

# FABEV Freestyle

Cordae

I'll probably come in like, uh  
Yeah, uh, January 14th  
Get y'all shit together, nigga  
Oh, oh, y'all really took the bait too  
Y'all really took the bait too, like, uh  
Nah, I got y'all  
Yeah, uh

Who would've ever imagined or fathomed that we would actually make it off of rapping? (Uh)  
I had a feeling that this all would happen (Yeah)  
God's timing is perfect  
The last album was about finding your purpose  
This one start rewinding my verses  
You'll find a deeper message  
Been this way since my preconception (Uh)  
Before a lethal weapon (Yeah)  
Before I would tour with Jarad Higgins (Uh)  
Before I was trippin'  
Before I exited mental prisons  
Before the auditions, y'all all fake  
I use you niggas as bait, okay, that's law eight  
Belief in myself, that's raw faith (Hmm)  
I been seeing through y'all moves, okay, that's Spycat (Uh)  
I love to gamble with high stakes and learn from every loss that I take  
My mistakes are beautiful  
Twitter nigga in a office cubicle commentating on Black music, how foolish  
You must've just skimmed through it, how could you relate to it?  
The type of niggas I hate, uh  
Worldwide tours, I be filling rooms (Real)  
I do it for the kids that be feeling doom (Nah, for real)  
Uh, pills and shrooms all still consumed  
Pitchfork writers born with a silver spoon  
This that heat seekers for the deep thinkers  
I might take a trip to LA Leakers (Uh)  
I might press the button and end discussion of who's the best  
Under twenty-five, and lay that conversation to rest  
Even under thirty, I was young and dirty, gettin' money early (Uh)  
Hickory Hill apartments, one bedroom  
One bed shared with four people, no legroom  
Futon couch, my mom and little bro could vouch (Uh)  
Hard times maketh man (Real)  
I was fifteen takin' Xans  
Droppin' mixtapes and creatin' plans  
Manifestation, God's creation  
My step pops was in the nation, learn moderation (Uh)  
Learn discipline, no Christmas gift  
We was like, "Fuck Saint Nicholas," my flow ridiculous  
Time is limited upon this Earth  
Before the death and after the birth  
From a bird's-eye view, my third eye grew  
For sure, I knew I was destined to do this shit  
January fourteenth, coming sooner than expected  
My mind is hectic, thoughts eclectic  
At times I felt disrespected by the genre I love  
Uh, fuck you niggas, only God can judge  
January 14th, From a Birds Eye View

I'll reassure what you already knew on January 14th

Kill, kill, kill  
Murder, murder, murder  
I see dead people

Okay, cool, uh  
This is for back in the days  
Before the accolades, packing the stage  
This fame shit was a slap in the face  
Couldn't fathom people I idolize, rapping was fake (Woo)  
Imagine the weight you carry from having information that could bury 'em  
I'd rather not say  
Continue to give you the real from an accurate place  
They kill niggas just for speaking the truth  
A hypothermic nigga could heal from all this fucking heat in the booth (Hot,  
hot, hot, hot)  
The season of reaping the fruits that I labored for  
A work man is worthy of his hire  
I'm only inspired by legacy and early desires  
I'll admit it, I'm far from perfect  
I'm shallow, but far from nervous  
I get a dopamine spike for every car I purchase  
What is the truth? My nigga, we all are searching, uh  
1/14, the album is soon to come (Uh)  
My future set in stone, my peers, I fear none (Never)  
Straight up off the Lear, it's clear I'm tier one (Haha)  
Your favorite artist's catalog just tears my eardrums (Stop)  
Please, stop the comparisons, God, it's embarrassing  
Straight out of Maryland  
It's not a sprint, it's a marathon  
My nigga Cam told me it's time to take over (Uh)  
My nigga Ean styles and drives a Range Rover (Skrrt, real)  
But fuck that, right back to it  
This that hijack music  
Your style more common than Iraq shootings (Fah)  
A nigga don't want war with me, you not that stupid  
Black Air Forces, my energy attack their sources (Kill)  
I could diss the whole rap game and fill it with corpses (Boom)  
And shout-out my nigga Three and Curren\$y, still in New Orleans (For real)  
I can see a war is coming, this feeling's enormous  
It's time to kill these niggas, man (Ooh)  
Let's go  
My catalog's flawless, your last album was garbage (Wack)  
My competition's shooting themselves, happens too often (For real)  
My only regret was I couldn't dig up your coffin  
From a Birds Eye View, I'll reassure what you already knew  
One, two, three, four, five (Ah)  
I'm the best rapper under twenty-five  
And this ain't saying much, it's no surprise  
But they don't give you your flowers 'til you die  
Fuck your first week sales predictions and your failed conviction (Uh)  
Free my nigga Mac and Simba up in the prison (Free Sim')  
Rest assured, soon, all of my niggas is winning  
This is just the beginning  
Motherfucker, I'm coming

Uh, From a Birds Eye View  
January 14th  
Fasten your motherfucking seatbelts, niggas  
Get y'all fucking shit together, man  
Garbage-ass niggas  
Stop fuckin'-, ooh, mmm

Say less and do more  
Let's get it