

Maze Of Madness

The Cross Movement

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John K. Wells (Writer)

Earthquake (Producer)

Verse 1: Danger, danger

Has got me stepping like a Power Ranger

Calling on the power of the One from the manger

In anger, but not in sin

I begin

To make my way thru all of this mess I'm in

It's hard to see so many born faster

Got hate oozing out'em like sulfuric acid

Everyday a new thief

Today's, might want my teeth

To string them all together and make'em into a wreath

Brother's ill, and won't think twice

To shake his boom pipe

Even if I run the jewels, he'll still want my life

Puppy's sick

Gotta shoot the gospel quick

And hope the truth will hit him much harder than a mule kick

I let him know that if he lets the hollow points spray

God's got a vengeance that'll make a flambe

But let me shut up before I provoke the "cack, cack!"

Wish I could do a kick and put him on his back

Not to make him handicapped

But so that I could get away

And have another chance to pray

That this brother would get out of the Maddness

Chorus: What do you do when life's a must

But you already caught the rush

Money, power, lust

In whom will you place your trust

All sin, no question, no doubt

Stuck and you can't get out

Christ knows how you feel

So get'em up in the air if you know He's real!

Verse 2: Caution, caution

Has got me turnin'

Tossin'

Pausin'

Six million moves, Steve Austin

Check the picture

Here comes that madd, fly, dime sister

Guess she's sittin' waiting for her loving money Mr.

I wonder if she's got time to hear the plan
I see her lips say "Her comes this corny preacher man"

I try to strike one up, I say, "That skirt is fly, is it pleated?"
She said, "Man beat it!"

I said "Why is that the greeting that I'm given?"
She said "Step!", I said "God Bless your soul and keep livin' "

And as I walk away
I wish there was something I could say
To really make her understand that she's more than a Chick-fila'

Piece of meat to be bought or sandwich to be made
Cause a little mayonnaise won't change how your played

Cause the next man bites
And the next man bites
And when it's all over it's a terrible sight

Cause when they are done pulling up everything, man it's spooky
You got substance, but float around the bowl
And God's got a flush for all the manure
That's why I'm trying to tell her, to keep her out of the sewer
Of the Maddness

Chorus

Verse 3: Power, power
Has got me lasting for another hour
Trying to stay alert, awake to the devourer

Though his fate must drag on
The Dragon
Satan
Been hawking to destroy me ever since I was a little man
And even though I know I'm sealed for the long ride
He tempts me to feel the pleasure of the dark side

It gets raw hide in obeying God's will
The power is in steady spittin'
"It's Written"
In his lying grill

And if he wasn't enough to shake roll and rattle
The world is another enemy of constant battle

They invite me in, only to disown me
Build me up to brake me down, till I'm lonely

Lastly
I war with myself the most
Today will I play dictator or will I play host

Will I do what I hate
Or hate what I do
Or don't do what I should
Or deny what I know is true

This is the ceaseless, keeping it real, kinda war
Not only am I a conqueror but I'm more

So tell my three enemies that God's got the back of his buddy

So I'm going to my grave with my knucks (Knuckles) bloody

Not in the physical, but in a spiritual kinda baddness
Cause I gotta fight the Maddness

Chorus