

Come Along

Caskey

Dear heavenly father
As I lay down to rest
I pray that you watch over me
In these end times
These terrible times

The Raptures here
Jehovah witnesses were wrong
Many more than one hundred and forty-four will come along

Could this be the end of time
Man of my city
Many artist beg for they shine
And it's not pretty how it go down
Pull up in that '97 Honda
I had to slow down, shit
I ain't shy about my presence
We in the Old Town
And I hold it down
They have seen my compilations on the internet
Use them to strike up a conversation
But I intersect they dissenting presentation with open arms
They ignorant separation get no response
Somebody shout, "Hallelujah, you done made it!"
They made me out to be sacred or something I swear
One day this is all gon' fade away in time, face it
And y'all will pity me for it, presumin' I care
Man I stare into the hands of time
With a hand on my johnson like Johnnie Cochran
And handlin' my case
So I better have my facts on straight
In fact I better be manufacturing faculty members with rates
High enough
To buy themselves some condensation when it dryin' up
Cool, you sold a 'lil crack in the city
Well me, I gave back to the city
And never turned my back to this city
Now I'm back in the city
I'm here!

With they hands to the heavens high
You ain't got to be petrified
The Raptures here
Jehovah witness were wrong
Every mother fucker that I know will be coming along
Coming along, ya

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I'm sick of all this persecution
I swear that I'm lost in the fusion of these religions
Delusions we've been givin' our morals to, I'm livid

And I'm relivin' my old thought patterns
I'm in the kitchen
What's the prescription
Drugs and believe systems are so synonymous
They like pimps with no glimpse of the omniscience
I keep my cigarillo rolled tight
My whole life was spotted up
Wanted mo' stripes
And gettin' no slice of this all seein' pie
Take a look in yo' eyes
If you've all seen why
What's yo' motive homie
Uh, it get corrosive when you ain't focus homie
He probably know this don't he
Well take note
I'm in the Palms starin' down at my palms
I hate'cho inhibition and condition
My mission is stay 'float
I may go outside yo' realm of thought
Outside of my trunk I was sellin' my art
That was back in 2009
One hell of a start
We've been reachin' milestones
My dial tones are probably followed by Robin Williams number
In the summer we gon' be stylin' on all the non-believers wildin'
Cause the raptures here

With they hands to the heavens high
Petrified of what's to come
Standing there memorized
We livin' this
Somebody tell 'em what the mission is
And what a Christian is
Cause the Raptures here
Jehova witnesses were wong
Every mother fucker I know is comin' along

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