

Fallacy

Ab-Soul

Yeah, uh, you feel me?
Yeah, the real is back, I will attack
King Richard still owe me a million Swishers
Ay (Hit-Boy), man

They wanna take me out like a date
I can see the goal, it's just a mountain in the way
Your mouth moving, I ain't making out what you say, huh?
(Can someone in the house say "Yeah?") Yeah
Uh, this some other shit, you unequipped
Still fuck it up for the fuck of it
Was in the bucket with a bucket list
Couple bucks and a bucket head bitch
One's obstructing my justice, nigga
Still felt lucky like Justice, nigga (They still gon' fuck you up)
Had to do it for the love first
If you didn't know, it does hurt
Spit until my tongue hurt
So sick, they needed blood work from Herb
(Can someone in the house say "Yeah?") Word
If I can move the crowd around with it
Maybe I can rock the crown with it, I'm down with it
In depth, you can submerge
You can bet we kept it ghetto in the suburbs
Yeah, fried chicken with the fish grease
Tryna turn grandma Cadillac to a Bentley

Race through the pain (Get me?)
Rainbows and rain (The real is back, I will attack)
All things change
The more they stay the same (How real is that?)
Nothing comes
To a dreamer but a dream (The real is back, I will attack)
Oh (Talkin' "Platinum" status)
Oh-oh-oh (Sippin' out a platinum chalice, this ain't a fallacy)

'Cause it was all a dream, I swear
The big homie told me stay on my square
The only way I let the hood down is if the engine got repaired, yeah
(Can someone in the house say "Yeah?") He-heh
Yo, Carson in the motherfuckin' house, nigga
Del Amo, watch your motherfuckin' mouth, nigga (Del Amo!)
Had a chip on my shoulder
Me and K with the promoter, had a fo' in the sod-er
Slaus' house junkie, ask my nigga Jay Crack
Top Notch on my hand, knock a nigga on his back
Top sponsored my first tat for like a hundred dollars
Now I got more ink of the squad than the whole roster
Loyal to the soil, that's manure shit
That's probably why they dying for my newer shit
(Can someone in the house say "Yeah?") Hell yeah, listen
Before SZA was my sister, I hit different with my approach
I need a billion to be mentioned with GOATs
Make history with the lyrics I wrote
In my mind, you know I don't use writing utensils
Esco once said, "Hip-Hop is dead"
I must be a mummy rapping my ass off, ay, man

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(Can someone in the house say "Yeah?")
I don't care what y'all calling him, Soul, Ab-Soul, whatever
This is Herbert Stevens to me
And y'all can google that motherfucker name
This the real one, okay, I love you, brother
So proud of you