

Da T.R.U.T.H., On Duty

(Chorus)

We (are) on duty- we (are) on them same old blocks
Different but look the same like plain clothes cops
On duty- yeah, we (are) some plain old pots
But you can find a treasure in us where the rainbow stops

(Verse One)

We thank God for the faith of the elders
That came up in the time of Martin Luther the King and the great Elvis
They ain't shelf us- held us up on their shoulders
Told us how to live godly- so all the people that trail us
Can truly testify that before God rested our eyes
We invested our lives- so for the rest our lives
It's gonna look like we (are) dressed in disguise
But the treasure's inside
And it's a pot of gold
Most of our peers think that God is old- just the man upstairs
Partly because we keep our God on the low
So they can't see how our God is involved in our human affairs
Yeah- yeah but since we're the saints
We gotta be mindful of the picture we paint
So every picture they take
They get snapshots of Holy Spirit filled Christians that got victory
Ain't

(Chorus)

(Verse Two)

We thank God for the faith of the older
Saints that have showed us the ropes
Holding us close to shape and mold us
They ain't despise, refined us looking for ways to remind us
Of the mind of God- so now when we look behind us
It's an army of saints
Young dudes broadcasting their faith
I'm forecasting by faith
Cause I'd like to see more of the people of God
Like the Latter Day Saints
Black tie, trench coat and a tag with their names
Or, the JWs, at the door before the Saturday games
Listen- you can't miss em- you know 'em
Probably diss em- you blow 'em off in a second
They show us up with a presence that's public
They ain't impressed with the public
And I ain't trying to give them more credit than what they deserve
But, even if what they believe is wrong
They got a faith that you can reach with your arm
We're being called

(Chorus)

(Bridge)

We (are) on duty- which simply means to be on call
To be alert, to be watchful, to be on guard
We (are) on duty- that's why we walk through the mall
With our spiritual sensitivities up to par

We (are) on duty- from the block to the walls
Of the barbershop where the talk is not godly at all
We (are) on duty- it's not Christian at all
So we duck every time the wicked try to pitch us the ball

They can't catch us involved- cause you know you're a shade
From the pencil in the picture that's drawn

Of His character, if you care about the picture at all
With each photo, we show the world depictions of God
In every context they find us- catch us involved
Being normal, being cordial- stitching the raw
Materials of faith and our culture when Christians resolve
That spreading the fame of Christ is our mission of course

(Chorus)