

# Shock!

## The Cross Movement

[Prelude: Tonic]

Yah, you know my signature  
Be the Tonic with my man Earthquake and we be the Gift  
Constantly surrounded by The Movement in the Spirit of Jesus Christ  
Now you can be shocking, or you can get shocked  
Check this..

[Tonic]

Now I can dig into the holy data  
with the clicking of the fader  
though delivered from the swamp I can still snap it like a gator  
And rightly divide the data back into the data  
for those that are hungry we can whip up the batter  
Singing hey diddle diddle can this cat get fat  
over top the fiddle heat up the griddle  
and flip scriptures hot in stacks like flap jacks or pancakes  
with thick breaks hearty like steaks  
With lessons in the essence of seeking God in His presence  
while some 'round here sacrificing pheasants  
we be standing on top of a hill looking over  
letting our lights shine before men like a super nova  
Though its dark because of God I'm brighter bubonic,  
chronic, demonic sucker MC fighter  
here to tax and levy the evil and heavy  
built like a Ford with the flex of a Chevy  
And you can smell the drag of the rubber from my mags  
'cause I was out so fast you couldn't peep my tags  
So now I'm off the gas so you can see where I'm from  
as you ease up you see I'm from the Kingdom  
Thy Kingdom come, Thy will be done but none  
come to the Father 'less they come to the Son  
And that'll take you past any nirvana that's a blast of shekinah  
but some will be shocked, watch!

[Chorus: Earthquake [Tonic]]

We comin' with the [Shock!]  
And y'all can catch the [Shock!]  
We comin' with the [Shock!]  
Let the world catch the [Shock!]  
We comin' with the [Shock!]  
Jesus Christ brings the [Shock!]  
In Christ we come to blow up the spot

We comin' with the [Shock!]  
And you can catch the [Shock!]  
We comin' with the [Shock!]  
Let the world catch the [Shock!]  
Jesus Christ brings the [Shock!]  
Prepare for the [Shock!]  
In Christ we come to blow up the spot

[Tonic]

Three to get ready 'cause we all must go  
The wages of sin will let you know  
that death be comin' no man can hide  
As surely as we live we gots to surely die  
This ain't meant to scare, ain't meant to haunt

You can eat all the fish and herbs you want  
pull all of the skin off your chicken wings  
only drink fresh water from the natural springs  
Vitamix, vitamax in stacks you buy  
no pork only greens and beans on rye  
no cholesterol, alcohol or smoke  
but all in all, we all still croak  
So you can join a health kick wave  
and be another healthy person on your way to the grave  
and that's good shows you're not simple, Why?  
You're honoring God by taking care of you're temple  
But what about life beyond this place  
are you lifting spiritual weights and pumping up faith  
In prayer do you do sets, in church do you do reps  
to build righteous massive biceps and pecs (pectorals)  
Oh watch out are you about to flex  
and give God the glory from this life to the next  
So as the crab grass grows up around your tomb stone  
will your epitaph give you the last laugh or will it have..

[Chorus]

[Tonic]

For all those evil, bold, and in control  
bend over it's time to spank the cheeks of you soul  
And it won't matter if you call Dyfuss (DYFS)  
'cause it's never abuse if the love be righteous  
It seems the world has gone hysterical  
and needs to be slapped back to the real facts about who be the Imperial  
one to keep air in your lungs and milk in your cereal  
The only moon glower and the only sun setter  
Now you've been potty trained but you're still a bed wetter  
In other words, you know what God requires  
but you wanna see how close you can dance to the fire  
You've never been burnt, so you're funky, mikosa  
to see if you can stay free from the smell of the sulfer  
Spiritual youngster swearin' you grown  
tryin' to throw on righteousness like it's cologne  
But you're mistaken 'cause it's much more than fakin'  
'cause that's like tryin' to throw sugar on bacon  
Like tryin' to mix the sweet with the grease  
or like sayin' you don't like cheese, but your down with the "meece"  
or the mice, or like tre is point, but you box car the dice  
or like at a funeral tryin' to throw rice  
What? It ain't workin' is it?  
Well on your day in the sunshine, beware of the blizzard  
'Cause contraire to care God won't be mocked  
So in you're Glock lingo the hammer is cocked  
If the armored Christ vest breast plate ain't there to block  
beware of the trauma that comes with the, ahh..

[Extended Chorus]

We comin' with the [Shock!]  
The world can catch the [Shock!]  
We comin' with the [Shock!]  
And you can catch the [Shock!]  
Jesus Christ brings the [Shock!]  
Let the world catch the [Shock!]  
In Christ we come to blow up the spot

Prepare for the [Shock!]  
Let the world catch the [Shock!]  
Do you bring the [Shock!]

Jesus Christ brings the [Shock!]  
Yeah we comin' with the [Shock!]  
Yeah we comin' with the [Shock!]  
In Christ we come to blow up the spot

We comin' with the [Shock!]  
The world can catch the [Shock!]  
Jesus Christ brings the [Shock!]  
Prepare for the [Shock!]  
We comin' with the [Shock!]  
And you can catch the [Shock!]  
In Christ we come to blow up the spot, uh