

Civilian Affairs

The Cross Movement

[Chorus]

Armed to the tooth
Me and all my troops
No time for a truce
There's only time for truth
No room for fear, or regular cares
Steer clear of civilian affairs

Hold up, Soldier
Salute
If you're goin' up
Salute
Throw it up
Salute
Throw it up
Salute

[Verse One]

I'm a soldier, boy I told ya
I hold the Scriptures like you hold chips on your shoulder
Biblical clips, better load up
The snare in the drums goes snap
The lyrical tongue cocks back
The air in my lungs flows and that's
Enough to spark a revolution
Man listen my music is ammunition
I march to the tune of a man smitten
Was slain as a lamb, yet He stands risen
Just as it was written
My orders are to cross borders
Living Water's in my canteen as my camp screams
For the God we love even though we can't see Him
My passions, down to the name brands on my fashions have to pass Him
I only live off what my Captain rations

Welcome to the front lines, streets and corners
The chief warned us
The beef is tremendous when ya' lock teeth in the trenches
There's a war goin' on outside and it's real
Flesh versus spirit
I don't flex to appeal
Use the text to reveal what comes next
If you reject then I seal conversation with prayin' and step
'Cause what I feel is really not the deal
The issue is your soul
As a soldier I must remain sober and in control
I gotta stay focused like a scope does
And hope what I wrote does clear the smoke up
Hey ya'll I'm never AWOL
I wouldn't dare stop work to start dealing in civilian affairs

[Chorus]

[Verse Two]

Ever since I been sworn in, born in
Put through boot camp
It's on

Ain't got no time for no new sins
It's three squares a day
Eat, teach, study pray, little play
Cause what soldier got time for blasé?
Specially when Yahweh, is bringin' D-day
Without M-16, rocket launcher or AK
Cause this ain't Vietnam
The enemy's more vicious than the Viet Cong
Who think delicious of the embalmed
Who die outside of service, deserters
Conscientious perverters, we stand as alerters
Hopin' this is making you nervous
Well if you ain't a procrastinator fight Satan's invaders
Get your fist in the air and march to this cadence

Had to cram 10 jams in a week so I'm weak but I'm plantin' my feet
Plannin' to speak of our Commander and Chief
He's a lamb and a beast
King and God-man of the streets
Standard of peace but not a man that is weak
He's glorious
Infinity and 0
He's victorious
El Gabor is a warrior
And he orders us
Not to trust in swords and stuff
Or store up and hoard stuff that is sure to rust
Don't get it twisted
He'll get a misfit when others wouldn't risk it
Teach him diplomatics like a good version of Dip-set
Bury him in Christ 'til his everyday life is sifted
Mission'stick with the reason we got enlisted

To the Left

[Chorus]