

Power Trip

Lecrae

Who's got the power?

The key to life: money, power, respect
Louie this, Gucci that, two private jets
Big money, big business, watch that paper stack
Treat life like a game, it ain't pool but I'm racked
Up, big bucks, no whammys
I swear I prolly lump somebody head for a Grammy
My heart black as the Lambo Kim bought for Kanye
And I ain't fronting, I'm just telling ya'll what God say
Blood thirsty
Seek my own will since the day that Adam cursed me
The lust for power go to ya' brain if you let it
You say, "What up dog?" I hear "God". I'm so dyslexic
Sit on the throne, it's really a toilet, heart is septic
I have no power, I get handed death, I must accept it
It's hard to see the light when you never listen
Our whole life's blacked out, the power's tripping

Who's got the power?

Do you really want it all, whole world in ya' palm? Tell me,
Who's got the power?
It'll make you a leader or a tyrant, you do the decidin'
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It was all a dream

I grew up readin' hip-hop magazines
Double-XL got me wanton to excel
They tellin' me it ain't hard to tell, I rock well
And now with every sale I'm feelin' my head swell
Well, I'm a genius in my dreams
Even if I was, it was stitched inside my genes
I'm self-inflated, self-infatuated
And somehow I convinced myself I finally made it
The truth is I was made like the mob
Geppetto put me together; my strings lead to God
Pride come befo' the fall, I seen it in the script
So if you see me fallin', prolly a power trip

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Welcome to the culture where humility is not allowed

They do it big, if you don't see that, you Shallow Hal
Tryna show them how love and power, it goes together
If they call us losers, that just means we last forever
I been connected to the power, I don't have to chase it
I roll with the Trinity, this is sorta the Matrix

A hard pill to swallow: we're evil to the core
Wicked power exploits the poor, and it brings war
Power can be a field of dreams loaded with land mines
We know the ruler so you can't say these are bad lines
(You might lust for that power!), but don't forget that we're forgiven
I know the Lord gon' catch me when I'm power trippin'

Who made the crowd put they hands in the sky? Me.
Who made the sky with they hands? What if y'all can't see?
This is kinda strange, God makes the weather change
And we braggin' up on our change like "look how we make it rain!"
We Invictus, this sin sickness is in us
Running a muck and causing that mischief, tell me this then, "Who could really fix us?"
I'm, trippin' to think that I'm really not limited in this position in sitting in,
Gravity pulling me back to earth gradually, reality's hittin'

(Who's got the power?)