





① In Stereo

Yo c'mon check it
Hear out this tight spit
This beat'll hit hard
Like smack dab hard yo
Imma make it clear
stick it in your ear
what I'm all about
No dirt / flat-out

Imma let it shyn
Just like the sun
imma let it shyn
it's only begun

Imma play it in
ster-e-er-eol
Imma play it til
Everybody knows!

② Wangsta Sexy

Wangsta sexy
Yeah I'm back & wack!
Wangsta sexy
Yeah I'm off the track!

Yo I'm back & wack
so wacker than crack
I got platinum chains
Locked on these pains
Gotta be restrained
or I'll freak insane
I lock and hold 'em
Like I already know 'em
Why y'all do it?
'Cause it gives me grit
God keeps me sexy
so He reflects eh?
Show 'em how He rokks
With these Electroshockks
in case y'all forgot
We're all pretty hott

He made y'all hott
say He did not?
He made ya: His pic
He didn't make sick
smack hott that way
Yeah you're okay
if y'all could see this
We'd all feel a bliss

I'm a hardco' rapper
Electroshockk zapper!
spit out the news
without any snooze
I fight agony
Despite tragedy
I roll with the Bible
For God's reliable
Don't need to change
My face long-range
I'm a picture of God
Fly as a hott rod
Gave my face to me
so I can shyn like a CD
I'm a reflection
of His own perfection

sippin' on coke
even when I'm broke
Rokkin' with J.C.
'Cause now I'm free

③ Rokk 'n' Roll 'n' Rap

Rokk 'n' Roll 'n' Rap
Oh yeah!
Rokk 'n' Roll 'n' Rap
Oh baby!

They call me "White Boy"
They say I can't rap
But I shake it off
I ain't goin' soft
say whatcha want saps
I rap for reason

spit raps for God
show He ain't a fraud
He knew I'd like this
Rappin' these flows
spittin' out rhymes
Like 'em New York times
so all you old saps
Listen up y'all
Come feel the Church POW
Let the beat bang now!

Take a first shot
Take the next shot
Take a third shot
And take a fourth shot
One / two / three
Four from me
Never gonna stop
Til I rock the beat

Imma play it hard
Don't care whatcha say
The fame ain't mine
It ain't my shyn
Yo it's for God
And J.C.'s piercings
How He died for us
'Cause He loved us
God loves everyone
As much as His son
Yeah so radical
Right? sabbaticall
Don't need to earn it
Already got it
Now you got how
Let the beat bang now!

④ Shawty's Got Style

C'mon shortie rokk like this
C'mon shortie rokk like this
C'mon shortie rokk like this
Shawty's got style

C'mon shorty rokk like this
Don't fret / they'll all witness
Yeah move how you like it miss
Give yourself a freaky bliss
Yo girl give this thing a chance
God never said you couldn't dance
Get yourself into a freak trance
Move into your favourite stance
It's time to jump / Par-tay!!!
Break 'em rules like "it's okay"
Chill 'round the place as you may
Dance on 'em tables as they say
Move like at the discotech
Down like you don't gotta sec
The moves you don't gotta check
'cause you already gotta deck

Party as in heaven
All day / All seven
Heaven is a party
Just for anybody

Shorty got your own style
You know it's so worthwhile
Can't buy it on the dance aisle
Or download your "moves" file
Girl you're so original
Heartbeat so critical
Yeah we must be on patrol
To check if you lose control
Nope we don't wanna lose you
Not that your freak's so new
You don't need strange brew
To know what to dance to
No don't need to get all drunk
Or get high and use that junk
Don't need that to get crunk
'cause we got soda in the trunk

⑤ Encor3

God's thunder bumpin' the danceflo'
Amazin' / His voice and His sound
Shinning brightness / yo that's God
Across the coloured danceflo'

God's thunder tympanic
God's thunder symphonic
Bravo yeah! Bravo yeah!
All angels shout "Encor3!

In awe before the glory
In awe before 'em beate
Stand at attention!
Dress your best to honour Him!

It sets the disco lights flashin'
A rave dance / so whirlin'
The beatz shake off 'em light's beams
We get down and scream "GLORY!"

God thunders / the club shakes
He makes everyone shake
God's thunder spits fire
Like a rokk 'n' roll choir!

It's an Encor3!

⑥ ElectroShockk

People all get up as I reckoned
All at 3.2 seconds
They all go to the same obelisk
No no they are never mixed
They are always in the same formation
As if they are a nation
They walk exactly in their footsteps
They avoid any mess-ups

Monotonous and stable
People don't venture or label
But it seems right to all
No characterization at all

There is no night or day
The sun knows no other way
The sun stays still in the sky
The multitude is only shy
That is the understanding of their silence
And why they will never commence
There are no cliques or classes
They'll never separate from their masses

People in one fixed line
Constantly moving forward
Just like static it is the same
There is no diversity in the city
suddenly one chooses to stop!
All plummet to the ground
The fire is now freezing!
And ice is now burnt!
People all stare at the individual
For the first time a person speaks to him
"You have shattered glass
Melted all the metals
Sent an Electroshockk
And shifted all of us
You have created something new
You have started a revolution!"

You have started a revolution
You have started a revolution
Take it down! Take it down!
started a revolution!





TRY OUR NEW FRESH CRUNK ENERGY.
IT'S THE HOTTEST NEW THANG. JUST IMAGINE
COMBINING YOUR MUSIC LIFE WITH A DRANK.
YOU CAN GET IT AT CONCERTS, NEARBY CLUBS, AND
EVEN AT YOUR BEST FRIEND'S HOUSE. IT'LL MAKE YOU
FEEL SO FLY, THAT YOU WILL THINK YOU'LL HAVE WINGS

⑦ Reel Crunk

This that Reel Crunk!
Want that? Well hollaback!
This that slam dunk!
Want that? Well hollaback!

