

Swear I suppose, there's nothing left for me in here to expose
Ain't an accolade alive that I ain't claim on my own
I been crowned since forever, been in here with the stones
June bug with the plug, how I weight out the goal
It's nothing new, almost to the point where I be bashful
Double entendres are wondering what the mass do
Double high, caught em and wonder if that'll catch you
It's summersault slaughter so the flow is only natural
Like no shots to it, more so in sense
But I'm less about that, and more so bout a Benz
I'm more so bout a win, and more so bout the end
Being more than we can count, moreover your ten
Talking Russell in the huddle for a W
Instead of serenading the parade, but not enough for attempts
Know I may hear the beat, like the end of the speech
Like the only protocol of what winning should be is right here

They gave Langston Hughes a pen, Coltrane a saxophone
Gave me this mic but they ain't give me no chaperones
Just me, just the ghost and the alphabet
Nine years old watching Spike Lee's "Malcolm X"
Yeah, I'm on some different type of energy
Whether hot or cold better save them extremities
Man, the jab got you running like Floyd
If it's money to be made, then the summer got a joint
I ain't running for the coin man I'm tryna keep my promise
Cause if I keep it G I'm selling honesty as product
And it's piracy, all this airing out keep messing up my privacy
Now I'm writing rhymes on papyrus leaves
It's hometown hero, not a hero in my own town
Got my own sound, I experiment with Mo-Town
Yeah, that's the offseason
You fish outta water and we coming after Caesar

Nah we ain't done
I don't turn my nose up when evil stalks
I can smell em coming, yeah I know I can see it all
This the Ghost Protocol, call me Ethan Hunt
Leave the wicked with a broken jaw, they can't even talk
I tell the Pharisees to each its own
"Mene, mene, tekel, upharsin", read the wall
We all fallen, no desire to embarrass dudes
I offer them a parachute, they trade it for a pair of shoes
Prepare to lose, I ain't claiming the belt
You could never win a game that keeps playing itself
We the fighter and we don't wanna fail
So we put ourselves in prison
Every Christian needs bail, Lord Jesus

I'ma give a little more, I just wanna let go
Give it to the Lord, I'm just gonna let go

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