

Trip Lee, Follow The Crowd

We will not bow down, we will not blend in
We proud to stand out, we will not give in (oh)
'Cause we don't wanna follow tha crowd
Nah I said w'ain't tryna follow tha crowd
W'ain't friends with the world 'cause this land is damned
Plus sin and the world go hand in hand (oh)
So we don't wanna follow tha crowd
Nah I said w'ain't tryna follow tha crowd

Verse 1:

We know the world ain't tryna live for Christ
They missin Christ, content with they sinful life
Filled with pride, the truth of the fact they blind
They can't get with God, He just in the back of they mind
Straight livin' for themselves, they don't know the Lords better
We wanna please Him but they livin' for they own pleasure
Whatever feels good, man that's what they do
And they don't wanna know God right now, they comfortable
But as believers we should be strivin' for different stuff
Not them princess cuts, but tryna lift Him up
We got a passion for His glory, know right from wrong
Step in the room, it's like they turned a light switch on
They try to pull us back to they side
Like, "What happened to you?" I just tell 'em the old me died
And now that I'm alive, I gotta live in His ways
Romans 8:13, we puttin' sin in its grave

Hook

Hey bro this ain't the Boyz in the Hood
Nah the 116 bring joy to ya hood
Make noise for the good news of Jesus Christ
We been freed and refuse not to be a light
Plus we know a lot of folks gon' tell us
If we choke off the smoke we gon' feel a lot better
But we pass on the herb, go grab for the word
We get stronger the faster we learn
When them cats wanna pass the drank
We like "Nah dog," we don't even have to think
If a girl walk by and they like, "Look at that!"
We keep our eyes straight ahead we ain't lookin' back
They try to pressure us back to the old ways
No way, we ain't goin' back to them old days
So when they ask, "You wanna do that playa?"
All I gotta say is, "Nah I don't do that there!"

Hook

We ain't in the club startin' stuff
Temptin' ourselves, nah we don't hit them parties up
'Cause if Christ ain't there, I don't wanna go either
My focus ain't girls, I just wanna know Jesus
Plus all they play is that same 'ol, same 'ol
Drop it down, range rove, 24's, bank rolls
And that's the opposite of our main goals
My God is it, nobody cares if my wrist ain't cold
They try to persuade us to give this up
Like, "This ain't crunk, forget about that Christian stuff"
But dog they don't understand, since He fixed us up
On the inside, since we died, this IS us
We stand out, it's not a chance you can mix us up
If you hearin' this song I hope you listen up
We grateful to be a light set apart from dark
We stand firm, won't move like cars in park

Hook