

# 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 &quot;Welcome to our world&quot;

Hook

Verse 3:

They like, &quot;Where the guns at dawg, where the weed at?&quot;  
We like, &quot;Kill that homeboy, we don't need that&quot;  
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