

Lyrical Speaking

Ab-Soul

My style cayenne pepper so I spit like Dylan
Speak the criminal slang
Lyrical homicide
Lyrically I'm worshipped, don't front the word sick
Sorry if I write like niggas with attitude
I'm the most anticipated
I'm what the west is missing

Sup y'all? I'm glad we could meet
I know it took a while for me to introduce my self properly
But this is me, I don't howl at the moon
I'm obviously a beast, I got fangs for teeth
Eatin' rappers like cabbage in your mamma's coleslaw
Soulbama, who you think your baby momma vote for?
I feel I'm the best that's done it so far
And that goes both ways, so far and so far
Half the kind of rhymes I write
Kind of remind me of like, lines in the Bible, I might
Be a disciple, but I ain't tryin' to spread no gospel
I wish y'all a great time under the sun
Life is short, live it like it ain't cause it might not be
21 years taught me that, nobody
Can take what I earn myself, 'til I earn myself
I was born to shine, like a firefly am I

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And I'm in the best position to wreck rappers like tangles
From four angles, I see your plot unravel
I'm a lost angel, somebody got me for my halo
Around the time I wheelie'd my bike and watched cable
Exposed to the street and learned to roll to the beat
Had the gift since birth, but the curse was pre-natal
Ask my momma, she'll cosign I brought the drama
Kickin' her tummy like I punted for the Cowboys
Mat McBriar, the silent killer with loud noise
Tit for tat, I'm tic-tacin' Altoids
Fresh-dressed for the occasion to trample y'all cats
But you ignorant niggas ain't understandin' all that
Ask wizzle, I'm like a train in the clouds, I'm fly on the track
I'll take you there, but I ain't guidin' you back
The phase three metaphor reservoir dog off the leash
And y'all sleep, call the pound, I'm a clown and my

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