

Trip Lee

"No Worries"

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I told them brothers that his standard's too high
I ain't stutter but they wonder how I plan on getting by
I just tell them I ain't got no worries, we ain't worried
bout a thing
Nah I ain't got no worries, we ain't worried bout a thing
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Yeah I'm focused on the prize, my homies by my side
We bumpin Sho Baraka while we rolling in the ride
We got the windows open, hoping they can hear the
cries
But no fear is in our sight, man you can focus on my
eyes
We ain't worried bout a thing, we got hope you can't
describe
It ain't because we perfect, we got motives that should
die
Let's be open, we broken, we ain't posing in disguise
Our hearts is cold and fallen like some snow up in the
skies
Hey if you know me then you know, I ain't got a clean
past
I had idols in my heart hoping for that green cash
Instead of chasing treasure, I would chase obscene
trash
I deserve the see wrath, but He switched the scene fast
(Hold up) I can't find a way get this out in words
Other than to say that I don't get what I deserve
I'm so filthy but seen as not guilty
I'm obscene but I'm seen like I'm clean, what it mean?

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You might have seen us on the block, or seen us in the
stores
A clique of us who chilling, not the cleanest with the
clothes
Not the hottest with the cars, or the meanest with the
flows
But we smiling like we styling, cause He freed us from
His blows
The Father hates sin, and that's the thing that we had
chose
And yeah that caused a problem, it's the King that we
opposed
We worked against Him daily, which brought us to be
his foes
It was a wrap, unless we found a way to clean us like
some clothes
Many of us tried but we failed on a daily
Falling short was crazy, we thought that we could be
better
But then I saw that my efforts couldn't save me
Because of all my dark nights minus Heath Ledger
But I heard of a way to be acquitted of my crimes
Entered a new era that's been fitted on our mind
So our thinking's really changed, we linking with a
chain
We don't get what we deserve, it's really strange

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So when this life is over, no Hell we tell them hold up
No burdens on our backs we brush the dirt off of our
shoulders
Look I know what we saying sounds backwards like we
Yoda
But I praise Him for the Gospel and the fact we got
exposure
We ain't staggering we walk the straight and narrow

cause we sober

We press into the Kingdom by the power of Jehovah

And again, I can't find a way to get this out in rhymes

Other than to say the Lord our God has paid the fines

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