The dirt on my hands I just wash it away Through the cracks in my fingers I'm counting the days Till I get the call I be doing the same And if you think of the wise That's some fuel to the flame That's some fuel to the (yeah) Storm, with the sound like this Hands on deck when I pound my fist Right when the night light on Flipping the script till I'm gone I gotta go get it I'm feeling like one in a billion Under the sun I've been blind Can't see these colours Is this but a sign Making me wonder I say it a trillion times Bringing your doom on the written Pushing the limits Who in the fuck are you kidding (kidding) I'm spitting that venom and leave when I'm blue like my denim I'm already head of em I'll piece the puzzle and then I'm Back to the basics Rap got a lack of the patience (patience) Overly anxious Ruining all my relations I've had enough of the angst Splitting a separate wake Can you feel it, I feel it I'm not even there but in front of my face (face) Sniffin the gold like a villain I don't wanna skrrt like I'm wheelin I'm giving my all Bigger the harder they fall G never answer my call Gave em a second and then I move on to the finish I'm taking my time, get the fuck out my wheelies You never listen, stick with the path that was given I hang up my records like I'm on the Guinness Book and I'm already in it Yeah, we chapter 9 bitch (bitch, bitch) That comes with no surprises Lean back and close your eyelids (lids, lids)

The dirt on my hands
I just wash it away
Through the cracks in my fingers
I'm counting the days
Til I get the call
I be doing the same
And if you think of the wise

Take flight with a moment of silence

That's some fuel to the flame That's some fuel to the (yeah)

We brainless, tasteless
Whatever you wanna say
See I found my place in the matrix
Been on top until I get my guap
I never stop, got my head on lock
Until I am on top (top)
Hen to the money, young master
Spit that stomach acid
Holes full and back to the park
Never wanted to be down but I had to drop
So go head mofucker you the man
Talking to myself cause a young buck can
So I get up outta bed and then I hold that thought for a second

Put it on record I reckon that you might like this (like this) Yes, you might like this (like this) That you might get em with the brand new high tight I stand beside this (side this) I can't decide to hit em now Or charge it up, I'm barging in Who cares if I fall again I'm falling in I don't get a call at all And I'm blowing up but when I'm larger than the rest Nobody gonna ask for Nobody gotta break their back their back for me I'm moving swiftly through deadly seas So that everybody round me rest at ease I stick with pits that I pay so If you wanna just say, if you wanna just say so I don't never wanna lay low I wanna play shows, see the crowd form like play-dough Till I get my pay tho, got my 44 Said this, of course, in my element I'm never gonna let them get ahead and settle it I'm gonna get good along with the skeletons (skeletons)

The dirt on my hands
Through the cracks in my fingers
Till I get the call