

House of Representatives

The Cross Movement

Ain't no stopping us
cause what be coming out our esophagus
will knock the dust off a living sarcophagus
Dead men walking, talking, hawking
in the darkness they be stalking
looking for those home alone like Macaulay Culkin
But when they come knocking,
the door be opened by my Pop's
who says, "Come correct or catch the flaming hots"
He gives two choices to those who never heard it
either be deserted - or come and get converted
even the introverted, in His presence ain't shy
but scream Jesus Christ equals Elohim and the Most High
Why got to Hell when you die
when Christ be giving fresh breath of life like Binaca
Why be infernally nasty and mean
when you can be eternally crispy and clean
and listen to the God who says
"Forget what you heard
you rep for Me, I'll rep for you, and that's my Word, Bang!"

Present and accounted for
pound it down for my LORD
sound the horn, spit the raw
everybody hit the floor!
If the Lord of all
has given all for all
then why do most of all choose to ball
and walk the broad?
Livin' for the minute
Think, blink it's gone
we in the clutch
Now what, kid? Come on
Everything we do has a fee
that means it costs
Tru-Life says, "Choose Christ
because Christ chose the cross."

Gospel activist
advocates
of salvation · preparin'
for the invasion of Christ
the Body-snatcher
who will soon to come rapture us
a Kodak moment won't capture this
miraculous event our final call is repentance
No moon, no star, no crescent
we give reverence
to presence of the Maker of the heaven's and the Earth
who places is first
who can match the worth of the great I AM?
who blows on man and turns him back into sand?
God's Lamb, the God-Man
with the hard hand
turns to ruin
the wicked and subdues them
rescues them who pursues Him

renews them
who's tuned into the communion
of divine union
it's no illusion
it's the Most High rulin'
God 'n human
Jesus, no man can stand next to
to whom all respect's due
All hail Ixous

Mic's we blaze'em
The lost, God will save'em
Hands yall raise'em
Christ, all praise Him
No pretendin'
There's only one Savior we're recommendin'
Indeed, now let's proceed with the Representin'

News flash, it's the Ambassador
known for askin' ya
Do you know the Master of the world the One that's after ya
Had His Son to die to provide a blood bath for ya
You do the math and ya
come up with love that's just his character
He figured the love would capture ya
cause it's spectacular
He's comin' back like remakes of Dracula
just to rapture the
Church, I clap because I know Satan's hatin' the fact that you're
Hearin' of Jesus and the wonderful plan He has for ya
Some might laugh at ya
cause their headed for the wrath that ya
Can't grasp cause ya a passenger
on a path where ya
Party like a bachelor
max like a Maxima
Play the "mac" in fact ya
coined the phrase, "Girl let me rap to ya"
Always strapped down
got enemies all over Crack Town
I know the hap's now
I've got a similar background
Surrender kid, trust Christ, become a friend of His
And let Him throw you on a team of representatives

Jesus be the Lord of land, and man
He loves ya!
Rejectin' Christ is lethal like weapons
in the hands of Danny Glover
Any other option burnin' in ya chest
that has yet to stop sin from turning into death
needs to be thoroughly questioned before the firin' squad
for claimin' to have knowledge that's higher than God's
and for tellin' people these lives my Dad rented never had limits
producin' a world of bad tenants

I rush da
urban habitats where heads be strappin' gats
rappin' that, "Keep it real," when they're really lackin' facts
about the Action Pack
Attraction that's
never slackin', Black
He has everlastin' stats on the map

check the atlas
I attack this
phat track wit tactics that
come from the theocratic palace
like Alice
I wonder in this land
if you headz understand
how the blunder of man
put you beneath the Thunderhand
that won't slumber, Fam
to sling you like a rubberband
down into hell for rejecting the Son, the Lamb
the eternal Son who was sent
supreme first-born who took the worse form of punishment
death was performed the curtain tore it was published in
the Holy handbook
that this man took
for the commission
of His coming attractions
of Gospel blockbusters blastin'
His Word that be sharper than box cutters