

The Music Makers

VERSE 1

Dialect

See we raid the lost with tenacious flow
We shine our light just like Bruce Leroy's glow
But it aint about a show cause were offering mo
Secular hip-hop's the same it's predictable
With twenty half dressed girls in your video
White Tee's baggy jeans how original
That can't see how they're stuck in a pigeon hole
Cause when you gain the world man you lose your soul
Like a skier when he trips no I ;m on a roll
The world's ore hype than game like the Super bowl
Cause it really don't take much for us to lose control
Like kids did with the High School musical
If you've fallen in the struggle here's what you should know
A sick man refusing medicine unusual
Music's never been the answer we assumed you know
But the wisdom in our lyrics are the tools to grow

Hook

We are the music makers we're making hits for Jesus
We are the music makers Raiderz making hits for Jesus
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VERSE 2

Maddlines

All over the track like a runaway train
you can shoot novacane and still feel the pain
as the lyrics pierce your heart and run through your brain
leave you standing in your sin looking like Eddie Cain
singing, "Nights like this..i wish it woud rain..."
To cover up your tears cuz you can't maintain
as the Holy Spirit convicts your going insane
Cuz now you see the light like Tatu saw the plane
chase after God like Tarzan after Jane
So your life can resemble the Lamb that was slain
in a batte royal of gods, only one will remain

Here's a hint, He's the one with splinters in His blood stains
Raiderz keep it hot like summers in Bahrain
We remove sin like NBA players do big chains
Me and Christ go together like pimps and canes
and I advertise Christ like Jordan does Hanes cuz

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Verse 3

Maddlines

As the music and melodies are rocking your chest
You start to confess by renouncing the flesh
That is in you, what sinful men do you detest
And advance in the Lord, non believers regress
Forward you press pushing past all the mess
Of this world and it's circumstances that bring stress
Are no longer a factor cuz you heard Christ profess
Come to me those who are weary and I'll give you rest

Dialect

Every time I spit Satan get's smacked up
Lyrics hitting demons like Espn's jacked up
Making music while we watch secular cats back up
Or get knocked on your crack by the Lord's Mack truck
See we ride on the track and we're swinging the sword
Because he died for a debt that we couldn't afford
Christ like an umbilical cord
Without him life would be over like if Kramer hosted the Vibe awards

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