

Uh, yeah, this beat sound like 257 black kids
Hoppin' off the B14 bus like a UniverSoul Circus clown car
Fresh braids, cuts, and kicks
Truant pass burning woods, exposed wrist
Gray smoke drift, stones and sticks
Shorty talk shit like he's paid to do it
Major
Raised within a range of ruins, wakes and viewings
Screamin', "One-Eyed Willie come try kill me," out the moonroof
A real goony-goo-goo, don't overcook the noodle
Self-described revolutionaries rolling buglers still confuse me
I don't judge, still like my gold ropes dookie
New steez Four Seasons, fresh out of reasons to not fuck with you
Tough titty, I never been really that comfortable
Son still shine, run tell mine, darkenin' your threshold
Wages of sin, held at escrow
Salt, pepper, ketchup, barbeque sauce the eggroll
Said a young redbone, lips smack deep-fried inna dead zone
Get back, we sing philosophy and hambone precise findings
I reside inside a nigga-rigged time machine
Powered by bones of those
Who choose to survive by violent means
In plain sight, or hiding behind the seam

Whose ways is strange when it's time to survive?
Pray on the plane, get off, laugh at God
Goddamn shame, but gave 'em the nod
Game is the game, still slept like a log
It's two versions to the story
In mine a bone poke through chipped bars
The witch sighed, "You not growin' very large"
Bitch, you gon' die in his heart
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Abandoned mansion, squat in basement apartment
Still put on airs, flat nose turnt like your weed garbage
High ceilings, lead paint peelin', a nigga Gray Gardens
Dirty Little Stones in Antwerp, who heart darkest?
Red Light District by river boat, I went the farthest
My methods unsound, tasted all the porridge
Cave bitch slept in the bed
You know she not goin' back to the forest
His character boorish, bravado without the courage
Mar-a-Lago, hollow the minute he nuttet
Disgusted, the nerve to be disgusted
This is America, it's not for the weak of stomach
Waiting on Donald Glover outside the Dakota
I'm at the tele', waitin' for Reagan to show up
Beard had 'em nervous at the straw purchase
I said, "It's not like she in a burka"
Rest assured, these is for regular murder
The news is all mergers
State murders, the indictment of public servants

Couple lines on former offensive lines, sordid demise
I bookmarked it for later
Doormen direct me to the service elevator
Nod, grin like you did me a favor, neighbor
Smiles is all razors though
Eyes is lasers, scanned the name tag
For the day we checkin' Tutsi's papers
State News Station says statements are outrageous
But can't deny the charm rakish though
Whatever it take to make the playlist
Desperate to get in the Matrix
My agent an automated recording of "Yes, he'll take it"
Proceed with caution, though
In this climate, you should know my client's overtly racist (Oh?)
Oh, oh, oh, oh