



Da' T.R.U.T.H.

Urban Missionary • Hip Hop Artist • Minister

www.datruth.net

THE FAITH Song Explanations & Lyrics

Welcome to The Faith

This fiery verse and hook serve as the dramatic introduction to **Da' T.R.U.T.H.'s** 21st-century lyrical epistle—THE FAITH. With the hypnotic delivery of this banger, he welcomes his listeners in **“Welcome to The Faith”** to join him on a journey of depth and height as he—like Jude (Jude 1:3)—chooses to “contend for THE FAITH that was entrusted to the saints. His message: commitment to Christ and His Kingdom are not to be confused with a generally accepted system of beliefs.

Written by Emanuel Lambert, Jr.

Produced by Saint Man for Shaddai Recordings/Supe Management

Recorded by Saint Man at Issachar Studios

Mixed by Jim Bottari for 180db Inc. at The Studio

Published by Emanuel Lambert Jr (SESAC), Noisette John St Jean Jr (ASCAP) and Cross Movement Music & Publishing (SESAC)

Verse

Let's go—I know the culture will
Teach us to be self absorbed
We ain't supposed to be self absorbed
I know we live in America—in the era of the self exhorters

Where the music on the shelf's distorted
And the wealth is sordid
Sure as the locust will fly
Everywhere, we look the focus is I

But we got to say bye—bye why
'Cause in the Kingdom of God
You know, my plus I got to die
Takes more than I to survive

So we stand fortified
Salvation is ours—like four to five
Or six to seven
Got to stick with the brethren

Break bread, pitch tents together
And let's gather
Rather than stand alone
Don't stand a chance if we stand on our own

'Cause we're prone to stray
All affected when a bone is fray
We need each other that's been thrown away
Let's get it back now

Hook

If you're ready to get it going
Everybody in the building says—welcome to The Faith
Where "the" is the definitive article and

God's got men and women with a heart of gold

Welcome to The Faith
Everybody say—welcome to The Faith
Where "the" is the definitive article and
God's got men and women with a heart of gold

Our World

In the gritty and hard-hitting "**Our World**," **Da' T.R.U.T.H.** paints a vivid picture of the distinctions between Hip Hop culture and the Kingdom of God. He boldly states that if the icons and heroes of modern music—Tupac, Biggie and others—are worthy of celebration then the fathers of the faith—the writers of the Bible, John Calvin and Martin Luther—are equally, if not more so, worthy of being celebrated, emulated and embraced.

Written by Emanuel Lambert, Jr.
Produced by Lee Jerkins and David Hackley for RockSoul Entertainment
Mixed and recorded by Jim Bottari for 180db Inc. at The Studio
Published by Emanuel Lambert Jr (SESAC), Soul Rock Music (BMI) and Cross Movement Music & Publishing (SESAC)

Hook

Welcome to our world
No killers, drug dealers
Guerillas, no villains
Christ told us that most of them won't feel us

Welcome to our world
No hustlers, customers
Everybody in the building
Get your hands up with the rest of us

Verse 1

If The Game could give props to Biggie, Pac and Dre
And the whole rap world could give love to "J"
And they could pay homage to Jam Master Jay
And commemorate the heroes that passed away

Then I could proceed with what I have to say
And pay respect to all the godly men that passed The Faith
Yeah, they went ahead of us—now, the path is straight
And died so that we could have life passed the grave

From prophets to the priests—we trace it back to the greats
Take it back to the days when faith had a face
And not just a mouth when the saints grabbed the grace
And I ain't talkin' about the prayer before you pass the plate

I'm talkin' 'bout what taught them to stay fast and trade
The pleasures of this life for Ahaz's hate
Now, I know they "wasn't" perfect but play back the tapes
And history will show how the saints' path was shaped

Hook

Verse 2

People got questions like—how come ya'll don't talk about Martin and Malcolm
But y'all always talkin' 'bout Calvin and Luther
'Cause these are the dudes that introduced us to truth
And the fruit that's produced in us is the outcome

So from now until the day that we die

We'll occupy with the things of God while our mouths run
That's unique to the saints—you know how roots run deep in the faith
Let me explain what I mean

You know I mean what I say
We're following after the pioneers leading the way
Apostles like Paul and others that were labeled the way
It was either all or nothing—there could be no more gray

These were the writers of the Bible we believe in today
I know they're gone but not forgotten—when we read them their sway
Is so strong we say so long to the evil—I pray
That His people would read those leaders and say

Hook

Verse 3

Y'all know we're the legs and feet of the legacy
Predestined to be—before the pregnancy
We're all just a piece of the puzzle—if I could speak for myself
I'm walking in the footprints that were left for me

Now, I know I just quoted one of their poets
But take note—I just stole it to help show them the recipe
How the past and the present—once plastered together
Led up to the path of our destiny

Break

Verse 3 Continues

Since the baton has been passed
We want to write 'em a pass and invite them to our world
Where the mind has been transformed
By the power of Christ

We draw lines in the sand
That would explain the unpopular stance
Like pro-life that wouldn't heighten the chance
Of being liked—do we care—I wouldn't lie to my fans

So, while the wicked sing songs that got them in a trance
We sing songs and hymns like the bottom of your pants
'Cause we're different—we bless those that hate us
While in the West Coast, they say let's load the bangers

Over-dress codes—no dress clothes—we're strangers
Saints in the foreign land—where the best road to fame is
Playing low—praying and saying no
To our fleshly impulses post weighing the pros and cons

