

# 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