited up and jumped in the game? (who)
Who moved it up and bumped in His name
where an "X" marked the spot
while planet Earth conversed in the parkin' lot
talkin' bout whose god is gonna win? (who)
And at the end of the night when the game is done
I'm sure it'll be the famous Son (who)
who's name is none other than Jesus
the one I'll run and hug
and thank for puttin' righteous blood in my bank
account
when my tank amount was empty
then He filled me up, like a tank and a half
now from the Bible I answer men like Hank Hanegraaff
and at man I laugh
'cause now I understand the scorecard
and peep the whole scene like a crazy keen store
guard
it's sure hard to prove to men that the Lord is

more than a name tossed around in my chorus
of course it's not some forces in space
it's my Lord who's sportin' this world like a bracelet,
taste it
that's what we call flava
those other gods don't cut it
plus they can't fade, like a dull razor
Y'all raize ya hands if you no longer
stand for the wrong thing and sing with us "Long live
the King!"

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