We don't close our eyes—we stay sober
So you know we're opposed to wine
Or at least getting drunk—we propose to our wives
And say I do before we close the blinds

No boasting and pride, no boasting in "I"
Pray that you and I would be a poster child
In the Kingdom of God where Christ is Lord
We submit unto the authority—His righteous sword

Life in Christ—otherwise life is a bore
So we abhor evil—that which is a sight for sore eyes

Incredible Christian

With the explosive inspiration of “**Incredible Christian**,” **Da’ T.R.U.T.H.** reminds us that our relationship with God is what makes us incredible. We do not need to measure ourselves by the yardstick of the world and its standards. Using several Biblical illustrations he demonstrates that we live in a backwards Kingdom—God graces the weak, elevates the humble and puts the “strong” to shame.

Written by Emanuel Lambert, Jr.

Produced by Double Dragon

Recorded by Virgil Byrd at Issachar Studios

Mixed by Jim Bottari for 180db Inc. at The Studio

Published by Emanuel Lambert Jr (SESAC), Double Dragon Productions (SOCAN) and Cross Movement Music & Publishing (SESAC)

Verse 1

How could you be so borderline and bored out of your mind
When we're discussing the God that turned water to wine
Yeah, it's probably your diet—they say you are what you eat
There's a lot of stuff I almost ate but couldn't afford to dine

And I thank God that I chose not
A man is wisest when he knows that he knows not—don't, stop
Don't, stop 'cause you're incredible
Just 'cause it's edible, don't mean that you got to eat it man—let it go

'Cause your health is important
In the Kingdom of Heaven, beware of the king's leaven
The faulty views—the movie scenes are giving
Its influence is evil—even on screens brethren

So stand firm—stand firm
Stand close as God's living example—lights on lampposts
Modern day Daniels—great exploits for 'em
Before we invite 'em, we got to inform—now let's show 'em

Hook 2X

That we're incredible—Nat King unforgettable
Every believer better know, we're triumphant
So be strong in your weakness—week out and week in
Grab a buddy—then let 'em know

Verse 2

Big chips—nah, God prefers using the small chips
He loves when the score's 90 to 10 and you just got the ball stripped
He loves when the odds are against you—that's when it all shifts
Your strength for His—when you strip you give

Up all of the pride that's inside of you—so don't clench your fist
Or look at His ways with contempt—strip—just stick to the script
God is using them weak things—like a stick for the split of the Red Sea or the reed
It makes no difference which one it was or when it was it was a miracle switch

Switch—switch over to the Gideonites—ya'll remember Gideon, right
Good man, weak clan—yet, God told Gideon fight
Then God told Gideon to slice—his men down to 300—we want it fair
But God got the glory when the smallest clan smashed the Midianites

That's like the disciples—two fish, five new loaves
Fed thousands through the God who chose
Young David out of His brothers—fighting the giant
Defying the armies of "I Am" with five smooth stones

And a sling—yeah, you know how God do His thing
Using the weak things of the world to put the strong to shame
And that's us—so when the wicked do a song in His name
Don't get it wrong—nah, God is not at all trying to hang

On their coat tails—the people of God boast 'cause their frail
Just because it's big—don't presuppose that that it will
Stay afloat—y'all remember when the ocean was filled
With debris from the Titanic—small boats set a sail

And got people safe to shore—they embraced the oar
I'm done teaching—I'ma erase the board
But before I go, I just want to know that the faith is a paradox
Grab a trumpet and blow—now let's show 'em

Hook

On Duty

In “**On Duty**”—a snappy and hypnotic head-nodder, **Da' T.R.U.T.H.** smashes the fallacy that only the clergy are engaged in full-time ministry. This song is a timely reminder that there is no off-season or downtime in our representation of Christ and His values. Wherever we find our lives we should be actively portraying the character of Christ.

Written by Emanuel Lambert, Jr.
Produced by J.R. for So Hot Productions
Recorded by Virgil Byrd at Issachar Studios
Mixed by Jim Bottari for 180db Inc. at The Studio
Published by Emanuel Lambert Jr (SESAC), Theocentric Music (ASCAP) and Cross Movement Music & Publishing (SESAC)

Hook 2X

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 1

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 to 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

Hook

Verse 2

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

Hook

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

Hook

Legacy

“Legacy” is a passionate and intense tribute to Cassie and Rachel the two young ladies who were martyred taking a heroic stance for Christ at the incident at Columbine High School in 1999. In this song, **Da' T.R.U.T.H.** challenges believers to live for Christ or die trying!

Written by Emanuel Lambert, Jr.
Produced and recorded by Kevin Arthur for Charstar Music at Issachar Studios
Mixed by Jim Bottari for 180db Inc. at The Studio
Published by Emanuel Lambert Jr (SESAC) and Cross Movement Music & Publishing (SESAC)

Intro

This song is a tribute to the families and loved ones of Cassie and Rachel—the two young ladies that were martyred at the incident at Columbine High School in 1999.

