

effort

brakence

Uncomfortably breeds growth (Okay)
That's the main thing I learned about it
In order for me to grow I gotta be uncomfortable as hell with everything
Do you think that it makes your music relatable in a way?
It makes me adapt
In which way?
Like, being vulnerable, having people come at me, like, surrendering myself
to the world

Looking for a stipend my drive is loaded
I think I can find it the more you know me
I just copped the right to extort my purpose
In a one track climate with no disturbance
All the same witcha, you believe your source shit
Can't get your main with ya, she don't need your bullshit
98% of all my flows are stolen
'Cause the greatest artists are the ones that notice

I get it going no I'm never turning it down
I'm finding my liking I strike indeterminates out and
If I'm all blood I'll be flooding the tourniquet route
I'm breaking the boundaries I'm faking this tournament out
Like why lil' techie got a trendy flow
Because he reckons that it'd grant your trust
And he'll be there in a second
A deceiver needs his love

I think I should probably get my will off the carpet
College next year, man the clock is alarming
Ain't no excuses, no I do not give no pardons
And I'ma shoot a lot so I will hit my target
Brakence gonna move straight like a rook, vehement
Lead his favor wanna seize the paper like it's old news: "dead president"
Sincere no fake layer even though he out his element
He gotta lotta fear but won't stop there, only care a little if he relevant

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Maybe you can, like, take some inspiration from what some other people are doing?
I can't take inspiration from what they're doing (Yeah)
I can take inspiration from what other people did and blend them
Oh, in, like, in your own way, right?
Yeah, and that's what, that's what the new artists are doin'

I caught you dreaming
You're soon to adopt how you find your meaning
I break my ceiling
I'm a lot, head's hot but the baby freezing
That's on my hearing

Still why would they love me I'm way past my season
For the time being
I will not give a fuck I don't need no reasons
Make the best of your carbon print
Get your work up, do ya want all this baby
You can't just ponder bliss
Your vices control you, the common shit, baby
Gated path look like a hyphen
Brakence got talent but he ain't no item
Lazy ass nerd 'bouta get to his writing
Don't scrape that slack 'cause he just got a license

What are you tense for?
What's the reason you got manners?
What do you stand for?
Look at me, I need an answer
Know you a man for 'em
Give your baby a little gander
Why the fuck can't you advance demands with all these people tryna manage ya
?

This ain't no message it's assault on your senses
Find out who you are, and if I ever catch you lacking I'm gonna tell myself
I failed
(This is nothing)
(You haven't seen nothing yet)

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Are the ones that notice
Yeah, the ones that notice