Aliens

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Aliens! Strangers in Places, foreign in lands that we are in
Call us peculiar, but know that we are
Aliens! Strangers in Places, foreign in lands that we are in
Call us peculiar, but know that we are
Aliens! Aliens! Strangers in Places, foreign in lands that we are in
Call us peculiar, but know that we are Aliens!

[Verse One]
A - A whole notha kind of folks, kinda slow
But we gotta go cause the world's so Ill
L - Livin' the life and livin' it right
And livin' for Christ and that's real in the field
I- Intelligent but irrelavent without Christ
It's nothing but another sin element
E- Eternal Purpose, without it this earth is dead and worthless
N- Never stop giving Him Props
Giving Him praise now until the end of our days
S- Seek Him and please Him and let the people know that they need Him
Aliens! New Creations, new free agents, ain't signed to sin
What the world do, we don't do
Cause we wanna do what the Lord does; Christ within our system
Listen our mission's the Great Commisssion, we come here to represent Him
That's why we call ourself Christianans, Ha, Let me spit another line
For the Plumbline and the Frontline one time on the front lines
keep holdin' it down for all the pilgrims
All over the world representing for the bloodline

[Chorus]

[Tedashii]
I feel like running through the middle of the campus
With the Gammas dropping hammers, waving banners, saying "JESUS SAVES!"
Bringing together the bretheren in a circle in a cipher
On the corner yellin' "Pass the Phrase!"
Taking heirs of the Kingdom to the field of mission
So they can spill vision to the children missin'
Telling the men in prison
About the "Peace be stiller" "Mr. Rise & Walk" and "Mr. Heal your vision"
Mr. Jesus of Nazareth

Bloodied and beaten and we were the reason for the massacare
For the sin I commit and even when I slip His love is there to grab us up
So as for us, We Hit hoods just like caddilacs
And like James in the Kackalacki
Do things that will make Him Happy
He asks and we do them gladly
We came here as satan's lacky's
Now through Christ I call Him Daddy
He changed us from actin' crappy
Now I'm just a pilgrim passing
I learned that I don't belong
Got new game, new life, new song
Don't fit in? theres nothing wrong, Anti-culture's what I'm on
Royal Priesthood, a chosen one, Rep Him well until He comes
Proposing to people about the propitiation
Pre-paid when Christ died and decided it was done
Preaching to the pushed aside prostitute
Destitute working the block just to feed her son
So if you see us lookin' different dog don't be trippin' just
know that we are ALIENS!

[Chorus]

[Verse Three]
I wish I had a dollar every time I heard em
Holla that I look like seem like talk like them
I blend in til I stand out and shout "Jesus!"
Man I really wanna be like Him
And it's funny, they love me until I speak the truth
And then they say I'm trying salt they game
I gotta do it, I'm the salt of the earth
I eat, breathe, sleep, think, walk, and talk that man
We are not from this planet, we are not from this earth
C.O.G.'s something distinctive bout the way that we work
I never wanna be discredited for editing the elements
Evident of a heaven sent resident
I just wanna represent
Jesus He the way, the holy King, the priest, and the President
I'mma put it in motion, the world loves sin they boastin'
They put it on like some lotion
If you focused you fall for the hocus pocus
And fall tryna gain ya focus, and I ain't Jokin'
We ain't here to play no games we foreigners in new terrain
Here on mission to represent Him and full of biblical amnuition

We aliens!

[Chorus]

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