Verse 1

Who would have known that a couple of guys from Columbine

Would come from behind—put guns to the spine
Of some innocent people—the teachers, the students
The feet of the teachers are screeching through rooms

The mood has been set by the fear of the villains
The bombs and the threats are by Eric and Dillon
America's villains—generic you're feeling
It is not—it is the plot for a pair that is chilling

In the glorious heavens, standing for Christ in a crisis
I know that it's rare what I'm feeling
Excitement incited—declaring the Pilgrims'
Faith and their fate I'ma share with my children

Cassie and Rachel, the past of the patrons
That passed through the ages in Africa, Asia
The Master that saved you, the laughter, the hatred
Jesus predicted that the masses would hate you

Hook

So, don't think it strange if a change might occur
If it does, are you ready and prepared for the curve
And a turn for the worst—would you fight, would you fall
Would you die for the Christ, that's the price of the call (5X)

Verse 2

Frustrated by the snares and the toils, parents annoy you
Truth of the matter is we're arrogant, spoiled
America's soil has soiled us, sort of
And pastors insist on declaring us royal

And it's true that we are but we take it too far
To the point where we break and we take down the bar
And forsake all the parts of The Faith that are hard
To embrace after all we've outsmarted the martyrs

We race up the charts—if you trace it to the start
You will find that the way to escape from the dark
And your wake is to carve off the weight and the heart
Of the truth, until everybody loves you

Jesus said woe to you old and new saints
That hold a view that you can go through The Faith
With nobody loathing you, that's a view
That you only can hold when your home is the states

Hook

Verse 3

The bones that are picked are the bones that depict
That they combed through their homes with the stones and the sticks
The aromas—a stench—so they rose up against them
At home and at Rome—throwing stones at the Christians

Got a hold of them—gripped them, kicked them, scarred them
Saw them, sawed them—they were thrown in a pit
With the toads and the vermin—I'm rolling the clips
It's urgent the scourges—the groans from the licks

The anger, the stranglers, the hangers, the danger
For all of the Christians that rolled in a clique
Ended up in the teeth of the beast that would feast

On the saints that would preach—they were thrown over cliffs

This is not known to exist in the states
Or the place where the home is just bliss
This song is intense—'cause it's truth
And I'm trying to convince you that no one's exempt

Yet no one's equipped
Got our phones on our clips
Our focus is both on our loans and our cribs
Our fitness—our business has grown in a pinch

Would you fight would you fall
Would you ball up your fist
Would you falter or march to your grave 'cause you're saved
And your life is in Christ and to die is to gain

Would you die in His name
For the rise of His fame
Despising the shame
'Cause you're promised to reign

Go

Inspired by a book entitled *The One Thing We Can't Do In Heaven*, **Da' T.R.U.T.H.** reminds us in “**Go**” that Matthew 28:19-20 is the Great Commission **not** the Great Convenience or Suggestion! He emphasizes the privilege and the responsibility we have to share the Good News of our great God—even in the face of opposition—because the world needs Christ more than we—the church—need to be liked. The chorus is a fun call and response that reminds us of those old school days.

Written by Emanuel Lambert, Jr.
Produced by Official and Da' T.R.U.T.H.
Organ by Dennis Atkinson
Keyboards by Emanuel Lambert, Jr. (Da' T.R.U.T.H.)
Mixed and recorded by Jim Bottari for 180db Inc. at The Studio
Published by Emanuel Lambert Jr (SESAC) and Cross Movement Music & Publishing (SESAC)

Verse 1

Got to get my weight up
Everyday that I wake up
Is another day close to the grave

Now there's a cross that I take up
Everyday that I wake up
It's good just to know that I'm saved

That puts a smile on my face
Just thinking about His grace
I've been saved since five years old

When momma told me to scrape
All the food on the plate
Plus the greatest story that's been told

She taught me John 3:16
By the time I was 16
I was broadcasting my faith

I was telling the good news
I knew that I couldn't lose
Especially if my behavior was straight

'Cause it's one thing to talk
It's another thing to live
Like Christ when you get with your friends

So you can show them how Christ
Can transform a life
In addition to forgiving your sins

Hook

Now if you're standing right here
And you're hearing me loud and clear
And when it comes to the message of Christ

You ain't scared
Let me hear you say—Go!
Come on let me hear you say—Go!

And if your in a good mood
And you know that you can't lose
If you talk to a person

And give them the good news
Let me hear you say—Go!
Let me hear you say—Go!

Verse 2

Sometimes it's beautiful
Other times I'm fuming
When I go to a funeral—why

Because the preacher that's ruling
The pulpit is fooling them
Pulling the wool over their eyes

So now what's a man to think
When in every single case
The preacher boldly exclaims

Though he never claimed to be saved
And he died from aids
That he's still in a better place

Now I leave confused
And the people leave confused
And the family is comforted, but

It's under the false pretense
That once a weekend
Is all that Jesus wants

So you know that it's our job
To open up their eyes
With the truth that's found in the script

So we can't afford to hide
The treasure that's inside
Let's bless the world with this wonderful gift—let's give it to them

Hook

Verse 3

Can't be ashamed

Of going against the grain
Got to pray—lest we fall into sin

You know the sin of not
Speaking the truth in the word of God
'Cause you're afraid of losing a friend

Now if you saw your friend
About to get hit by a car
You would run and push them out of the way

Because you love him
You would shove him
To keep the taker from shoveling that brown dirt over his grave

Now if you would go to great lengths
To save a man's life
'Cause you don't want to see them die on the road

Then tell me how much more
Should you tell him about the Lord
Because you care about the state of his soul

Now there is so much more
That I really wanted to say
But I chose to keep it simple and light

So keep teaching—keep preaching
The world they need Jesus
Much more than we need to be liked

Hook

Turn You Around featuring Shabach

Da' T.R.U.T.H. teams up with blazing newcomer and New York native Shabach to encourage you—the listener—to let God “**Turn You Around.**” This song will make you dance as you celebrate the transforming, sanctifying work of the Holy Spirit in your life.

