

# Follow The Crowd

Trip Lee

We will not bow down, we will not blend in  
We proud to stand out, we will not give in (oh)  
'Cause we don't wanna follow tha crowd  
Nah I said w'ain't tryna follow tha crowd  
W'ain't friends with the world 'cause this land is damned  
Plus sin and the world go hand in hand (oh)  
So we don't wanna follow tha crowd  
Nah I said w'ain't tryna follow tha crowd

Verse 1:

We know the world ain't tryna live for Christ  
They missin Christ, content with they sinful life  
Filled with pride, the truth of the fact they blind  
They can't get with God, He just in the back of they mind  
Straight livin' for themselves, they don't know the Lords better  
We wanna please Him but they livin' for they own pleasure  
Whatever feels good, man that's what they do  
And they don't wanna know God right now, they comfortable  
But as believers we should be strivin' for different stuff  
Not them princess cuts, but tryna lift Him up  
We got a passion for His glory, know right from wrong  
Step in the room, it's like they turned a light switch on  
They try to pull us back to they side  
Like, "What happened to you?" I just tell 'em the old me died  
And now that I'm alive, I gotta live in His ways  
Romans 8:13, we puttin' sin in it's grave

Hook

Hey bro this ain't the Boyz in the Hood  
Nah the 116 bring joy to ya hood  
Make noise for the good news of Jesus Christ  
We been freed and refuse not to be a light  
Plus we know a lot of folks gon' tell us  
If we choke off the smoke we gon' feel a lot better  
But we pass on the herb, go grab for the word  
We get stronger the faster we learn  
When them cats wanna pass the drank  
We like "Nah dog," we don't even have to think  
If a girl walk by and they like, "Look at that!"  
We keep our eyes straight ahead we ain't lookin' back  
They try to pressure us back to the old ways  
No way, we ain't goin' back to them old days  
So when they ask, "You wanna do that playa?"  
All I gotta say is, "Nah I don't do that there!"

Hook

We ain't in the club startin' stuff  
Temptin' ourselves, nah we don't hit them parties up  
'Cause if Christ ain't there, I don't wanna go either  
My focus ain't girls, I just wanna know Jesus  
Plus all they play is that same 'ol, same 'ol  
Drop it down, range rove, 24's, bank rolls  
And that's the opposite of our main goals  
My God is it, nobody cares if my wrist ain't cold  
They try to persuade us to give this up

Like, "This ain't crunk, forget about that Christian stuff"  
But dog they don't understand, since He fixed us up  
On the inside, since we died, this IS us  
We stand out, it's not a chance you can mix us up  
If you hearin' this song I hope you listen up  
We grateful to be a light set apart from dark  
We stand firm, won't move like cars in park