

Cypha The Next Day

The Cross Movement

[Enoch]

Rise shine for the light has come
I count all things as dung
compared to the knowledge of God the Son
serious as heart attacks
took off my starters hat
put on my martyrs cap
Radical to the core, explore
the path we travel
where God overshadows
those whose ways are narrow
glorified apparel
we'll sport like new garb
we're bondservants of the Christ of the cost
the true God
the Father brought us back
He devised the plan
that His Son would bridge the gap
between God and man
How else could the Gospel be born?
If His bodily form wasn't hostily torn?
This be norm crusin' heavens highway
representin' Yaweh
the fly Way, the do or die Way
I won't hesitate to take my last breath
I'm ready to die 'cause I possess eternal life after death

[Cruz Cordero]

Yo, here's a pop quiz, kid
whose pop gives
eternal life through Christ
and who rocks gigs
and digs into your chest
like a big ole shovel
and puts broken hearts together like a jigsaw puzzle
Yo, pause, baby Paul, may I bust that bubble
by telling you about the God who I trust to turn trouble
into triumph
You see, my God be too hard for science
He brings rocks for my sling shot so I can drop giants
and enjoy the victory
as I wave the white flag
to the God who wrote, "Paid in full" on my sin's price tag
Now mics are grabbed yo, we brag
much about the Lord who left death in a bodybag cold-crushed, plus
He's tough-rugged and rough like old rust
His tender splendedness will cause hard rocks to blush, plus
He'll interrupt your rap program with a slow jam
and have you all hold hands to "Holy is the Lamb."

[The Ambassador]

Ahh, what a relief it is to be in Jesus
I fooled you with the FUBU and baggies without the creases
My chief is Jesus
got's to know him is my thesis
Without Jesus even Reeses can't know what peace is
Seek us and you'll see us

truth seekers
Youth reachers· paired up like two sneakers
True preachers, louder than 22 speakers
If you peep us, you get nothin' new JESUS!
You know we live among tough guys
who say they rough ride
But I've seen them meet Elohim and no more tough side
We're caught· you know the Savior's got our jaw stuck
We're awe struck
cause life's no longer a toss up
And though there's a lot of trouble in it
In comparison it pales like a bucket with a shovel in it
Cause one day we'll be the eternal residents
With the universal President
for Whom we represent

[Tru-Life]

Of course this is a kid whose been through metamorphosis
touched by his divine Jehovistic scorchin' fist
His life was what He gave
He paid so I was bought with it
so I've got no remorse of any sorts when I'm torchin' it
The mic is my element when I'm tellin'
kids be cautioned with
the fast life without Christ your portion is
Eternal separation makin' statements
'cause I was brought from this
abyss of not knowin' Christ
which was so unfortunate
His blood rushed from a thug's touch
and to the floor it went
And even as I'm speakin'
to me it makes more than sense
Only perfect plasma could settle up this matter
he scored a ten
and now we're more than friends
I'm floored with this idea that he absolutely adored this kid
co-heir to the kingdom
and now the most fortunate

[The Tonic]

Well now, might ya
decipher· the first discipler
Angel of Death sniper
every Superman's Kryptoniter
More tighter, than any street fighter on your team
filleting all your saying and praying to your figurine
Then there is the hyper type of
God hater· want to be sequel
equal· with the creator
Accolade thief· puppet of the Beast
who's the chief "Oh you the piggy with the roast beef"
Well if it's you, then let me see you quench the sun
then for laughs and fun
blaze up another one
Carve the mountains out with your bare hands
take the dust of earth and form a man
but what you gonna breath into his chest
cause even from our best comes the breath of death
Prepare for Emmanuel's mega burst
There's only room for one Sheriff in the Universe

[The Phanatik]

Representing the Kingdom Theocratic
it's the Phanatik getting' deep as if
I was aquatic, nomadic
the Son of Man has no place to lay his afro
sacred tabernacle
dwellin' prevalin' against the gates of hell and
stickin' to the cross but without the use of nails
and you say
Great is the mystery but Mister, we don't understand
I'm stalkin' while I'm walkin' through this winter wonderland
with some Timberlands
troopin' while I'm scoopin' out the Gospel
don't get hostile
it's complex but it's not so hard to understand
then again it is for some
the mystery of the one who is and was and is to come
if I could rhyme for forever twice
you still won't have heard one-third
of the words that would serve to describe Christ
and still I rhyme
'cause I believe what the text say
Trust Christ in the End
and you'll be in the cypha the next day
"Like That!"