

Start Somethin'

The Cross Movement

C'mon stand up, get your hands up, Word up
Start somethin, get your heart pumpin
Yeah start jumpin around, if you're under the ground
I know you're down wit this thunderous sound

C'mon stand up, get your hands up, Word up
Start somethin, get your heart pumpin
Start somethin, why? The world needs what you have
Back to the lab til you master your craft
This is it

PHANATIK:

I'm out to destroy this track, ya boy is back
Who would think gospel tactics would employ rap
But since I know head will enjoy that
I'll rock til the wheels fall off like a benz or jag
See, if I never get dough like "Whoa"
It's cool jus to know I never sold my soul
My goal is to get souls, not to go gold
And get answers to shortys before she's dancin go-go
And to talk to boy before they call the po-po
Or he ends up in the morgue wit a tag on his toe
See, if they can talk about cash and trash in their raps
Then we can talk about snatchin cats out of traps!
That's set for your soul, let's see it roll
Til we end up in our heavenly home
Who cares about how much or whether we've blwon
Its not man but by God that's best to be known

CHORUS

PHANATIK:

It's time to strike up the band, rise up and stand
And draw lines in the stand of time, we stand behind
What we believe in followin God, who squad read to die like Stephen
Whether put to death or put to test, beef wit God? Better put it to rest
What we kick will leave an imprint like a foot to the chest
Wit truth that'll shoot through your bullet proof vest
Watch out He's ventin... no! He's vintage
Like aged wine a sage wit rhyme sentence
But since man at his core is mad hard to reach
We know the Lord is usin more than jus parts of speech
Paragraphs paired up to smash
He'll bring the heat open up air ducts and shefts
Who can last in the smolderin heat?
When He throws the cold shoulder at His judgement seat?
Huh? The very breath that we breath and every gift we recieve
Is in the palm of His hand wit no tricks up His sleeve
Isn't that a relief? So sit back in your seat
Kick up your feet take it in and take it back to the streets

CHORUS

PHANATIK:

I'm in the eye of the storm, high above norm
Before the Most High when I perform
An audience of One watchin, One chair, one stair hopin

He's still there when I'm done watchin
And if He's there then I hope that He's pleased wit me
This is not done easily, I cook mics, but the rhyme books I write
Changed since the Father wants to see Jesus Christ look-a-likes
So the more like the Son, the Phanatik becomes
That's less laps around the track that I have to run
New character sprung, old habits get hunged
Now we're havin some fun, too bad cause now the tracks done