Written by Emanuel Lambert, Jr., N. S. Mapp and Marcus Gray
Produced by David Lee Arrington for JJ Production, Official and Da' T.R.U.T.H.
Mixed and recorded by Jim Bottari for 180db Inc. at The Studio
Published by Emanuel Lambert Jr (SESAC), Eulines Keys Publishing (ASCAP), Cross Movement Music & Publishing (SESAC) and JEH J Publishing (ASCAP)

Verse 1

I'm like Isaiah—I got my eyes way up
Fixed on the person of Christ when I weigh up
Him against my personal life
My prayer becomes change me beneath the top layer

Now, not later
Why—why wait up
Don't you want to be like Him now—huh player

Don't you want more than a form of godliness
So it's more than obvious that the Lord is not playing
Yeah, I know you like to match
So fresh so clean—hair right in tact

Fresh pair of blue jeans
Not an ounce of fat
But I hope you got a life to match
Get back

Hook 2X

Before Christ no change in me
But since Christ there's a change in me—let Him turn you around
I'm not the man that I used to be
Don't think like I used to think—let Him turn you around

Verse 2

I used to get high in a room at high noon
But I now spit for the most high on iTunes
See how our different lives come together—it so cool
To do it with a dude that didn't shoot a chrome tool

I remember them days I was anti-social
Configuring a plan to get your auntie's social
But as young man you could say I was postal
Doing dirt in the hood? Everybody's supposed ta'

I used to think: "God only helps those who help themselves"
I translated that—to helping myself to wealth
Everybody had a hustle and mine was money
40-grand on a Rolley—yeah, crime was money

When the law came around talking time and punny
People nick' an' diming it for me suddenly they got funny
You know—sin was my name stitched in the headrest
But Christ bled then He rose from the bedrest

Switched everything I listened to in headsets
Transformed and reborn with a dead flesh—YES

Hook

Verse 3

OH—we are not the norm
Transformed and we can't shake the eyes of the Lord
Pants on—no entertaining or watching porn
Even when behind them doors in our college dorms

NO—we are not the same
Inside it's God—no locks and chains
Don't smoke, don't drink—our minds are changed
We don't write, 'cause we like the fame—NO

We write for the right reasons
You got it right—we do right for the right reasons
And that's to bring glory to Christ
We ain't gotta take Maury's advice—we consult with the Lord

You know we walk with the Lord
And actually like to talk to the Lord—it's our daily bread
Ever since He walked through the door
And erased sin like chalk on the board—it's been on

Hook

Civilian

The tension of the Christian life is made palpable in the bass heavy, rocker "**Civilian**" which encourages believers to reorient their focus from the things that are seen to the things that are unseen. While acknowledging our need to occupy until He comes, **Da' T.R.U.T.H.** exhorts the Church not to be preoccupied with the cares of this life and entangled in the worlds system—thereby rendering us ineffective in our productivity for the kingdom.

Written by Emanuel Lambert, Jr.
Produced by Nab for So Hot Productions
Music recorded by Nab at The Studio
Vocals by Marcus Gray (Flame)
Guitar by John McGlinchey
Mixed and vocals recorded by Jim Bottari for 180db Inc. at The Studio
Published by Emanuel Lambert Jr (SESAC), Absolute Truth Music (ASCAP) and Cross Movement Music & Publishing (SESAC)

Hook 2X

I'm a civilian—
My feet are planted
I'm on this planet
But cannot get too attached to this life

'Cause I'm a pilgrim—
And so I'm building
Fulfilling the great commission
My eyes are fixed on the Christ

Verse 1

We on a roll
Tonic told me to write from my soul
And not to think about the reviews
Or the albums I sold

And so I did that
Laid back, prayed, got my focus right
Thought about what the culture needs
Not just what the culture likes

Thought about the youth of the church
And got depressed like
Man, they only want what they see
Look at their appetites

They only crave
For what satisfies for the moment
They can't see past their noses
Ain't thinking about the afterlife

Man, they don't want God
They want 50 Cent
They don't even want Christian rappers
At least not if he spends

Most of his time on stage
Bragging about God and His ways
They really want
The gods of this age

And so they're bored
When they sit in church
You see them slumped in their seats—half asleep
Simply ignoring the literature

They want the counterfeit
Like forging a signature
Man, they don't care
About the Lord and His worth—'cause

Hook

Verse 2

I get so tired
Of reading men in the Bible
Then coming up for air
Looking around—I can't find nobody like them

Sister girl's eye is on
Buying the next item
Ya'll know we're in the age
Where idleness is an idol

Man, we need revival
Ambassador told me
To meet him in the kitchen
'Cause dude, look at their diet

It's sweets all week long
And I ain't talking about junk food
I'm talking about
What they're really desiring

Xbox®, videos
Girls paint their pretty toes
You know the type
That can't fall asleep till the city dozes

Slaves to their cell phones
Radios
Or maybe over a friend's
Watching Ray Liotta on HBO

My generation can't be still
Or sit calm
They skip Psalms
To go to the bedroom and watch sitcoms

Now, I know
That we exist in a tension
I just wish
that we would switch our affection—I know the fight

Hook

Verse 3

Ever since the advent
Of the steam engine
Man, it almost seems like
Yahweh lost the redeemed's interest

