

Call Us Crazy

Trip Lee

VERSE 1: TRIP LEE

Some folx gone call us insane cause we don't spit to get change
No grills, chains or big rings that just aint how we live, mayne
We ain't worried bout no big fame WE tryina lift up his name
they think Trip deranged cause I got a whip but I don't care to grip grain
we aint hollin at no groupies we them dudes who be
livin right givin Christ all we got truly
Some started to exclude me when the saw the new me
and i tried to tell em God is watchin like a movie
naw we don't need no chix boy we found a way to get joy
even though we get outkast like Andre and Big Boi
we aint gotta be them rich boys aint gotta be them fly dudes
nope. this ain't no lie dude. I wish you knew what I do
it don't phase us cause we claim to be aliens and strangers
kats liftin his name up and telling folx he saved us
we stryed from our sinful ways naw dawg we cant have it
think we crazy for it? Gone throw us in them straight jackets

CHORUS: TRIP LEE

oh yeah they talk down, oh yeah they call us crazy
cause we don't walk around tryna be no ballas baby
we praise the Son of Man they think we crazy dawg
cause they don't understand so we just shake it off
oh yeah they talk down, oh yeah they call us crazy
cause we don't walk around tryna be no ballas baby
we imitatin Christ he's more than holy dude
he's what we need in life. man, if they only knew

VERSE 2: TEDASHII

lemme get some, lemme talk to em
Now you talk noise and walk hard but we was dogs like junk yards
our hearts hard got you callin me crazy like Joe Clark
I know dawg, it seems off; we don't talk about cash signs
or bad dimes, pointin makin comments on her backside
you as blind as Venetians chasin treat like Tahitians
and sin got you mixed up just like Blacks and Polynesians
so you front on me and when i'm round you run from me you done with me
but when the Lord comes for me you gone want his company
i'll pull yo card like a magic trick. in sin you fell like a tragic slip
the Lord will not be mocked; when it comes to sin, he aint havin it.
so when we grab the mic and flame it it's just to spit the spark
and fix your heart i don't care if i'm Mr. 106&Park
so yall can keep the fame and groupies and even the famous groupies.
i don't need em i got Jesus the reason i'm even breathin
so say what you wanna say you can call this a phase for me
but through sin i had a debt that he graciously paid for me

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VERSE 3: TRIP LEE

some folx don't understand us why we hold to a standard
it's Christians that witness they dont get the picture like broke cameras
when we walk around they talk down but Christ we gone act dude
and we see the cross is good for more than an ice piece and a tattoo
they think we out our minds dawg cause we don't love and embrace lust
but we've been cleaned like Lysol so in the Son we place trust
we shake the dust off our shoes if they don't receive the good news
we tryna tell to get em outta hell suburban kats to the hood dudes
they look at us with crazy looks from htown to dtown
but we don't care we free now got Jesus in our freestyles
they mock us and laugh but they don't know the half
they don't know about why we souled out and so devout for our dad
if they only knew about Jesus how he cleaned and redeemed us
they too would be teachers that's why we gotta speak up
we cant keep it inside that Jesus Christ can free you
you could be known as his Robin until they know what we do they gone talk do
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