No no no nah nah I roll

I rock I roll
I am so cold
My body, my mind, my heart, my soul
You said, you wouldn't leave
But where did you go?
They like you changed
I'm like, I know
I just transformed
I adjust, I transform
They like we too noisy
We don't respond, we don't know 'em
Shut up, you annoying
Get back, it ain't yours
It ain't yours, you can't have it
It ain't yours, it ain't yours

Get back, it ain't yours You can't have my soul You spray at me, I'm still gon' glow You left me in pain, but you should know That when a seed gets rain, it grows I got a big nose I'm black, and they know it My dreads they hang Like the south in the 40s Just maybe, that's why We in the street, we drinking 40s For our people, who's departed We hit the block and throw a party That bass, it got a beat Like the way, they hit us with the whip We call girls hoes, like the things they used to shoot us with You never heard the truth, on a beat that's as sick as this I'm only 22, I'm kinda young I'm really new to this But I can't be quiet, my people are really dying We don't even have to break laws They shooting us 'cause we flying But we'll never stop rising We'll never stop rising You can't stop God's timing We going higher, we going higher

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Forget the rules, I've honestly had enough Forget the formalities, I'm breaking out of my tux Forget diplomacy, and everything you think I'm supposed to be I can show the lean, and still be on point like Ku Klux Forget the fake smile I don't care if they think I'm stuck up They should've never burned me on the grill They made me too tough I got no reason to bluff I only win like a gust And all my friends transformers, like I'm Shia Labeouf No more faking, no more smiling No more juking, no more jiving No more running, no more hiding I spit heat so I keep rising I keep rising like Elijah You don't know, go read your Bible You don't know me, don't act like it Don't twist my words, you didn't write it Bandwagon you just gon' ride it Playing D on this disciple I used to play at the revivials As I look back, hakuna matata I remember spending it all Mom and dad would make deposits Not just notice, not a problem Cut out the green like avocado I didn't even hit the lotto I just worked and did a lot of things to go and get through college Had to go and boost my knowledge But I already knew that this was gonna happen Does that make me a prophet I guess not but kinda Tryna last longer than an anaconda I remember fine, I don't need reminders System said that I'd be stuck at McDonalds Now they wanna see how much that they can profit Want to take my black so they can make a dollar Cause the way I sound when I hit record But get back, you can't have it It ain't yours

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