

Clouds

Audio Push

Search and you will find
Cloud, cloud, cloud, cloud, cloud

Look around, what you see?
I see God, I see you, I see me
No facade, this is real, ain't no fakin'
Dead homies ain't coming back, we gotta make it
Welcome to the I.E., where summers warmer and death is normal
Funerals so frequent, half of us stop dressing formal
Where niggas pride they self on Jordans, every pair
And Supreme, same scenes I've seen like everywhere
Where kids listen to Lil Yachty over Chris Wallace
And real ones never hate on a black man with a thick wallet
That sounds like a place I just invented
'Cause it sure ain't no scrimmage
When they see you out here getting your spinach
I try to follow God and proceed to walk in his image
But groupies swallow all of it, and it's hard in this business
So get up off your ass 'cause you know you gotta get something
And rake it up 'cause snakes exist and they'll kill you for nothing
Look, Cornbread got popped, Madlocks got popped
T2 got popped, gang sweep, knock-knock, yeah
More homies went down, meanwhile I'm not in town
I'm adjusting my crown, me and my brother created a sound
Then I found my freedom, 'cause they ain't giving out freedom
A 100 miles, I'm speeding, on 10 East, chiefin'
And I don't come out that much 'cause these little dusty niggas is beefin'
Protect us at all costs 'cause they listen to me when I'm speakin'
They love dead black bodies, popped him in his head proolly
Rap game Muhammad Ali, back to basics, Ali
I just meditate for my peace, and levitate for my piece of mind
And it works for me every time

It's a cloud for every one of our souls, just take a pick
Connected to the creator, just make a wish
I wish that all these so-called leaders would navigate
I wish the Internet didn't force us to fabricate
I wish I could clear these negative thoughts trapped in my head
Wish I could bring City, Too Much, Harold, back from the dead
TC, T2, kiss my granny while she lay in her bed
Boocho, Demi, Cousin Motor, Montre, take me instead
All these tears that I've shed, could fill the Nile River and more
I hear God inside me, I'm listening more
I got one side that wanna hold the fist high in the midst of the war
And the other hand might let this clip fly if you trip in this store
We all hypocrites wanting Heaven, ready to kick in the door
'Til the pastor touch your son, now you don't even know what religion is for
She at Planned Parenthood, don't know if she should get the abortion
But her baby daddy just got life with evidence missing in court
Sound like the 909, where summer's warmer and death is normal
It's funerals only time his mom could afford to dress him formal
Whoa, I had to slow it down to calculate the run-up
The real come-up is when you stop tryna come up
This a message for them simple managers and label bastards
You might get the masters but you'll never get the master
Keep the bondage, don't need the homage, don't read the comments
I don't see the hate, just feel the love

I use these clouds to build me up