

Glory

Trip Lee

Glory to glory, glory to glory, glory
Glory to glory to God
Yessir

Each morning way before I hear the clock
Start going off I know just what I got
New mercies everyday, it's like my watch
Clockwork, clockwork, automatic like a bot
I feel like I'm getting trolled by the truth
And getting stalked by the strobe, light beam shoot
No escaping what He do
I been in his inner circle, Father keep me in the loop, in the loop
Here's my headline, go on and print it, our glory got ceiling limits
Other glory's comical, them commas go, my sentence ended
I was such a menace, lived like all my records Guinness
But he ain't raise my debt limit, he just wrote that check, get it?

Glory to glory (Give it up)
Glory to glory (Not to us)
Glory to glory (Lift him up)
Glory to the King, glory to the King
Glory to glory (Give it up)
Glory to glory (Not to us)
Glory to the King, glory to the King
Won't bow down and praise any other name

Not to us, Lord, not to us
How could we be puffed up? You made us out the dust
All them shiny diamonds that they got will rust
If we ain't hung the sun up, we should probably hush
I just want him glorified, I just lift his glory high
He left as the champ, but He's coming back without the 45
If I served my glory more, I would be mortified
He's more than fly, this glory's way too bright for mortal eyes
His character's been playing perfect on a loop
Run it back, run it back, and each year, He really do
He parades through the town in His holy glory suit
Showing weight and renown to Him all the glory's due
Pomp and circumstance, ain't he dope? Take a glance
Gave me hope, gave me chance after chance in advance
Gave me life, now I prance in his light, lifting hands
Sampled Fred, going ham, hit a dance
You might catch me saying

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