

# Trip Lee, Young And Unashamed

## Verse 1:

Hey when they see ya boy, what's they first impression?  
Probably not a teen redeemed from the worst transgressions  
That's repented from the path of His first ancestors  
Was cursed but since rebirth this person's dressed in  
The glorious righteousness of Christ  
They probably think I'm on the stage 'cause I like the mic  
Or like to get hype, but really I'm laid back main  
But sometimes could lose my mind if you say that name  
(Who?) Jehohah Jireh, my soul's provider  
Life without Him's a contradiction like bein' poor with Prada  
I done wrote a lot of flows, in my soul's a fire  
That shut up in my bones, ah my soul desire  
Is for some slick guys to the know the Lord He died  
But still the Son did rise like it was mornin' time  
So if you think you fully satisfied wit a vette wit chrome  
You better check yourself like playin' chess alone  
I'm a stranger, is Earth really my residence? Nope  
I'm a alien and I can't wait to rest at home  
My dress ain't always fresh to def I ain't impressed wit clothes  
But Christ, He's the key to life dog and death's the door (and rebirth)  
Since the moment I believed, my flesh was broke  
Sin lost its control and death its hold  
So maybe now you'll understand and get up in ya brain  
Why ya boy so young and unashamed

## Verse 2:

They don't associate ya boy wit Christ Jesus kid  
'Cause I got my hat cocked and my jeans is big  
No suit and tie, tall tees and kicks  
But you ain't gotta be a geek to preach that Jesus lives  
So its almost strange when they see me hit tha street blocks  
'Cause with my life I copy Christ like a Xerox  
No heat cocked, I roll wit the Lord and  
Wit a team full of Saints like I play for New Orleans  
We hold each other accountable when seekin sound doctrine  
Through Christ we been found not guilty without Cochran  
We kingdom people selected to rep His name  
Forget bout cheddar main, Christ is the better thing  
I don't let no weapon hang, I don't roll wit thugs  
That's holdin drugs and spendin all they dough in clubs  
I roll wit a gang of believers that's crazy for Jesus  
That's saved from the flames and unashamed of His teachings  
Cats be like, "You just a baby, how you know about the Lord?"  
To know Jehovah at His core we had to open up our swords  
We read His word on a daily, His inspired text  
And submit to the Spirit dog, we died to flesh  
I confess, they tell us that our youth is bein wasted  
Instead of jewels up in a bracelet, we speak truth each time we make hits  
So maybe now its stuck up in ya brain  
Why the 116 is so young and unashamed

## Verse 3:

Cats don't really understand, they think I lost my mind  
They hood on they back, but I rock a cross on mine  
Walk wit Christ in light, blood bought plus I'm  
Not dark as night, I'm light because I sought His shine  
I was livin' for today, was always caught in crimes  
Bout guilty as O.J., my talk and walk declined  
The Boss of time and space, but I put that to rest man  
I saw my old life, it wasn't right like my left hand  
Now He orders my steps and with Him is how I walk bro  
Got off the highway to Hell and I took the cross roads  
Now I'm walkin with Christ, what beautiful thing

Its cooler than fame, more precious than jewelry and chains  
Most think God is just old school like Kool and the Gang  
They wanna be like Jeezy, Jay-Z and Ludacris main  
But I'm here today to say that if you want a greater day  
Don't fade away, cling to Christ and His amazing savin grace  
If you a Christian who accepted the King and you clean  
We gotta move, the Lord is pleased when we play on His team  
I hope young believers understand, I pray its in ya brain  
If we love the Lord we must be young and unashamed