

Non-Fiction

Lecrae

Yeah, its all fact non fiction
It's my interpretation
You wanna know how we know?
I'll tell you Check it, ah
I guess I take it back to graduation
Got my degree but writin' songs was my fascination
I got a job installin' cable then I got promoted
Moved out my momma house but still this music was the motive
Around this time I'm bumpin' tunnel rats and Cmo
But Lil' Jon was on the radio and on the charts
I got creative took the money that I made
And ball a beat machine now it's me and tied it up lately
Let's go
And I volunteer at detention centers to be a leader
I got these young dudes lovin' the way I eat the beat up
I ain't wanna blow up just wanna give 'em Jesus
And Ben startin' up reach records, was all I needed
I hit the road on the weekends to do a show
Aint' ask for money but they still gave a lil' dough
Just a bunch of wild kids in the front row
Like you ain't lil Wayne you a lame man, I gotta go
But I did it, and I was on a mission
And lil by lil a couple of em would get it
Was rappin' in the hood and folks broke down cryin'
That's when I knew this was bigger than me and bigger than rhyme
This is all fact, it's non-fiction
You wanna hear the truth, pay attention
And if I never gotta mention
Still do it for the love and the mission, yeah
My interpretation, it's non-fiction
Fast forward just to get later
I just drop my first album and I'm feelin' like I made it
Goin' all around the world tryna tell them 'bout the savior
And I ain't trippin' we ain't really gettin' paper
I'm about to marry me a lady
I left my old job so I'm praying rap pay me
I drop my next album Jesus music kinda major
I moved away to Memphis it was hot as the equator
And gunshots every night will make you wake up
Sleepin' on the floor hopin' you don't pick a stray up
Soup Campbell took me in and got my weight up

Then I flew back to college started workin' on a rebel
We had a feelin' it would be a problem
It's like the Lord wrote the whole thing
But at home I was havin' problems
Married life was like a bad dream, yeah
Now we fightin' every day
My travel gettin' heavy two babies one baby momma
I'm arrogant and self righteous helpin' everybody but my wife through the drama This is all fact, it's not fiction
You wanna hear the truth, pay attention
And if I never gotta mention
Still do it for the love and the mission, yeah
My interpretation, it's non-fiction
It's not a fiction, it's my interpretation I need a new place new grace new city new state
Now we all headed to Atlanta
I'm stressed out tryna lead I'mma bleed myself burnin' out I can see the padel
I'm just writin' my pain over beats and I'm guessing Rehab was the outcome
I wrote background at the kitchen table, I thought it wouldn't make the album
Surrly after I got a hold of Tim Keller's books, man I promise you it's like my whole life changed
Andy couch wrote a book about culture makin' and after that I had to make a slight change
Ask the homies I ain't do it for the money man
I made Church clothes out of love
And me and street workin' day and night
Wait a minute, now gravity is blowin' up
I won a Grammy, and I ain't even trippin' on it
I got a mission that I'm fightin' for, I'm writin' songs tryin' to give you substance
I'm writin' songs fightin' for ya soul
We may run at a different pace but let's continue the race
You runnin' yours, I'm runnin' mine
I promise I left out a lot of details
Well, Gavin said I'm out of time

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