

# Redemption

Ghetts

Today should've been a good day  
But ya boy missed, never had a good game  
And if I wasn't metaphorically speaking  
Chances are I could all blame a foot sprain  
Fuck an excuse though, I'm still the numero uno  
You know, Mayweather for these Chris Eubanks and Brunos  
New spitters ain't better, but nowadays just being new is a loophole  
When it comes to words, I've got a masters in Scrabble  
It's like Columbo playing Cluedo  
Plus the new flow, nouveaux  
Crystal clear, and I'm a boss like you know  
What's the name again? Hugo  
Had a little mainstream light this year  
Still I'm underground, I'm getting tube home  
People looking at me like say man a terrorist  
Cuh this kind of beard could snap a fine toothcomb  
My, I be [?] Rudolph  
I just might reindeer on a few folks  
Tell a nigga lay there, don't move, no  
Freestyling on the pavement  
Trade pound for the Pagans  
Bitch slaps, gift wrap  
Kidnapped, tryna break out of the basement  
They're saying that you got a chain round without a blade in  
I find all of you fake clowns entertaining  
Your mothers ain't proud of you wastemen  
Big man bruddas ain't loud when I face em  
I contact  
I like combat  
Who's been sipping the badman juice?  
I know a few niggas who've died from that  
Haters, man are doing well  
And I'm hearing everything besides congrats  
They don't wanna see a nigga like me  
Getting this money and sign contracts  
Fuck it, I've already got a metaphor like this  
But I'm killing this mic, I'm like Conrad  
Tell that girl "bill a spliff for me"  
And tell my man "pass the Cognac"  
Celebration  
Hard work pays off  
I define dedication  
Look at my CV  
Check my reputation  
I'm probably overreacting  
But today was devastating  
Now I've gotta come back harder  
It's all about elevation  
How you mean, ease up?  
(Blud, are you mad?)  
How you think Wiley survived for generations?  
Perseverance  
Preparation  
There's only a few that are bust  
Who are still penetrating  
The rappers rap but the MCs MC  
The one everybody rates but they never say it in public

Fuck it, my nigga, it ain't nothing  
Everybody in the industry pushing the same button  
Overlooking Ghetto, looking for something that ain't coming  
Hammering the only MC that they ain't touching  
Niggas doubted and doubted and now they wanna eat with me but  
I ain't even putting my food in the same oven  
Everybody knows J's stubborn  
Sam Cooke said that a change soon come  
Sorry Sam, I can't see a change coming  
Game in the game, gunning anybody in my way  
You see the way I got anybody in my way running?  
Moment of silence for that flow, you know  
That's enough, no delay, burning  
Every time I squeeze, I hit the target like I'm meant to  
All I heard was "holy shit, he's bleeding from his temple"  
I don't wanna roll with this but nigga, it's essential  
He came out the pen, I filled his head full of pencil

Mental

Not every day 110%, you know  
Sometimes 80, 75  
Realise you're human  
Come back and give it to them