Mars

Blu

Yes indeedy wrote graffiti on the bus
Now I'm on the cusp so hush
Grown man talk don't interrupt
Tell'em where you been Jay sittin' on the cusp
Making all exhisiting stars dust

Ay yo trust that we go where no man before
Deepest in the seashore high off trees

Surrender my piece in the circle of emcee's
Surrounded by b-boys and killer cali chiefs
My words are like weapons I direct them when I speak
Kapish and kush blunts, kish for lunch
Eat rappers like take out, 'bout once a week
'Bout to make it once a month, hibernating in the cut
Sleep walking writing raps dreamin' 'bout counting bucks
I still bust it free for my peeps
When we bump into each other on the streets
'Cause we do it for the love, just to bust over beats
Rhymes, life, and when it gets together dogg
It sounds so nice, ain't it right?
Tell Mr. Jones it ain't dead it just came back home
Had to paint black poems for a fake flat world
Tryin' to take back rap like a lost black girl
While the whole world naps and the sunshine showers
Sitting on hills counting down final hours
Thinkin' 'bout "if I ruled the world"
Now I already got the power

And now I'm on the cusp, so hush
Grown man talk don't interrupt
Tell'em where you been Jay sittin' on the cusp
Making all exhisiting stars dust

See ya'll found god within me
Now we kick free sippin' on a bottle of hennessy
Blazin' christmas trees on the clouds of infinity
Blank out, and forget a crowd is with me, forgive me
My energy can be gangster, I wanted to be a painter
But decided I should live a life of danger
Remind me pops to thank you, for I cock the chamber
Aiming at top spots, and cock blocking haters
Bla' bla' my glock shot land in the heart
Cause one day I got high and mistake you for a shark
Pardon me dogg, why is it my artistry rot
Everytime I bring weapons to a broad on my jock
Cars on my lot, all my money balled in a knot
When niggas rap they hear me rapping 'bout harvesting crops
Probably not, honesly I'm trying to be dope
That's being modest I ain't trying to be broke that's on my momma
Trying to figure how do we cope with all the drama
When there is so much room in the sunshine showers

And we're out here, tell your boys to tell girls
That we're out here, sitting on the cusp
Making all exhisiting stars dust...

(Sometimes I sit back...)
(Ya'll niggas is out here what ya'll finna do about it?!)
Grown man talk don't interrrupt...
(Ya'll niggas is out here...)
Ey... hush...
(Mind's in another world...)
Yeah...
(Ya'll niggas is out here what ya'll finna do about it?!)
Calm down... calm down... calm down...
(Sometimes I sit back with a buddha sack...
And I be thinking how can we exist through the facts...)
(Oh my god, niggas is out here...)
(Sometimes I sit back...)

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