

Hip Hop

Trip Lee

For me its about more than spitting silly gritty rhymes
Hitting blocks, or getting shot fifty times
God's about His glory, so I can't be about getting mines
By saying I committed crimes, just lying to get my shine
What a tragedy, that that's become the blueprint
Spitting bout they renegades, getting weight and move bricks
All trying to make dollars and new cents, what a nuisance
They call them true, but I'm call them flu- 'cause these dudes sick
And they contagious, each time that they throwing up
Flows that's more than overstuffed with motives of them blowing up
Hoping to get dough, hoping the right doors will open up
They focused on it so, they mouths run like motors bruh
But get a load of us, we flow with focus up
On Jehovah, we soldiers, hoping that folks will notice us
But with intentions of pointing them to great Lord
That's the reason why we make noise, and represent with great joy

Hook:

Yeah we came to spit, not for chains and chicks
But for the King of Kings we praise His name with this
And it's just one of many ways, nah we ain't slaves to this

Verse 2:

Turn on the radio, man I heard it a million times
They live it up, and fill they cup they feeling fine
They fond of killing, and be chilling with a million dimes
It's crazy can't see, but they think they vision's fine
And if they ain't blind then I'm crazy and dumb
And they must just got they shades on, 'cause they can't see the Son
But He gave us sight, made us light, the change has begun
From a life that's fast we got to dash like Stacy we done
With spitting bout the norm, homie yeah we had to switch it up (The old- We had to give it up to Christ, and started giving up
A life that messed our witness up, the mic- Only for lifting up
Christ who let them pin Him up, light of the world this is us
Now me and Phish, we be in this and use the music
His beats is sick, and me I spit, we use these tunes to
Give you truth, I spit in booths, I hope you tuned in
Cause this is truth, we living proof, of Jesus moving

Hook

Verse 3:

As you listen, I hope that you don't think this mission's mine
This joints for Him, I just point to Him and get behind
I hope it's so hot, your jaw drops and you hit rewind
But the message is reason I'd be grieved if you missed a line
Yeah we love hip hop, and we part of the culture
But we ain't just trying to give props, or get it lots of exposure
All things only exist so they give props to Jehovah
Even this, don't be behind the times like big clocks that slowed up
Hold up, homie I ain't just trying to make the crowd move
I found truth, and now I'm trying to pass it to the sound dudes
Around me, around you, and to try to make it sound cool
I keep my ear to the streets like my face was on the ground too
We keep it loud too, cause even these music forms
Are only for His name man, hey that's why we use it for Him

And some cats will hate though they can't deny the beat is hot
We "outkast" but we still putting Christ inside your speakerbox