Yo holla that back
If you want that Crunk!
Yo holla that back
If you want that junk!

Yo it's ACP freax
With all 'em crunk techniquez
I ignore all haters
All different flavours
Suckas may not play it
But I'm gonna say it
Jesus is my homeboy
Who rokks the club / enjoy!

Getcha fists up! What?!
Getcha fists up! What?!
Getcha crunk on! Ohh!
Getcha crunk on! Ohh!

We don't need no booze
To get us all loose
We don't need no goose
To use as an excuse

People try to be us
Try gettin' fly like us
But they get sex and drugs
To smokin' with 'em thugs
They try all 'fly makers'
But find they're all 'fakers'
Just one can keep us fly
And He's right above the sky

If you wanna feel fly
Lift your hands to the sky!
If you wanna feel fly
This that Reel Crunk!
If you wanna feel fly
Lift your hands to that Guy!
If you wanna feel fly
This that Reel Crunk!

⑧ Still Fly

Think you can take this?
Think you can take this?
Think you can take this
Awa-a-a-ay?!
Think you can break me?
Think you can break me?
Think you can break like
Tha-a-a-at?!
Well girl think again
I stand like a pin
I won't break and fall
Down down down down!
God has a plan for me
He stands like a tree
And He won't let me fall
Down down down down!

Don't you worry
'Cause I'm still fly
Don't you worry
'Cause I'm still fly
It's a break up
But I'm alright
It's a break up
Yeah it's all right

I don't understand
I don't understand
I don't understand
Yo-o-o-ov!
Take what you want girl
Take what you want girl
Take what you want like
Tha-a-a-at!
I'll stay in God's love
Which comes from above
I won't break and fall
Down down down down!
God keeps me still fly
He will never die
And He won't let me fall
Down down down down!

⑨ Drama Llama

You think I can't see through ya
You think you're so chic
Sorry to disappoint ya
But you're a drama freak
Freak about this / freak about that
Ya gotta clean up your act
Bring the drama attack
You know it's a fact

You better cut the drama
Ya worse than yo mama

You're such a drama llama
You know that it's true
You're such a drama llama
Don't play me a fool

When I don't see to ya
You think you're at life's end
Sorry to disappoint ya
But it seems you're wrong again
You arn't the center
Of the universe
Anytime you enter
It's more like a curse

You think you know everything
You Mrs. Know it all
Well I could tell you something
That you ain't quite tall
Girl you're killing everyone
Can't you hear them scream?
Girl tell me when you're done
Oh mighty drama queen
I'm tired of your attitude
It really makes me sick
Do you have to be so rude?
It's starting to make me tick
Quit the drama girl
For goodness sake!
Cut the drama girl
Our lives are at stake!





⑩ No Sex Tonight Baby

I'm up in the club / so fly
Watchin' this girl groove
She wasn't at all shy
So she made her move
"DJ are you lonely?
I'm a hott sexy mix
I ain't no slow phony
I can give a quick fix"

Whoa girl! Heck no
You won't touch me so!
For dough or for free
I still won't agree

No sex tonight baby
I'm not your sex toy
No sex tonight baby
I ain't at all coy
No sex tonight baby
I'm not your sex toy
No sex tonight baby
It won't bring Him joy

I'm up in the club / sober
Watchin' the girls drunk
So much cold shots / burr
They have already sunk
In which God made perfect
Their bodies now damaged
Even though they're wrecked
They can still be bandaged

Yo it's me with the "Pow"
Rappin' 'bout what's now
About the sex problems
And how to solve 'em
Yeah it's tearin' relations
In a million fractions
It's cuttin' some's self-esteem
And is worse than it seems

If you're one of those people
And you're gettin' low on diesel
Don't give up from that dagger
You can still live on with swagger
I made this mistake before
It still lives in me as a sore
Ask God / He keeps me crunk
He helps me live past that junk

⑪ The Last Song (feat. Gold Lion)

I'm sorry for stealin' your car that day
But I gave it back so it's okay
I'm sorry for stealin' your girlfriend
But you can have her back
'Cause she was a loose end
I'm sorry for stealin' your wallet
But I was broke and in love with mullets
I'm sorry for stealin' your condo
But you can have it back
'Cause now I live below

The only ship we sail on is friendship

So annoyed at what you did
Scratched my car / terrorized my girlfriend
Had to get a new wallet
Got kicked out by my landlord

Yo I'm sorry homes
Didn't mean to shake ya
Was livin' in Rome
Didn't mean to hit ya
Needed some dough / yeah!
Didn't have more / yeah!
So homie give a break
My whole ego's at stake!

F-R-I-E-N-D-S
Friends forever!
I'm such a hott mess!
F-R-I-E-N-D-S
Friends forever!
He sucks at chess!
F-R-I-E-N-D-S
Friends forever!
Suggestin' a test?!
F-R-I-E-N-D-S
Friends forever!
You know we're the best!



Amplified Church Pow Would Like to Thank

God, my friends that have stuck with me,
my best friends Casey + Zeth, my mom + dad,
Kasey + Kendra, Helena High School Choir,
Steve Michelson, Marissa Gomez + Izzy,
Family Force 5, also any other people
that I may have failed to mention

AND THANK YOU TO ALL MY AWESOME FANS
WITHOUT Y'ALL THIS WOULDN'T HAVE BEEN POSSIBLE

AMPLIFIED CHURCH POW IS

Andrik Powell Vocals + Synths

All Songs Written by Amplified Church Pow

Artwork and Layout Andrik Powell

Produced/Engineered/Mixed/Mastered by
Andrik Powell

