

# Wonders

Cordae

Awe shucks

Yo, yo, yo, yo, yo, yo, yo

Hop up on the track with the super funky flow  
With these instrumentals, I be putting on a show  
Cuz I'm itching for some dough  
I could really use some mo  
Because I'm poor as hell, my people living in poverty  
Tryna get a record deal, but they never acknowledge me  
They continue to sign these rappers that sound legitimate  
I remade the sound, but still be spitting the illest shit  
But I'ma do it big to pay the bills for my mother  
I kick it with the Tundra cuz he's known to bring the hunda  
I wonder  
Why they always knock the brother down  
That was underground  
But wants to wear the mainstream crown  
Wow, please someone give me an explanation  
Of the constant hating  
On the new Baltimore rap sensation  
He goes by Raff Alpha  
He's supa, dupa clever  
Yelling out, "Rest in Peace to Nelson Mandela"

I'm wondering, will we ever made it out the slumps?  
I'm wondering, will our time ever come?  
I'm wondering if we ever make it out  
If Lord give me chance, I'ma take it now  
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Da, da, da, da, da, da, da, da, da, da, da  
Da, da, da, da, da, da, da, da, da, da, da  
Yeah, uh

It seems that the underground, it start to come around  
No radio, so there's no need to dumb it down  
I spent the lightning, thunder sound  
It make me run the town  
Ain't no use to you, running now  
We already sonned you clowns  
But I'ma make it, I'm confident  
They intolerant  
But in the future they gon' all know who Entendre is  
Wondering about the far skies, whether apartheid  
Tired of the dark lies, they say in our eyes  
Fuck a history, life is misery with its enemies  
Get you mentally, was meant to be this way essentially  
For centuries, my niggas been stuffed in penitentiaries  
To infinity, they want us all gone eventually  
Fuck America, cause hysteria and the chaos  
Cuz in my area, life's a gamble like Los Vegas  
And they watch me rap off Omega  
And may God

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Da, da, da, da, da, da, da, da, da, da, da  
Da, da, da, da, da, da, da, da, da, da, da  
Yeah, uh

Aye, mother nature's fresh green leaves  
Freezing up the paper that we coil  
Nigga Giovanni lacks the huge, rooted from the soil  
We use it for oil, fueling my aura  
When it get sports, with that raw shit that's never gonna spoil  
Check the aura, ah  
I used to flow from the mainstream  
From the rivers to the lakes, creeks  
Until I figured out that the swimmer would never shake me  
Flapping my fin  
You see they attack swimmers safely  
Got that ocean flow, that swallowed though, that spaced me  
Styling free, with the spirit of the bigs  
Lord is killing them softly till they graves, don't you dig  
He's taking a swig of the roots that he's made me  
I'm the Raff Alpha of these double entendres baby

Hahah