

# From The Mid To The East Cypha

Flame

He's in a class by himself, a league of His own  
He'll give life to the dead, He'll breathe on your bones  
He's more than a homeboy, He's king on a throne  
Now either love Him, or leave Him alone  
But you can't do both, it's either or  
The velvet or the iron door  
The lamb or the lion that roars  
The provider of the rider on the horse  
He's Yahweh, King, much more than a product in the store  
Plus, He's faithful and true  
Waitin' to come through, consume fools like a plate full of food  
Eternal life, that's a fate for the few  
No breaking the rule, come on a roll like skateboarder dudes

Check the flavor my neighbor  
You can raise your hand while I set the faiser to taiser  
This is shock for you soul  
A little rock and roll  
Something to step to when you hit the block and stroll  
So let's lock and load  
Word of God is the ammo  
Armor of God, camo fatigues  
Strategic Rambo maneuvers  
Hand over land is the move, man  
Stand soldier, firm in your faith  
Time to do what He told ya  
Hold up the 66 books  
Stuck in the radio  
Always trying to hit me with hooks, nope  
Feeling my crew? Hallelu  
This is how it sounds when Pilly goes down, mixed with the Lou  
Ooh, try and listen  
I, yes the Christian  
Wide screen addition  
In high definition  
Coming soon  
Like manana, sun and moon  
That the \_\_\_\_\_ for my peoples, like sunny tunes

So it's one, two for my mic check  
As I approach a world that Christ-less  
Giving you good meat to digest  
And I swear solidly the rock properly  
Dropping non-stopily  
Since the rock spotted me  
Knocked me down, switched my flow game  
Changed my identity from sinner to no-name  
Introduced me to light  
Gave my soul flame  
Now it's nothing but Gospel whenever I flow man  
From Philly to the mid-west right thurr  
My mic serves the Gospel to strike the right nerve  
So when you finished with this cypha music  
If the Cross ain't done yet, then neither is the movement

His mercy, mercy's  
On me like the jersey

Royalty purple and gold like James Worthy  
A trade's been made, I ain't worth a food stamp  
Can't stand on my own like I've got two cramps  
Ain't sinning, but I can, pray for me  
You're my brother right?  
Then you're able to pray for me  
We all foolish, thinking we ain't Judas  
Help me Lord, Paul thought his sins were rudest  
Stacey dashes, taking dashes clueless  
Makes me mad is us Christians act the cruelest  
I got some knocks on my head from some Bibles  
Gave some too, thank Christ for survival  
Hearts deceitful  
Making knowledge idols  
Trunks in my eye and I can't see my rivals  
Cause they unseen, please remember  
We don't uproot, God yells timber

This is the lost swift movement  
From the mid to the east  
To bring across truth to flame to the ears of the streets  
My Bible's my Tonic, I guess I'm a Phantik for Christ  
Or Ambassador, slashin hearts with the Word of Tru-Life  
Actually, He's giving me what I need to survive  
Cause Adam had to have branded us to the breed that would die  
Thank Jesus, at least you can say that our hearts still ain't hardened  
He said This House I Shall Live, so right there my sins have been pardoned  
It's mercy, because we're sinners saved by grace  
If not, smell it like pee-ew, as J-Silas would say  
The violence today is running rapid from the nature of sin  
So we paint a picture of the Cross and pray the world will give in

We set tracks ablaze  
For the Rock of Ages  
To free captive minds from locks and cages  
This is hot off the press, fam  
Flip the pages  
Sin has a penalty, who paying the wages?  
Its as clear as it gets, can't get no clearer  
Couldn't get it closer to ya if you looked in a mirror  
Unless your vision dirty fam, like grit on the mirror  
Gritty, grimy, filthy, like spit on the mirror  
Jesus' blood cleansed us though like Windex on the mirror  
'till His image what we see when we look in the mirror  
'till His love is what you see when you looking at us  
Black is blood is what it seem when God is looking at us

Oh, it's outrageous, the Word of God is so amazing  
Its time, let's walk this way and let's get to cypha God-blazin  
Sin and death, I'm sick of it  
We need His omnipotence  
Stand against wickedness  
With lifted fists and arms raised  
It is my turn to spark this cypha  
Its time to start this fire  
The real Jesus walks with me  
Even through the wire  
He's the true Messiah  
He don't care about a tire  
You filthy rags, He makes clean  
\_\_\_\_\_ He admires  
I don't need the blings  
I rock the products of the Father

I hold onto this attire manufactured by Abba  
Don't need the Gucci  
The phat ride, or the Prada  
Cause my hand gesture welcomes God in like the Ramada

He preach the Cross even when the legions mock  
And we seek what's pleasing God cause He's the boss  
Watching what we say like closed caption, believe it doc'  
The world's watching us like peeping tom's  
When we spit like teething tots  
Thousands of heathens drop  
And become dumb-founded like when speech is lost  
Gospel emcees are rare like an equinox  
Non-Christ-centered verses are grieving God  
I don't need the props  
I was the sheep that's lost  
Then I met the good Shepard  
His voice leads the flock  
In this day and time Satan is taking lives like Ethan Hawk  
So cling to God with tunes open, receive the plot

We scream enough truth that you've got to listen  
I'm Flame, can't take the heat, get out the kitchen  
Christian cats are spittin' Christ with the mic on  
We ride through the dark with our high-beam lights on  
The whole camp might be social martyrs  
We preach with our life and are vocal artists  
Jesus, welcome to Christ saints  
Can I take your order?  
I'll have the bread of Heaven and the living water  
We'll stick together, God's sons and daughters  
Let us worship together, the God who called us  
And we ain't those cats after a platinum million  
Cause just knowing Christ is that platinum feeling