

Two fifteen

Yo, the big wheel keep turnin' like Ike's and Anna Mae's  
The church kitchen hustlin' dinners every Saturday  
Pull over, let me grab a plate, I tend to gravitate  
Towards how fish dinners from a styrofoam platter taste  
My granddaddy sported plaid Donny Hathaway's  
Hustlin' for everything we had 'til he passed away  
When I would ask about what path to take  
He used to laugh and say, "No man is an island but I'm a castaway"  
Casualties, I seen 'em like the French Foreign Legion  
On the streets, they used to carry out bizarre procedures  
In jean jackets and Jabbar, Adidas  
Back when local R&B was just as soulful as orthopedics  
Me and my man twistin' up some reefer and wishin'  
We knew On The Town, hitman in the likes of Sam Christian  
On the edge of existence, man, listen  
Understand, respect and fear was the all-American ambition  
For badass kids in the laundromat, foldin' a load  
Well lo' and behold, a whole 'nother fork in the road  
My wish for them is that the truth is eventually told  
Out on the corner, where whatever you can sell is sold  
I heard murder ran, as vast as deserted land  
Since back when Burning Man was blacks in Birmingham  
Before the presidential election diversion scam  
Matter fact, before they clapped Franz Ferdinand  
You gossip on Jay and Beyoncé or Kim and Kanye  
But keep risin' to the top, what my mind say  
Picture my daughter drinkin' water with a sign  
Say, "For colored girls," I ain't talkin' Ntozake Shange  
Who said it's cynical? I was a king and general  
Rich in every resource, precious metal and mineral  
Before the devil entered the land of the plentiful  
With that Jamaican funk, gotta get it into who  
For generations under God, indivisible  
Psych ward patience, vampires in a interview  
Become institutionalized, what a nigga do  
But what we had to do to survive, none of them could do  
Who the technical culprit? I don't mess with no vultures  
I'm electrical voltage, not the regular dosage  
Too obsessive compulsive, I'm a fuckin' explosive  
Mixed message in a bottle, I left with the postman  
I'm that arachnophobia, black petroleum  
Ceremoniously holy when at the podium  
Even though it's hotter than weapons-grade plutonium  
The people tryna check for the return of the Ichiban  
Obi-Wan, universe, you owe me one solid  
My homie Gonzalez, only know gun violence  
On the corner where they probably on they 21 Savage  
Catch two in your cabbage, Young Cesar Chavez  
Division one, yo, when and where we get our rhythm from?  
Continuum, still swingin' like a pendulum  
Here the women come, sing it like Sarah Vaughan  
Heard 9th up in a house from North Carilon'  
Ain't no mannequin challenge, but y'all paralyzed  
It's gettin' cold outside, a word from the wise  
Y'all niggas better bundle up

But I bet it be a hotter summer, not for nothin'  
Yo, the cops get down, especially when it come to us  
Nigga better be a Rockefeller  
Get that out your pocket fella, sayin' in acapella  
Ain't a damn thing really changed as far as I can tell it  
Another soul with no name, the helicopters hunted  
Look like a couple of days before the doctor comin'  
But that's my little cousin, watch him for me  
I think the world tryna sock it to me  
It kinda feel like everything is out of pocket for me  
Who keep it a hundred when everything's partial?  
Dignity and sanity is what the game cost you  
Wake up to the paddles on your chest, we had lost you  
I'm just paintin' a picture like Kerry James Marshall  
I'm just takin' a picture like Carrie Mae Weems  
So smile and say cheese, we in 2018  
In a pyramid scheme, nightmares and day dreams  
From the runaway slave to a modern day king