

Trip Lee, Give You That Truth

Verse 1:

You probably wanna hear me spit bout cash
Bout my chicks and the clips I'ma whip out fast
Bout my whips, what I sip in a crystal glass
You love this which makes the crucifix sounds bad
But I don't trip, I let my light shine inside
I work for Him everyday like a nine to five
I'm gon ride wit Christ, man to crime I died
And for Him I get busy like my line was tied
You probably wanna hear drugs and thugs
Fun with bub and ya boy looking for love in clubs
But nope! I already found some love above
And we don't have to get smashed cause the Son was crushed
You just might wanna hear about some major dough
If that's the case move on, I preach the Savior bro
I don't flow to boast of toting heat and pistols
But to reach you and lead you to read epistles

Hook:

You might them folks that spit bout smoke and the clip they tote
But we gon give you that truth
Even though some bored when we talk about the Lord, we some soldiers at war
We gon give you that truth
You might want that cute tees and Timbaland boots 22's and coupes
But we gon give you that truth
We ain't talking bout change we liftin up His name, to die is gain
We gon give you that truth

Verse 2:

How do you like your hip hop music?
Some like it holy, some like it polluted
Some like a clique like the 116
That'll spit even if they don't make one cent
I refuse to lie like most of these cats
That do influence lives when they boast in they raps
And make dudes choose lives where they toting the gats
But Jehovah's where my hopes in I focus on that
No sir, we don't rhyme bout guns and knives
We look to Christ so we got the Son in our eyes
So we can't but spit bout Christ
Most hearts are cold that's probably why they spit bout ice
This our life, submitting to the Spirit inside us
We like some urban Spurgeons and lyrical Pipers
We ain't got no songs spitting game to no girls
But we preach da truth "Welcome to our world"

Hook

Verse 3:

They like, "Where the guns at dawg, where the weed at?"
We like, "Kill that homeboy, we don't need that"
Forget about the dough, 44's, and gats
We been saved by the blood we gon boast in that
And point folks to the Father, I hope they hear me flow
And He brings them out of the grave like the thriller video
Really bro I hope He uses the truth I spit
And I don't care if I don't never get a Billboard hit
We know the world might boo our tracks
And would rather us pack it up and move on back
But until I die, for Christ, yeah ya dude gon rap
And glorify Him with my life, spit truth on tracks
I bring Christ to blocks, I spit Christ in spots
But girls I don't wanna see you drop it like its hot