

# Love Does

## The Cross Movement

What is Life, when you ain't living right  
Sight when your blind as night  
Low level living, trying to perpetrate height  
With all your might, you scrape, and you thug, and you fight  
And refuse every invitation to come into the Light  
What's it like, to have to maintain  
gain, life left lane, strife, death, pain, all in vain  
This world will make a lot of promise to keep you high lit  
If your an earthbound thug, than you've got what you get  
And don't even expect no more  
you might as well plunder in this war  
But also expect the God of Heaven to one day tally up the score  
who you playing for, does your coach know the game  
are you shooting with a ball that's engulfed in flame  
Well if your tired of contract, you saw what it paid  
Hold out right now, make your team force a trade  
It ain't a easy move, in fact it's hard  
But only real ball players play for this real rough squad  
Coached by the God, the one and only Jehovah  
And the first dribbling skill he teaches is the Cross over  
In fact He did it to perfection, without (no) question  
Refer to the Holy play book for accurate recollection  
He seeking no names rookies, in which he never met  
And those in foul trouble who admit their game is suspect  
He'll turn a freshman in to an upper classer  
with joy and laughter, He'll take'em higher than NASA  
He can turn a Pimp into a sho'nuff Pastor  
turn a pathetic amateur in to a perennial master  
And he'll do more than these mere power displays  
He'll teach you His way, and make it John Blaze  
Cause ain't nothing lacking in Christ  
and he loves to turn a thug to the Love Life

(Chorus)

What's the right life  
more rugged than thug life  
It's the Love Life, It's the Love Life  
Mo' better than drug life, mug life or the club life  
It's the Love Life Yall  
(2x)

(Bridge)

How is it that your gonna go all out  
When you really don't know what life is all about  
Your wile-ing out, your wile-ing out  
Thug life ain't really what you hear them claim  
Somebody always seems to have a better aim  
Get out the game, get out the game  
When Christ comes back to collect on Dues  
Watch how many thugs gonna sing the blues  
You better choose, Yo He can't lose

All now here we go again  
New day and new flow again  
Mission, prove and show again  
Let my Sis and Dun's know again  
Same stizzy and plan again

Proclaim the God-Man again  
To the Dead