To iPods, Internet
Our God's infinite
Kids ain't a bit impressed
Parents don't get it yet

And some of our pastors don't get it yet
Man, they think it's enough
If the kids are getting crunked
So they keep throwing skate parties and concerts

So, the kids know P. Diddy and Fonzworth
But nothing about God's worth
And that's a problem Houston
Let's not confuse it—part of God's solution is

The older scooping the younger up
Hoping to produce a hunger
For righteousness in their souls
Discipleship is the goal

I pray that the generation
That likes to listen to Hov
Would turn to the Lord Jesus Christ
To lift up their souls

Above the surface
I pray we would know His worth
And prefer the things of God
Over what is bound to the earth

Hook

Stand featuring Flame and Lecrae

In “**Stand,**” **Da’ T.R.U.T.H.** goes down south and gets crunk with label-mates Lecrae and Flame. Together, they call believers all over the world to take a stand for Christ. It is intended to encourage the Christian community to be steadfast, unmovable and unwavering in their faith even if the cost is their reputation and popularity.

Written by Emanuel Lambert, Jr., Marcus Gray and Lecrae Moore

Produced by Official

Recorded by Official at Issachar Studios

Mixed by Jim Bottari for 180db Inc. at The Studio

Published by Emanuel Lambert Jr (SESAC), Le Crae Moore (BMI) and Cross Movement Music & Publishing (SESAC)

Hook

We gotta live it—oh
If we don't live it—oh
Than who's gonna live it—oh
Stand for the truth—shorty

We gotta walk it—oh
If we don't walk it—oh
Than who's gonna walk it—oh
Stand for the truth—wodie

We gotta say it—oh
If we don't say it—oh
Than who's gonna say it—oh
Stand for the truth—dirty

We gotta live it—oh
If we don't live it—oh
Than who's gonna live it—oh
Stand for the truth, now

Verse 1

Get it up, get it in, get it out
Don't sit on it—we know it's hard
Trying to rap for Jesus, believe us
From the block to the hood to the yard

You feel like Noah—huh
You tryin' to hold it down
But when you stop and look around
No one solid to be found

WAIT—don't grow weary man
Listen close and hear me man
I know you feel alone
In your zone or your city man

But, all across the globe
Christians are getting it on
Stand for the truth
Though it feels like you're standing alone

STAND—Grow in grace and reason
PREACH—In and out of season
CHRIST—Crucified
Even if we get martyred like Steven

PRAY—for a faithful crew
RAISE—up a faithful few
Know we in this together
Pray for us as we pray for you

LOOK, what you feelin', we feelin' but keep on buildin'
'Cause God is into revealing His glory using His children
Sometimes it's lonely but know that you ain't the only one
Standing up for the truth and anticipating the HOLY One!

Hook

Verse 2

Begin blazing the trail if you can look and see 'em sitting on the job
Consistently dissing the God that done saved us from hell
Be standing examples with answers for seekers seeking salvation
Or sinners who swamped in the sin from circular situations

It's sad—I noticed you're weary—it's clearly a time to reflect
On the cross of the Christ in spite of how many times they reject
You've got fam in Dallas, Texas and fam in St. Louis
And fam that's in Philadelphia standing in this confusion

We brothers in love with the lover who loved us enough to embrace us
The least we can do is just stand in they face and then take it

The face of temptation the face of persecution
So face it we made it—just continue to stand and be suited

Because the Lamb has included
People like us to carry the truth and share in the truth in a land that's polluted
In extreme measures, take pleasure in what the Father has done
Don't get weary in well doing if you in the Son

Hook

Verse 3

I'm not a quitter
I'm a fighter
I'ma fight since Elijah was taken high up
On a mountain of fire

Man—I'm inspired to stand
I take pride in my camp
Stay quiet—I can't
Pray private and clandestine

My plan is stay biased—the chance
To take I Am and champion His views
Man—it's so beautiful that
I pray, why is it scant
It ain't wisest to plant before plucking the root

Take Jeremiah for example
No punches were pulled
Saints rise up and stand
Don't plunge in the pool

A blatant, obvious stance
On state college campuses
Make a lot of them tense
So what, you ain't cool

Stand firm in the faith
You can't swerve when they shake
You with questions that are hard
To answer in debates

The standard has been raised
Seven thousand ain't bowed to Baal
Man—get your hands up
If you don't follow the crowd

2 is Better featuring J.R.

In “**2 is Better**,” **Da' T.R.U.T.H.** teams up with label-mate J.R. to affirm the power of a Biblical community. Individualism has become pervasive in our churches. The Christian community has become comfortable with going through life without any accountability, discipleship or gathering outside of Sunday morning worship and weekly bible studies. We have become content with being isolated. The scriptures, however, teach us the importance of spending time with and building one another up. This song is intended to bring that back into focus.

