

# Trip Lee, Call Us Crazy

Trip Lee:

Some folks gone call us insane cause we don't spit to get change  
No grills, chains or big rings that just ain't how we live, man  
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 ain't 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 ain't gotta be them rich boys ain't 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  
Cats liftin his name up and telling folks he saved us  
we strayed from our sinful ways naw dawg we cant have it  
think we crazy for it? Gone throw us in them straight jackets

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

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 ain't 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 y'all 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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some folks don't understand us why we hold to a standard  
it's Christians that witness they don't 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 cats to the hood dudes  
they look at us with crazy looks from H-town to D-town  
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 down

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