Da T.R.U.T.H., The Jesus Anthem

(feat. Cross Movement (Phanatik & The Tonic))

(Intro) (The Tonic)
Hey, its 5 in the morning (Whoo)
The young boy ready to get in here (hahaha)
TRUTH, CM, Hey you grown now (get it)
Yea

(Verse I: Da' TRUTH)
We do missions for Christ Jesus
And we don't need to rock suits, cause we can preach the Gospel in our wife beaters
White sneakers, striped Adidas, like to speak the Truth
The Good News to hood dudes or to whomever's listening
Cause every listener ain't grow up a thug and everybody ain't been popped with a slug
Matter of fact, matter fact, most of y'all probably grew up just like me
You ain't never put your lips to a drug
Probably grew up pretty normal
Probably grew up in a warm home
You ain't never grow up strapped having to scrap over wardrobes
And you ain't never been the type to like cornrows
Many y'all grew up with pretty decent morals
And you were taught that all roads lead to Him
That's why it sounds so crazy when we be like "Yo, believe in Him," (breath) breathe ag
Seek and you'll find, the past is repeating itself it's like the streets on rewind
Move forward ain't you sick of the boredom ain't you sick of the grind
The brick of mortar, without surely being assured
Of where you going when you die, we can provide you with truth
Young dudes serving God in our youth, and it's like

Hook: (The Tonic)
They got questions man, He got answers
You can trust Him man or take chances
You can trust Him now or throw tantrums
If you trust him, rally around this Anthem
Jesus (8x)

(Verse II: Phanatik)
He is no fool who gives what he can't keep to gain what he could never loose
Jim Elliot's rule, him hell never fooled, his food, to do the will of Him who sent him
Until his belly was full
Now that's fuel for fire, used to inspire
You to inquire about the truth but there's a liar
Cooking up a plot, cookin' up a pot of lies, pushing up those dollar signs
Who connects the dots on them doted lines
I can get signed if I sign right here, right here? Yeah
Nah, took my careet and hang glided off the side of a mountain mounted to nothing
Accept the One that I'm trustin' not doubtin' like Thomas but clutchin' His promises
Hold on, what the problem is?
You don't know what time it is hunting those shiny designer bondages
While moms and kids still struggle in the hood
Juggling the jobs, poppa trying to stop smuggling the goods
I could've still been the one trying to be persistent and beat the system
But the Lord led me to seek His wisdom
Was secret and hidden but now all men can see what was written and be forgiven
And get the instructins we need for livin'
Like that y'all

Hook

(Verse III: The Tonic)
Now every designer ain't a Gabanna
And every material girl ain't a Madonna
But if every design has a designer
Before you start chatting on it

Know when it comes to creation, God's got a patent on it
Involuntary heart beat, automated lungs
Thoughtless eye blinks, taste buds on the tongue
Body's immune system fighting things that try to damage it
Sleep, digestion, even waste management
Who gets the credit, who takes it all
Never big bang, never apes, never Neanderthal
It's foolish to think it's all coincidental
I know it's touchy...I'll keep it gentle (check it)
50...just sat in a house
Without thinking disses for Jah just ran out his mouth
Ain't it bug how Timbs are made
That sole is a natural outgrowth from the suede
I know it sounds crazy but while you sleep a whole bottle of Remy seeped in your pores
And ended up in your gut, and that blingin your ice
Is 'cause little men live on the inside and yo they just shining they lights
If you believe this and would teach it to your sons and daughters
Get a MRI done on your headquarters
This little exercise, is to un-anesthetize
And wake up man to the Glory that's forever Gods
Not to wake up and quicky fall back asleep
But to wake up and follow Christ, like his sheep
Cause by Him and for Him, things were created
And can't be properly questioned or debated
And it's Truth to the seeking soul who can stand it
And now understands why they exist on the planet, like that y'all

(Hook)