

Bob Barker

Billy Woods

If you can't say fuck the police out loud and in public
We can't strategically build with you
It's a crime to be poor
Satellite arm of the law
Body snatcher
No man knows the hour
4, 5, 6, is it my time yet
Full circle
Perfect loop like dying on my birthday
Cremate me in my boots
Scatter my ashes on an ocean
Imma walk on water
The suicide draw for the fourth quarter
Everybody play the fool
Top of the key, my shot water
Four classic
Bundled to the neck in my Sister Rosetta Tharpe sweater
Varsity letterman
To be a nigga is to eschew elegance
Melancholy medicine for pressures
Spirit swells like faces under baton strike
The heart hardener
Her raging cosmic eye shower rain revenges on those who describe the real and assume power
That's a wet dream
I woke up on fire
Still in the east
My only goal is to die free with my dick hard
Far from the potter's field if I'm being selfish
That's not my story though
If my mother singing glory it's cause her baby boy getting over on his own term
My brother too, he's so precarious
Ain't no flamin' chariot up north unless we torch a prison bus
Sterilize the wound to keep us kins who come
Flush in the face, a numbers game
Projections, start with seeds in the third grade
Incubation, more black bodies required

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