

Trip "Twisted"

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[Trip Lee:]

Do not be deceived my beloved brothers, every good
gift and every perfect
Gift is from above, coming down from the Father of
Lights, don't get it
Twisted man

[Lecrae:]

Uh yea, it's Wayne gretzky on his neck piece, (huh) got
em feeling real
Hefty on his best week. Huh but let see (let's see), he
say he make it
Rain, but yet the sky's still bluer than a gas flame. I
mean let's make it
Plain, somebody keep 'em breathin', keep his blood
flowin', and keep his
Heart beatin'. God keep em eatin', and it ain't no
secret, don't get it
Twisted God gave him what he needed. (speed it up!)
My life ain't never
Been mine, yeah I work hard and yeah I grind, but not
to get rich man not
To shine, not to get rich man not to shine. And I don't
boast much I don't
Brag, cause everything I got man I got it from dad, and
matter fact ain't
One thing I have,
That God ain't put here in my hand,
So I say remember that your legs work, cause of em
next time you running
For your goals think who's really running it. Everything
is under him
Planets, countries, cities, hoods, don't get it twisted
God did it, done
It, got it! ? Good1

[Chorus: Pro and Lecrae]

Say they fly, but that's a lie, man they got it twisted/
Rings are gold,
Crispy clothes, man they got it twisted/ I bet you think
you a god but boy

You got it twisted, tw-tw-twisted, tw-tw-twisted
Get a little bit a money stack a little bit a chedda then
we get the game
So twisted, 20-sum inches on a little bit a leather then
we get get things
So twisted/ I bet you think you so hard but boy you got it
twisted,
Tw-tw-twisted, tw-tw-twisted

[Trip Lee:]

Yes sir, back on that thang, reflectin on life an it's
happiness mayne,
Since I was born I had what I needed, when I think back
ain't been lackin a
Thang. Clothes I got, soda pop, the home I got, the
cash in the bank, the
Bros I got, the shows I rock, none of us lacked it was
passed from the
King, So many things was on to us, we holdin up on
some dough for lunch and
I'd say my grace and then get with the game. Never
really thought of his
Mercy flows, never really heard the words before,
every good thing is
Comin' down from the Father of Lights like a
passionate rain. Yeah tell
Them to get back, yeah how they think they get that,
my Father gave me gift
Wrap though He don't have to give jack. We ain't
earned a single thing, oh
Homie, don't miss that, He gives because he's merciful
now spit that, don't
Get it twisted. Hey yeah some of us are strugglin' they
off in hoods, but
Still get mo' than they deserve look all he He does is
good, He gives
Freely and He's perfect in His distribution, look, don't
get it screwed up
Like you live in (Houston).

[Chorus]

[This'!:]

Some things that I think are good in life they make me
nervous, anything my
Father give me though I know it's perfect, anything I
get besides my death
I don't deserve it, used to think that I was good to have
cash splurging
(Ooo!). I was a trap star, sixteen phat car, anything that
made me feel

Good was good, that far, kept them bangers with me
like I'm good, gon' act
Hard, even kept that green bay too (yeah - Brett Farve).
See my whole
Thought of good was out of context, didn't know what
good was cause I
Hadn't seen the Son yet, ran around with different girls
like it was a
Contest, young and dumb, foolish, too, I was on some
nonsense (ooo!).
Thought it was good that the whole hood heard of me,
they thought it was
Good that other hoods wanna murder me, somebody
call the cops cause it's an
Emergency, now I know what good is - it's God's love
and mercy.

[Chorus]

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