Written by Emanuel Lambert, Jr. and Courtney Peebles
Produced by Double Dragon
Co-produced by Da' T.R.U.T.H.
Recorded by Virgil Byrd at Issachar Studios
Bass by Norwood S. Long III
Guitar by Matthew Kay

Rhodes Piano by Irvin Washington
Additional string arrangement by Irvin Washington
Mixed by Jim Bottari for 180db Inc. at The Studio
Published by Emanuel Lambert Jr (SESAC), Theocentric Music (ASCAP), Double Dragon Productions (SOCAN)
and Cross Movement Music & Publishing (SESAC)

Hook

I need you and you need me
We need each other
So let's agree—I'm not complete
The truth is I need you

Verse 1

Two is better than one—you know that three is a cord
Let's get together and rally around the things of the Lord
Monday, Tuesday—after leaving the doors
Of the church house—when church is out we got a reason to form

A gathering—rather than shooting a breeze at the shore
Our pattern should be gathering to put our knees to the floor
Wednesday, Thursday—this is our season to forfeit
Some of our leisure time just to see Him perform

The wonderful works of our God got to be seated before
Him—I'm talking about community life where we can be strong
That's where we build each other up—because we in a war
And we're scooping the younger saints—just to see them mature

The discipline of discipleship should not be seen as a chore
Even though we (are) seeing them yawn, they seem to be bored
We've been interdependent beings, since seeds to be born
And isolation is not something that we can afford—we need each other

Hook

Verse 2

Before we're found in a hearse—you know we can't be bound to the earth
Now, I know this is kind of home—so I'm sounding berserk
But what I mean is if we're balanced—just as round as the earth
That we can have some casual talk but expound on His worth

Friday—Yahweh gives the power to shirk
The temptation of being idle after hours of work
In the library, my prayer is that we browse through and search
For our spiritual brothers and sisters—blouses and shirts

New friends, new family—gather around the church
Break bread, drink juice or wine and dine as a certain
Way to symbolize our bond as a body—our first
Priority is to love God and out of it's birthed

An affection for one another—we're to challenge and spur
Each other on to love and good deeds—admonishments, hurts
Now cut the superficial talk—let's get down to the dirt
And really help each other change—like what's down in your purse

Hook

Verse 3

Let's greet with a kiss—symbolizing that the breach has been bridged
Multicultural fellowships are distinctive and since
The Roman soldiers drove nails into His feet and His wrists

You know the walls that separated us have ceased to exist

Yes, yes—now there's peace in the midst
And family life is the only way that believers consist
'Cause we can sharpen one another read Ephesians the fifth
Chapter let's sit after service just to sing and uplift—we need each other

Bridge

Other, other—brother, brother
Sister, sister—family
Together, together—as one, as one
Let love, let love—knit our hearts

Conversations Interlude featuring Keran & LaTia

Da' T.R.U.T.H. lays back with the R&B flavored “**Conversations.**” It's a smooth and melodious reminder that the place of power is found in the lifestyle of prayer. In a world where it's easy to get entangled in the web of activity, he encourages us to be like Mary who clearly understood the importance of withdrawing to a lonely place and sitting at the feet of Christ.

Written by Emanuel Lambert, Jr.
Produced by David Lee Arrington for JJ Production
Vocals and vocal arrangements by Keran Sabir and LaTia Johnson (formerly S.O.U.L.)
Additional vocal arrangements by Emanuel Lambert, Jr. (Da' T.R.U.T.H.)
Mixed and recorded by Jim Bottari for 180db Inc. at The Studio
Published by Emanuel Lambert Jr (SESAC), Cross Movement Music & Publishing (SESAC) and JEH J Publishing (ASCAP)

Conversations featuring Keran & LaTia

Written by Emanuel Lambert, Jr.
Produced by Official
Co-produced by Kevin Arthur for Christar Music
Vocals and vocal arrangements by Keran Sabir and LaTia Johnson (formerly S.O.U.L.)
Recorded by Kevin Arthur at Issachar Studios
Mixed by Jim Bottari for 180db Inc. at The Studio
Published by Emanuel Lambert Jr (SESAC) and Cross Movement Music & Publishing (SESAC)

Hook

When we talk to you
We know you're present Lord
We want to bring you pleasure Lord
We need to be with you

Oh, yes, we know you're present Lord
We want to bring you pleasure Lord
We need to be with you
When we talk to you

Verse 1

We can't believe you're mindful of us
You're God and we're well we're reminded we're dust
Got to seek your face
We're gonna go and meet the Father in the secret place

We're His family, man
It's so clear that Yahweh's a family man
So even if you're in Japan
We all talk at the same time like a family plan

He already knows what we need
We talk plain man—we ain't got to fall on our knees

When you stressed—you ain't got to blow on them trees
Just rest in Him—yeah, go on and breathe

Talk to God today
It's only one God that can hear what you say
Yahweh God divides night from day
So go on and talk—He provided a way

Hook

Verse 2

Can we talk for a while
Since you gave us the right to be called your child
We converse like friends
With the freedom of speech like the first amendment

We ain't gotta talk all bougie
Kick slang in His presence in a pair of them blue jeans
He's God man, He don't be having no mood swings
But, He's more than a friend—He's the Lord who rules things

We communicate with the King
Go boldly man—we ain't got to wait in the wings
With access to His throne in a zone
Up the front and back steps of his home

'Cause we (are) home—so close He interprets our groans
Well known—so we ain't got to pick up the phone
Nah—no we ain't got to pick up the phone
We can talk to Him corporately or go all alone man and it's on

Verse 3

We got to bow the knees of our hearts
You know the daily grind is a reason to start
The day in His presence—so even when it's dark
We must be eager to pray—ignore the reasoning of Martha

That's the only part that's important
And necessary for us to keep at the forefront
We want to keep full the cup that we pour from
So we talk to the Father through Jesus the Lord's Son—that's awesome

Hook

Teacher?

