

## Binary Test Record

### "When I Flow"

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#### [Verse One]

Back to 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 hte juice of 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 breat 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," plust play Easter soft  
So peep the cross and weep no more  
All rise, recognize that you need the Lord, boy  
Who would've though that a lost crook would get  
Brought to the point where the cross looked good

[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 cuase there's no drugs  
And no mansion that's housing thugs  
Here's the thing, it's an enigma things  
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 Golum's fellowship with the ring  
Pain and strife, is how this world pays the price  
Lust of the flesh, just 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

[Hook]

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