

I was born in the year of this country's last recorded lynching
My question is, who stopped recording?
The great deceiver, name names, sun of the morning, I'm drawn in
Hauntological sloop, spook you out your Yeezy Boost
Fuck that, how long we gotta wait 'til karma kick back?
On that same old, same old, the root's not working, the root's not working
But I'm still here to tell you so, life is for the living
I'm the solution, I'm the condition, I'm a symptom, I'm a witness
First instance seeing my soul above my bed hung suspended
And I knew I could've left here, that's not a bad thing
Slept on the wet wear, they say the hex here
Nearer by and by, it's alright
There be a certain sensitivity, niggas cast spells every day, B
Rip the veil of mystery, wait, see, there's a history
Twist the leaf, let the bush talk, flame-shaped pitchfork
I'm no man of the cloth when the cannon went off
Heaviest cross to carry, they say one of the four horsemen was Iraqi
The people earn what they deserve
You are the beast you worship, I rose up on the third
Planetary purge, panic-prone paralysis, evacuate
Raining chaos on your calculus, name a date

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There's a power in the locks, display the top, the cat piece
Still laughing at the fake woke who told me it wasn't there, B
Enough, handcuffing season is back, cousin
Watch out for law lovers and keep your wrists buttered up
And slick for the sly and the wicked
No houses dropped on witches, no blind justice
I wonder if Steve pondered the fuss over pet rocks and fidget spinners
House niggas still get field dinners, serve
Ironic like Orenthal James with scurvy
That win ain't guard from the presence of rock legends, you are not worthy
Darwinian pins destroy and rebuild, it's major keys
So we clearing house for shipping CDs out COD
Need a break? Take a knee
Need a skank? Break a rib, word to G-O-D
Open your lid, set it free
I hope your mind don't find its way back before you rise and break free
The road less traveled wasn't graveled for safety
So when we move to plan Z, don't go tattle to jakes
Please and thanks

Cracks start to show, bleakest shadow
I'm from the dirt, Roland Garros, that's rich
For what it's worth, gon' need both those barrels, kid
Nextel chirp, my ancestors:
"You gon' need more than bows and arrows, you dig?"
That's my word
Can't say anymore, probably said too much
This an open line, they retroactive with stuff
But if it was me, I'd probably kill the chief
Peace don't come cheap
Jacob Zuma at the computer, still waters run deep

The boa blends when he reach for the machine
Sleight of hand just to rip the pockets out your jeans
Mom's like "What the hell happened to those dungarees?"
But enough about me
Your intro's too long, you ain't Ghost and Rae
Charly Wingate in jail, you can't just up and ride that wave
It's like niggas skipped track nine on the Purple Tape
Chris like "woods, you overlooking the fact they got beats for days"
I had to concede, the beats was indeed flames
Which only made it more of a shame