

Drive Slow

Genesis Owusu

You say you've got everything you want, what is that, what do you have?

Everything

What's everything?

I got a house, I got 3 cars, I got money in my pocket, everything I want

But how old are you?

17

Drive slow homie

Drive slow homie

Crack the window, show these niggas all your gold homie

Drive slow homie

Drive slow homie

Crack the window, show these niggas all your gold homie

Yo, my teacher told me plan your future days and be realistic, cause

Ain't no neighbour making paper solely off linguistics

But this trig and Pythagoras ain't making me no fanbase

Can't have no plan B here distracting me from plan A

I here say

That I'll cement my presence with authority

There's more to me than scores and beats and bones and sheets of wordplay

The sorbet, sweet ass rappers hitting all those high notes

Make a pathway, cause I've been ruling since I was a zygote

Imma fly though

Cause it was written down beneath the prophecies

Emerging from the womb spitting fire, an anomaly

Of great proportion

Imma get my portion properly

And if you sway the other way

This is what I'll say

What's it gonna be when it all starts to change

How you gonna go when the curtain hit the stage

What's it gonna be when the pen hit the page

What you gonna do when the sun hit the shade

And I've been hanging round the way fam

Soon the dough come in and I'll be hanging round some wasteman

Need to clear the evils that been touring on my cranium

Maturity been calling but I'm still a Super Saiyan

I'm just a guinea pig inside the spinning wheel of fear and fortune

Mr Sabre, Vader's steppin' weapons and he forcin'

Mr Sabre, Vader's temptin' blessings and he talkin'

Mr Sabre, Vader's damn impressing, yes he awesome

My soul contorting

The clouds in front the sun got me conforming

They sent informants

And the power of the tongue had made the sword been sorted

The great debate had well been settled on the sharpest forces

So I roll roll, out the door to face the glow

And its so cold the place I know inside my soul

But the snow goes to cover nose and opticals but the bro's been gone

Don't walk towards the light, fuck it Imma stroll like

What's it gonna be when it all starts to change
How you gonna go when the curtain hit the stage
What's it gonna be when the pen hit the page
What you gonna do when the sun hit the shade

Drive slow homie
Drive slow homie
Crack the window, show these niggas all your gold homie
Drive slow homie
Drive slow homie
Crack the window, show these niggas all your gold homie