

Stand for somethin' to fall down the steps
And I hope you break yo' neck before you reach the bottom
'Cause we don't need you on this planet if you causin' problems
And we don't need you on this planet if you worship dollas
These bitches claim they understand it when a nigga talkin'
But I know I left they ass behind like the rapture started
Call the snap department tell 'em its a rogue engineer in the soul of this n
igga here
I'm my biggest fear, nothin' interferes when my mind is clear
Mulatto hit my phone like, "Baby what you want? Get inside of here."
And I'll oblige, might even spend the night
Might even cook some eggs if I like the way she ride
Strugglin' with leavin', strugglin' with stayin'
A hundred different reasons ricochet in my skull
Just like a hundred different demons like to play with my soul
Yeah, the mothership is beamin' but I ain't goin' home
So when you see a nigga heels leave the window sill
Tell the world they couldn't keep me if I keep it real
And when my body layin' shattered, blood splattered on the street
Cover me so my momma and my girl don't see

Breast and beef on some bon appetit
Talkin', talkin', he talkin' to you or talkin' to me
Sharp teeth whenever the young beast release
Talk cheap, either they cool or they bang heat
Think I'll get in the game and let a nigga flame me?
Pulp Fiction, niggas be Ving Rhames and Damon
Dig deeper used to be in that Coupe
Really hangin', I hangin' with Mr. Cooper
Had that Bun B and Pimp C playin' fuck is you sayin'
These drugs, you wan' try?
My homegirls got mushroom for fun guy
Lick my gun you gobbled it tongue tied
Said she fuck with my sw- my sw- my feng shui
Ok me and my niggas is what you would call killas
Everything we touch they guaranteed to feel us
Me jittered fill up the tank and weed pillars
Couple niggas shootin' the shit like we Billups
Take a pull cough, cough we hiccups
Cushion the inside of expensive vehicles
Me nigga we nigga
'Cause everywhere we go it's never just me nigga

king of the farm
Slave to the norm
I was sleepin' in two sweatshirts and a coat to stay warm
Sleepin' in a dorm, bank account throwin' up signs like be warned
A nigga was reborn into the cosmos
God's kitchen, chillin' in that pot roast
Monuments and pyramids way before we rock most
Momma sat that baby down put that knowledge pie close
You better eat your Wheaties now, see these people greedy child
And they'll take your eyesight out your fingertips like Stevie
Steal you from your villages, ship you 'cross the seas
Then starve the textbooks until they malnourished and needy
Now yo' kids flippin' pages like "Momma I don't see me."
See underneath that makeup and them J's be a people who knew the sun first

To the world we gave birth and they still rapin' Africa for everything it's
worth
So I stand here black and proud fistin' air hell yeah
Hair kinkier than a muhfucka's how I like to wear
Pick out a struggle like some starvin' ass hungry bears
I ain't gotta hustle I've been doin' it for a thousand years