

Heart Problem

Trip Lee

Money, sex and power, I'm good

What? You want me to listen to who?

I don't know, I used to like Trip Lee when he first came out

Now I'm feelin' like he be actin' like money is a sin or something

I don't know, what he talkin' 'bout now?

Let me get this off my chest, I know some folks gon' be mad

Ain't tryna start no mess, but I know how folks gon' react

Feel I gotta strive and press, tell what I mean till they see that

They think I got a problem, with dollars, and makin' green cash

But money really ain't the problem, every grand is a grand for the Father

When I said we can't serve both God and cash many folks thought I meant "Don't bother"

But I ain't sayin' makin' money ain't right, I'm just sayin' that your money ain't Christ

Please don't bow down to the greenback and let them your life

Ain't tryna say you shouldn't get paid, I ain't tryna say that we should stay broke

But money don't mean you got favor, bein' broke don't mean that you don't

Money is a gift that's good, give it to the Father, to the giver

I've been misunderstood but I trust in the God who deliver

We don't miss the problem, mayne it is not the God who reigns

It is not the gifts He gave, this is what I gotta say, say

Don't exalt them over the God we praise

You can't really enjoy Him till your heart's replaced

The gifts and the Giver of good

The gifts and the Giver of good

The gifts and the Giver of good

Your heart is where the problem's at, let's get that understood

I got something on my mind, bro some folks might not like that

Feel like it's about that time to hit 'em with the Truth where that light's at

But still some folks wanna fight that, 'cause hand that feeds wanna bite that

'Cause they think it's pleasin', it's makin' demons of all that He made but despite that

He brags good gifts like sex, I ain't tryna start no messin'

I don't wanna get graphic with all the fact cause...

Please don't, act like I'm gone, please don't, just say I'm gone, just stay

Confident in the Word, you'll see, that He condones it

Sex ain't the problem, it's sinners who just forgot Him

Distortin', corrupt like Sodom, the gifts, they want 'em without Him

It's beautiful in it's proper place, untill we pop it up

And turn our footsteps from His face, and then we problem

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(You gotta explain)

Last, first still gotta be real, submit my thoughts under His will
Even if it ain't really what I feel, gotta let Him take that, take that whee
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Last thing to talk about, before end of discussion
I heard power corrupts, no it just shows our corruption
But power's really a blessing, to meet it, to resurrection
And build it to help this mess up, of world in which we're restin', mayne
Our heart's the issue so submit it to the good Lord
He will replace it, what you think we call Him good for?

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The gifts and the Giver of good
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Ok, ok, I think I got what he talkin' 'bout now
It ain't that money, power and sex are the problem
It's that something is wrong with my own, my own lil' heart
I don't know, we'll see, still think that man trippin'