

Soledad Story

Audio Push

You, me, backseat
Right now, I don't play
But you're not here, you say come through
Right now, I'm on my way
Stress on my mind, life
Test every time, I
Can not rewind
Any of it

I hope they do Bill O'Reilly like they did Bill Cosby
Point and take pictures while they hang our bodies
Wait, let me stop
I ain't mean to let you in my thoughts
I'm supposed to stay relatable
Gotta dumb it down, they don't want me being lyrical
Gotta gun you down, they don't want me being spiritual
They gon' stone me down, soon as I perform a miracle
Fuck it, here we go
Water into wine, dollar from a dime
A judge in a river, look at how they did her
Accomplished a little, your rights ain't civil
You never understand the pain my heart's been through
I bet they move in on Chicago's youth
A hundred troops, guns out like there are no rules
Your charge it to the game and hope the card go through
And still stress out when the car notes due
Woah, woah, woah, woah
Will they do O'Reilly like they did ?
Trump and Spicer just the new age Nazis
Make sure you got your cameras out if they pop me
Michael became king, they be killing him senseless
I don't want the royalty, look at how they do Prince
I just want my royalties like dollars every cent
They kill you even after you dead, do you repent?
Do you resent? Do you repeat? Do you invent?
Got true intent? Do you depend
On anyone? Are you a friend?
Do you look in the mirror and say, "Not you again"?
Or do you love what you see?
I'm in love with this beat, in love with these streets
But lately I've been loving my peace, can't nothing compete
I see (what you see?)
Nefertiti in my dreams, I see (what else you see?)
No freebies in my team
I see no in-betweens, can't give into my fears
Now raise your glass when you see me cheers
You niggas bummy, we ain't peers
I feel like with the ear
I drip Visine in my third eye
Catch me swerving down baseline, curb side

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This had to be how Tony felt before he hit the 900
My ex left me with a broken heart
Don't you know you can die from it?
Lord, I don't know your plans, I'm just a man
But I know you designed something
Meditate, and mind running
Slow it down, fine substance
Living on different sides of the world
Can't put a price on that
My God-speed, watch me move
Stone work, I put my life on that
Fuck your iPhone rap
Nigga say something from your soul
And that ain't a rap, I'm just cold (ice)
Yeah, groovy, black inside, In a pit of mud, all white clothes
And you, tell us come out clean
And we do just that
Moon-walking, you say I don't talk black
The shroom's talking, you sound dumb
I don't wanna talk about cars
We teleport on Mars
And even Nas told us say the world's ours
But still everybody want to be a star
We got played by the homies out in Boston
If I knew what I knew now I would've lost it
Hit looked out, B done overcharged us
And that was back when them niggas did Flawless
got hacked kept balling
I drop 60 even if the refs call it
Now you know the whole story
Bounced back two times
Meet me in the face tell me that ain't some bullshit
That's what she like, at least that's what I thought
The homies said she can't live this life
Plus you black and she white
And I said shut up (that's ignorant)
White girls, waddup
Black girls, waddup
My thick stack girls, waddup
That reminds me

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The last lights