

# Control

Caskey

Yeah, now pas me hiss of the cronic  
When I'm tryina be iconic,  
With little hiss of ebonic,  
It's a littl hiss of the chronicles of riddick  
My chronicals in tell the large men with the monocle  
Telling me to come and get it, and I'm with it  
My mother concerned I made these y turns  
With the usher ties, had to let em burn  
Not let the rosetta turn  
Meet you a stone cold killer with the better perm  
Are you here for better or worse  
Could bet to your purse  
But you wouldn't come about it  
Just by lifting your skirt  
Tryina flirt, it hurt  
Some of my favorite women call me a jerk  
But still I only call my mama, she are the reason I work  
I was cursed to be a man with a conscieousness  
Big as the continents  
Except I gotta ego this is bigger and opposite  
That's what the problem is  
Tryina stay neutral in the midst of apocalypse

[Hook] x 2

Now this one could be out of control  
Control, control, control, control, control  
this one could be out of control  
System's the control, in the unaware mind  
Make a prison of the whole

What's up, could take it back to constitution  
I stay at my palms  
Killer fucking cop, tryina stop me  
Bare my arm, rang the alarm  
But I ain't calm, but I'm waiting the storm  
You should be warned, my ambition making similar  
To all the crusades of the damn christians  
I hate, when a woman tell me I'm trippin  
Course I'm trippin, bush was telling lies  
And I was forced to listen  
Obama been telling lies, this time, click the news off  
Kick my shoes off, went back to my roots  
Rollin this truth, tryna cool off  
Everytime I do another show, there's a field  
That I get boot off  
Guess that's the insecurities of a man, take the suit off  
Let that girl dance, take the rubberbands  
On top of the ludoph  
That hatred is little duval,  
Rather comedic, I don't need it  
Give me my uha  
Take all my rhymes upstate,  
To tell her how she roll when my girl asked me  
How was all going  
I said

[Hook] x 2

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