Paul told us that there are many teachers but not many fathers. Many of today's teachers are the icons of popular culture—rappers, singers...celebrities—and their ideas and behaviors are shaping the values of our current generation. **“Teacher?”** implores **Da' T.R.U.T.H.'s** listeners to examine who is providing the philosophy, blueprint or lens that they are using. “Is it Jesus Christ, the assigned teacher or Satan the substitute?”

Written by Emanuel Lambert, Jr.
Produced by Lee Jerkins and David Hackley for RockSoul Entertainment
Mixed and recorded by Jim Bottari for 180db Inc. at The Studio
Published by Emanuel Lambert Jr (SESAC), Soul Rock Music (BMI) and Cross Movement Music & Publishing (SESAC)

Song used courtesy of RockSoul Entertainment from the evangelistic CD, The Antidote
www.rocksoulentertainment.com.

Hook 2X

Who's been teaching you
Who's been reaching you
Come over here
God's people want to speak to you

Who's been schooling you
Hope they ain't fooling you
It's too late to wait till the wake
Or the funeral

Verse 1

We say no to godlessness
Hasn't the grace been given
Haven't we plugged into God
Who's got major wisdom

When we pray—yeah
We pray for wisdom to make decisions
As we copy Christ like plagiarism
Blameless Christians—we weren't made to fit in

This world wasn't made to live in
It's kind of like a vacation spot—truly
Satan's plot is to fill the world with things
That leave you empty like a vacant lot

This world is cruel—thugs hate the cops
Your hate for God is why you're doing wrong
Don't try to blame your pops
You got a point—he didn't have to forsake the house

And leave you in charge when all you had
Was money from your paper route
Now you sell—thugs trying to take you out
Christ's trying to take you out

But when He speaks—it's like you duct tape His mouth
Can't fake Him out—God over Jacob's house
Come on and learn
What doin' it for Christ's sake's about

Hook 2X

Verse 2

Who's been teaching you
Is it Jesus Christ the assigned teacher or Satan the substitute
Who's teaching you how to love your boo
And cultivate healthy family relationships like the Huxtables

Who's teaching you purpose and life—how to submerge in the light
Going from a pervert at night to a servant of Christ and
Telling you and you and why you exist
Are they telling you how to submit to God—and do more than just honor lips

Who's teaching you
What it means to be a man
And giving you future insight
Is it the dude or the woman that's reading your hand

Or reading your palm—who's your teacher
You been reading the Psalms

Learning some hymns—learning from Him
Who brings seas to a calm

If not
Then your teacher is wrong
Come let Jesus inform you
Lest, you have an eternal reason to mourn

If not
Then your teacher is wrong
Come let Jesus inform you
Lest, you have an eternal reason to mourn

Hook 2X

Verse 3

God wants you to learn from Him
But, leave your pencil at home
'Cause only the blood of Jesus Christ
Can erase your sin

He's the teacher
Your heart's the chalkboard
That's what His law's on
Pointing you to the cross for redemption baby

Your heart's dark—charcoal
He's scanning like barcodes
Question is will you be present
When He calls roll

'Cause if you're not next to Him
You gotta repent
He said come learn of me
That's in the context of sin

God accepting men (enroll now)
Your tuition is paid
You'll pass you from death to life
Like skippin' a grade

Why you think He let them spit in His face
And brutally murder Him
So, you and God could sit in the shade
And be cool like in the garden again

Jesus will pardon your sin
Trust me dog—Satan is hardly your friend
I write rhymes—I do my part with my pen
Eagerly anticipating glory, dog—that's when the party begins

Hook 2X

The Portrait (Da Vinci Code Snapshots)

“**The Portrait**” is **Da' T.R.U.T.H.'s** response to fallacies spread in Dan Brown's bestseller *The Da Vinci Code*. It asks a very simple question—“In which Christ do you believe?” There are many images of Christ in popular culture but there is only one Christ that is God in the flesh who qualifies as the savior of the sin sick world.

Written by Emanuel Lambert, Jr.
Produced by Kevin Arthur for Christar Music
Recorded by Kevin Arthur at Issachar Studios

Keyboards by Dennis Atkinson
Mixed and vocals recorded by Jim Bottari for 180db Inc. at The Studio
Published by Emanuel Lambert, Jr. (SESAC) and Cross Movement Music & Publishing (SESAC)

Verse 1

Was Christ really buried—is there a chance
That He really married Mary and fled over to France
Did they really find His bones with a fine tooth comb
Or did He walk out of His tomb to His throne

Was He God—was He not
Was He alive when they dropped Him in a tomb
Did He swoon—was He moved
Was He removed by delusional dudes that refused to believe in the truth

Were they fools
Were the disciples hallucinating was the truth evaded
'Cause they wanted to boost His ratings

Did the Catholic church from the Vatican
Work at keeping the bag of dirt under the rug
Was he God from above
If He was do you blink, do you shrug, do you hate do you love (2X)

Hook

Christ on the poster
Christ of the culture
Christ on the stain glass
Christ of the future

Christ on the video
Christ on the radio
The Christ of Da Vinci
What does he really know

Christ on award shows
Christ that Lord knows
Christ that's sure to come back in His war clothes
In which Christ do you believe
You gotta know before you leave

Verse 2

Yes he did arrive, yes He was alive
No—he wasn't married never had any wives
Yes—He did rise, days after He died
What can I say—yes He is God!

