

Nothing makes me wanna love  
I swear its like everything we had was a drug  
I sobered up sitting on the dock of my sanity  
I thought about my life in the sense of what I plan to be  
Rich with a family, that's pretty much it  
I been supposed to got it, felt that I could get it  
I printed my ambition in a letter to my better half  
I call it rap, just caught up in feelings lost in pads  
Pens were needles, heroin in my veins then  
Pain in my blood, cause pain had it's ways  
And again from day to day  
Way more reckless when created Below the Heavens  
But it's still praised, blessing of the curse  
When friends follow trends to the hearse  
Chasing dreams that play out like jeans  
We were, wearing hearts on our sleeves like 12th bar  
Was out back then, when I was out past 10  
Walking home from night school, a kid who knew Ice Cube  
Heard me bust and said that I reminded him of them  
Except nothings happening now out on the west  
Complacency is spreading cause we stopped smoking stress  
Niggas stuck in ruts between rocks, and ain't not not turn, shh, I'm shocked  
I'm trying to learn you he told me, but I already knew who I was gone be  
An og bound to be a g o, d and quit my j o b  
And go away to a place these eyes ain't seen  
Green hash, green grass, a mean ass to squeeze  
And a, smile, for the cameras while the flocks scream

Rap is like, slapboxing with god I catch flack  
From mama for not acknowledging god, imagine that

I haven't asked her what she thought about my title track  
Yet, prolly haven't had a chance to let it set  
Pregnant again, bringing another child into hell , yet again  
I just pretend that it's pleasant, you know  
Cause you know the gas got niggas miserable  
Not to mention prices even rose on cereal  
That's why I sit and quote rappers 5 g's  
Each syllable I speak and residuals  
Capeesh, thanks for letting me out of me onto you onto beats for a fee or fo  
r free  
Accordingly tossed a fourth of my thoughts onto a notepad  
And performed accordingly, each song I recorded my peace on  
A track to free on and we gone  
Won't be returning until the curtains are drawn  
The fat lady sings the Nina part from My Boy Blu  
While I stand in a B-Boy stance and serve your crew  
The chance to choose the fans, the grands, the boobs, the band  
The grand stand up and granted the truth I'd rather  
Drop gems than rock jewels anyday  
Pick the truth over loot anyway  
Many say it's all about the benny franks  
But we'll see, what the end of the beginning brings  
Church to you, never had to be down to earth  
God gave the earth to you  
And don't need a church to go through to serve you through  
Whether you prefer voodoo or youtube

I urge you to, find a higher place to vibrate  
Pronto, I used to bang Time Waits for No Man by Rasco  
Now I bang Tom Waits and Thom Yorke  
I'm trying to be great but time's short, why wait, go get it