

## Jump for X

Marc E. Bassy

This be my post modern soul-parody  
Depressed so I can speak with sincerity  
My lips is pierced with vodka true clarity  
Kicked in the door like J Cole's house apparently  
You thought the kids that were raising these new blocks  
Would change the world be the brains let's talk like Tupac  
Instead we talk about nothing but theses oh wops  
Chasing bread only focused on making the crew pop  
Hip Hop is dead and other muttererings that I stutter  
I didn't mean it but I'm scrolling to find drake's baby mother  
I get restless in the winter be coked out for the summer  
I know better I like I'm prezzi sucker free raised by my mother

Fuck the other side rival gang or parents  
Let's get lost tonight like we Hov and Ye in Paris  
Everybody feel the passion  
Do a dance keep it mashin'  
Shoo shoo shoo  
House party where I was gassing  
I know that things change  
If I ever cop a range I'd let the braids hang  
So I drive around the city  
Watch me maintain maybe picking up the pace  
But we don't change lanes (we can't change lanes)

Other side rival gang of parents  
Let's get lost tonight like we Hov and Ye in Paris  
Every other side rival gang of parents  
Let's get lost tonight (tonight tonight)

Look at how fast you drink this wine  
You drink this shit to forget the time (you know)  
You make it look like it not fine  
You make it look fine  
Only you only you can know what is on your mind  
Post Modern on the fax and Melrose  
Its like your fighting mine  
If the shoe fits for whom the bell tolls  
Maybe your wasting all this time  
Post Modern on the fax and Melrose  
And it looks so easy  
Buy old shit to fill a new soul  
Woaaa and it's only me (let's get lost tonight)  
And that what we all agreed  
And that's all we believe  
When heros dies time is froze on LA streets  
Never for a second I need  
Baby you all I need