

# Chill

Alex Wiley

Don't believe in the system of time  
Always ahead, I'm never behind  
With these elegant lines, I bless the minds  
And bless all of mine

I search for what I never can find  
Out of the box, Never confined  
As the best die or resign  
This spot I'll take, The top is mine

They tell me to chill but I don't like the cold  
Telling me things that I already know  
Saying that liquor is bad for my soul

They tell me to chill but I don't like the cold  
Telling me things that I already know  
Saying that weed is bad for my soul

They tell me to chill but I don't like the cold  
Looking so young but feeling so old  
Liquor and weed smoke all on my clothes  
Fuck I hope my momma don't know

Cause then that's when all the drama going to go  
Crazy, Coocoo, so bananas  
I'm just an artist painting art  
Can't you see my canvas

Take a look at me  
Better yet, go on take a picture  
Fuck the bitches, Fuck the money  
Cause when your gone, You can't take it with you

I've been reading scriptures  
Paint like a young Bob Ross  
Everything I touch turn into gold  
Music is medicine for your soul

Take another teaspoon  
Nigga don't be rude, I'm only helping you  
Cause what they show for you, is bad for your health  
Meditation for spiritual wealth

Damn, I'm just trying to get rich  
Well shit, ain't we all  
They murdering  
Not only in Ferguson, all over the globe

Niggas kill niggas with weapons and over the stove  
I'm tired of killing my own  
They tell me to chill  
But I cannot do it, when you smarter than them

It's hard to play stupid  
I refuse to play stupid  
Niggas start revolutions

Get up and fight  
Nigga fight for your rights  
Nigga fight for what's right

Kill off the hate, What else can I say  
I'm the son of the great  
All of it's great  
What the fuck is this race

That we all running  
Swear to Allah  
That it's all or nothing  
I'm just being real

How you feel  
Tell them that the A/C broke  
Every time a nigga joke  
Telling me to chill

When I ride with my squad  
When I ride with my squad

No fucking thing  
Nothing turns to [?]  
Riding in my zone  
Ducking, dodging the apocalypse  
Riding in my own  
Finding what this world has got for me  
Divide us into zones and complain about dichotomy  
But I'm going to let the music come first  
I'm going to let your feeling die down for awhile  
And I'm going to hit you up and converse  
About all the crazy times we had when I was a child  
Now I'm going to have to carry this weight  
I'm going to have to carry this burden alone now  
I know I done made some mistakes  
But I stay committed to the path  
And it's too late to turn around

Say what  
Say what  
Say what  
Say what  
Say what  
Say what