From the womb to the tomb
To His throne nobody in Rome could hold on to His bones
'Cause there were no bones to be held though His bones were beheld

Who would have known
It was Jehov on the DL, providing forgiveness
Our lives are offensive
He died to put you and I in a friendship with himself

Pain is felt
When the glorious gospel is exchanged for wealth
Forget about how the spades were dealt
And think about how you measure up when weighed on the scale

One Lord
One faith I plug
One Lord
One Christ, one judge

Hook

Whose Team?

“**Whose Team?**”—a controversial, gritty, rock-flavored track—is **Da’ T.R.U.T.H.’s** clarion call for believers caught in the cross-hairs of celebrity and Christ-centered living to make their choice clear. He boldly reminds sinner and saint alike that contrary to popular opinion, choosing God is not merely acknowledging His existence, attending church service or dedicating a song to Him. It is total surrender and submission to His Lordship.

Written by Emanuel Lambert, Jr.
Produced by Irvin Washington for EndTyme Productions
Co-produced by Da’ T.R.U.T.H.
Music Recorded by Irvin Washington at EndTyme Studios
Vocals Recorded by DJ Essence at Issachar Studios
Bass by Norwood S. Long III
Drums by Emanuel Lambert, Jr. (Da’ T.R.U.T.H.)
Keyboards by Irvin Washington
Mixed by Jim Bottari for 180db Inc. at The Studio
Published by Emanuel Lambert Jr (SESAC), Irvin Washington (ASCAP) and Cross Movement Music & Publishing (SESAC)

Verse 1

Jesus—the God of the Bible
Died on the cross
All in the name of love
Like Diana Ross

Chicks are dyeing their hair
And dudes are dying to floss
I’m dying to see Christ
The I Am acquire the lost

I’m not quiet at all—no
This planet’s a giant
Ask King David
This giant will fall

Just because we can’t see God
Like the wires in the wall
Don’t mean that He ain’t coming back
With a thunderous blow

People who keep their eyes on the cross
Will rise and applaud
The king
Plus dine in His hall

I know we like to think
That deceased rappers will
Do the same thing
But trust me dog—the media is lying to ya’ll

They ain’t never make a profession of faith
And you can tell by their diet
They ain’t have nothing
But death on they plate

We got the right to be skeptics
And wait
To see fruit that remains
Before we label cats receptors of grace

Hook

Me and my dudes are so confused about
Whose team you on—Satan's or God's
Please just make up your mind
If it is God's then it should be known

Me and my dudes are so confused about
Whose team you on—Satan's or God's
Please just make up your mind
If it is God's then it should be known

Verse 2

That won't suffice—I'll roll the dice
Place my bets on the King who must control your life
Respect His preferences over your own
That's impossible with an album full of moaning and groans

And the promotion of wrong—most of your songs
Are just as foul as it gets—as wild as it gets
People, they follow your steps
How hollow is this—talking model chicks and bottles of Kris

And out of your lips
Same lips you try to convince us
That though your music is foul
God's behind your success

No—that's a misnomer
God hates your music
He's not a schizophrenic
Really, it makes no difference

How you try to explain
That your heart ain't the same
As the stuff that you're saying
See, your heart's the problem and your mouth's the problem
You can't appease the wrath of God with a gospel album—no

Or a gospel song—'cause if you could
Then that would mean that God is wrong
And God is not, God is right—but God is longsuffering and kind
That's the only reason God's prolonged His judgment

If you loved Him, you would keep His commandments
Winter, Spring, Summer, Fall
And even in famine
You need to examine you

Don't presume that your His
Just because you went to church when you was a kid
Jesus Christ is zooming the lens on your heart
You got a point—only God could judge you and your friends

Hook

Verse 3

I'm addressing the issue in the music business
You right, only God can judge you—but He uses Scripture
The music that you producing man, it moves your listeners'
Views further away from God which proves the distance between you and him

Yeah, we saw you on the VMA Awards thanking the Lord
But your fruit is missing
You got your spoon in the pudding
But the proof is missing

You know it's sad when the public is like—dude's a Christian
Man, she's a Christian—she was just in the music video with a weave and lipstick
Half naked with her tummy showing—teasing men
Doing a bunch of seductive dances—pleasing senses

Please don't be senseless to think that Jesus is involved with that
Nah—He's holy man and He won't change His mind
He doesn't change with the times
And He only hangs with the saints that are staying in line

With His word and His person—it's only vain for you to pay your 10%
Attend and sit in a church service
Apart from a heart it's all worthless—it's purposeless
Your work is in vain—you should be nervous

But you not—you think He's blessing your sin
Just because your bank account is excessive in cents
Plus success is a cinch—don't get it twisted
His kindness should provoke you to confess and repent

Turn from your wickedness
Turn from your idols to God
Burn them up in the sight of the flock
Learn from Bible the odds of you losing are zip

All to gain—we ain't all the same.

Hidden Track: They

A modern-day Psalm 73, **“They”** expresses the musings of Christians truly battling to find contentment in a culture that contradicts their calling and Christ. Throughout Scripture and the annals of history we see the disparity between the pleasure-filled lives of the wicked and the pursuit of godliness for the saints. **Da' T.R.U.T.H.** takes the time to remind us that while the wicked may have their day of fun in the sun, we will have an eternity filled with joy forevermore.

Written by Emanuel Lambert, Jr.

Produced by Official

Mixed and recorded by Jim Bottari for 180db Inc. at The Studio

Published by Emanuel Lambert Jr (SESAC) and Cross Movement Music & Publishing (SESAC)