

## Spare Rituals

### The Cross Movement

[Chorus]

Without Christ, men ain't spiritual  
they get caught up in a bunch of spare rituals

I got a feelin' most of this spiritual  
mess is just spare rituals  
dressed in traditional garb  
Hip-hop tells a man that he's god  
a contradiction of terms but noone thinks it's odd  
and noone hopes that God comes to reclaim His planet  
when back in the day that type of hope was demanded  
or should I say da' mandate?  
Now man hates to hear words about man's fate  
and breaks into tears  
And swears  
it's no fact that man was manufactured  
If you're down with this world's thinkin' man you're backwards  
We are not your ordinary slum dwellas  
check the young fellas gettin' open like an umbrella  
in the rain  
I still maintain  
I tell the truth: that me without Christ is like the house without the roof  
and you need proof?  
well check the average house with no doors, or no floors  
no windows, just empty corridors  
that's what we call abandoned  
and that's the state that every man's in  
unless you've asked Christ to come and stand in  
the gap, I slap on the jeans  
and walk the urban scene  
and see mad teens in love and down with the world's theme  
song but check the new song we sing  
it's Jesus the Christ, y'all long live the King!

[Chorus]

See, ever since I learned that it was more than cliches  
I sought to grab the microphone and put Christ on display  
so all can see that all the way from here to Albany  
there ought to be love for the God who makes the autumn leaves awesomely  
fall in the Fall time, often we draw lines and alter the plans with our flawed  
minds  
all up and down the F.M. dial  
they make songs about takin' the wrong route  
and yet men smile  
Yet when trials and tribulations appear  
"God this" and "God that" is all that you hear  
You don't see them runnin' to them BMWs  
when trials of regular human beings trouble you  
There's only one God I know of  
who does more than create to devastate but demonstrates to show love  
(it's so bugged) yet not wack doctrine  
Lyrically I throw gloves to tag ya head like we was slap boxin' (ain't that  
shockin')  
but did you know? Yoshua offers us relationships and not just rituals  
Oh if you know what you gonna bring (than bring it)  
you know what our thing is it's long live the King, kid

[Chorus]

See, mankind is opposite God, meaning He's anti  
it's called sin a.k.a. the reason why man dies  
hold your hands high  
if you want Christ to sub for you  
the only one life who qualifies to substitute  
who suited up and jumped in the game? (who)  
Who moved it up and bumped in His name  
where an "X" marked the spot  
while planet Earth conversed in the parkin' lot  
talkin' bout whose god is gonna win? (who)  
And at the end of the night when the game is done  
I'm sure it'll be the famous Son (who)  
who's name is none other than Jesus  
the one I'll run and hug  
and thank for puttin' righteous blood in my bank account  
when my tank amount was empty  
then He filled me up, like a tank and a half  
now from the Bible I answer men like Hank Hanegraaff  
and at man I laugh  
'cause now I understand the scorecard  
and peep the whole scene like a crazy keen store guard  
it's sure hard to prove to men that the Lord is  
more than a name tossed around in my chorus  
of course it's not some forces in space  
it's my Lord who's sportin' this world like a bracelet, taste it  
that's what we call flava  
those other gods don't cut it  
plus they can't fade, like a dull razor  
Y'all raise ya hands if you no longer  
stand for the wrong thing and sing with us "Long live the King!"