

Take Care

Audio Push

How you feel about it?
Nothing's real about it
Man these rappers can't rap
As soon as you ask 'em to rap
They gon' pull out their phone or look back at they're pack like "attack"
What the fuck they 'bout to do for you, my nigga
Get a bar life or get a clue, my nigga
No more booze or women for these quote unquote rappers
Until they start tellin' the truth my nigga
Ain't no game, ain't no scrimmages
I done came face to face with these images
That's a lot different that what they present to kids
I think them Benz's ain't rented
Look at'em, them Benz's ain't tinted
You don't really get it
You just pump fake and they jump to the ceiling
You get off your pivot
When that lane get open you lay up and dunk it
That's why it's bumpin'
Let me tell you something, boy, here come that pressure
I studied everyday and night, I stayed up late to write
About everything from crazy nights to what ladies like
If I rhyme a word I ain't say it twice
So if you play I pray you nice
The kings are here, the weed is lit, the seats are taken
Everybody awake? Then cool let 'em know
You got two young players that ain't scared of you
I take care of you

Dearly beloved
I'm clearly disgusted
The game need some adjustments
If they ain't talkin' pack flippin', rack strippin', or bustin'
Then they ain't talkin' about nothin'
There's sadly a shortance on substance
They rather subtweet
I was raised on Rakim, E-40, and WC
Redman, Method Man, and Bun B
Used to write to 50 Cent's "In Da Club" beat
Wishin' I had a shot, I ain't never have a pops
So I got top country grammer seen Nelly on top
And I knew that I had to pop
See Luda had me throwin' them 'bows
B.G. and Turk had me rockin' Girbaud's
Master P had a gee 'bout it fa' sho'
And Fabolous had me in love with the hoes
I just wanted to flow in a cypher or a booth
Rap on a stage or in my room
Man, I just wanted to give 'em truth
The same truth Snoop gave on Gin and Juice
The way I feel about the game I'd offend a few
But so what? This my shit
And it's a lot I can't vibe with
With lyrics you can understand voices all high pitched
So call "rappin" man
That shit need to die quick
Open your eye lids

My music lovers, we need your help
Don't cheat yourself, treat yourself
My mama told me the only way that I can lose is if I beat myself
So you can suck right beneath my belt
For misusing what saved my life
Like Dre ain't raised you right
Like Missy ain't make you hyped
Like Outkast wasn't nationwide
But soon, they'll be sayin' "Thank you, Price"
For taking care

Respect over everything
Rubberband wedding ring
Forever gon' hold the hustle down
Puff a pound with laughter
Ain't no other sound neither
Keep a smile seeded
Good vibe like granny cooking on Sundays
Chasin' billboards with bills on the board, but someday
But some say I'm a genius
Got a nact for these words
Greatest ever
Forever meaning dude keep track of these verbs
Let 'em sleep on
Brand, not bland through any season
Keep on, unlike like clothes on bitches for money reasons
Learn what level you on, get back to me nigga
Quick jab, black yo eyes
Usher and faculty nigga
You know I love to make dollas only if it makes sense
Cop a ticket, hit a country
Where the people ain't tense
I'm convinced, I ain't really me no more
Gettin' better by the day, young kimo flow
Free no goal, that work mean to him no budge
No quality to where you grind at
Free to move but your Mind Trap nigga!