

# Ambitions

## Grits

See, I'm a black man and I don't know how to sing, and I don't know how to dance, and I don't know how to preach to no congregation, and I'm too small to be a football hero, and I'm too ugly to be elected mayor...but I watch TV though. And I see as these people in their fine homes and nice cars they drive, and get all full of ambition

They tell me that the world is mine so I keep trying to find the right way to shine, the right way to grind with these ambitions  
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Now if all of this was to conjugate, congregate, great will be our escape if we jump at the opportunity  
Great Caesar's ghost - I'm so stumped at what you do to me  
In the midst of my surrender the picture is painted beautifully, grace the pages of print adds  
Granted: been in the game, serving a ten year stint, adds value to the brand  
Was afforded the chance to get Canibus to lend a hand  
The plan standard was previously set  
No emotion shown, stone-faced got you all shook, blurring the vision of every outlook  
Being worried about it - pointless in my book  
Adjust the blueprint to save face, disgrace past mistakes - but why?  
You wasn't honest in the first place  
Friends fail, close partners in my proximity  
Let hate blind, but still I push on cause they can't limit me  
Simply to step the stones I stepped on  
Dang, that Coff's a tough nut to crack - he black  
He just kept on, stronger than the pressure in car tyres, oppression and apartheid  
With pride, jello-mesh with the dark side  
Dangers of ambition and drive, (of which of I decide?)  
To come with the decision to survive and just strive  
And '06 from '95 we been promising live  
All the fellows say...  
All the ladies say...

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If you really want the truth, I'll tell it  
They ain't worried about your soul, they want the artist to sell it  
They want their image embellished, they want you spending your relish  
They want the bottom of the profit line in pluses and swelling  
It's ugly ain't it, how the industry's tainted?  
And while we never took the title "Gospel rap" and then claimed it  
Cause I'm sick of having sicker flow  
Mind-bending time travel, running back, future flow  
Ahead of time suture flow, healing for the wounded soul  
Deeper than the surficial, snatch it from the reaper's hold  
So me and my mans, we form our latent plans to stack you grand and buy a little land too  
Hand over hand, cause even if we got to, we will hit the block in the van like a rock group

Listen to ambition  
No "Can I kick it?"  
No time for can kicking when the Canibus spit it  
It's the bonafide soldier  
My fuel mix, rich like Oprah  
She hate hip-hop - so what?  
Governor president came to visit the regiment two weeks after the president  
to give us some medicine  
A black bucket of paint blacked out much of my face, blacked out what I want  
ed to say  
Write a rhyme every other day  
Coffee keep me up and awake  
I'll bust rhymes cause I wanna be great before it's too fake and too late  
Before destiny meets fate I hear ghost signals in the mix tape  
Never stereotype it, it'll be a sound burial tonight if I catch you on a kar  
aoke mic  
Clip on my whiskers handling my Gotee business  
Call upon your witness  
Grits and Canibus spit encrypted Canibus code  
Flows tabulated below, amidst bits and notes Germane wrote  
Pardon the poor pauper with nothing to offer from his coffer, coughing up a  
mouthful of volcanic sulphur  
Walking towards the altar, hand in hand with my father in law's daughters -  
my high value target  
Force get pitch forked of orbit  
Pause it, rewind what I recorded, see if the eye caught it  
Five o'clock in the morning, cup of joe boiling - who's pouring?  
Bonafide lyrics - who's calling?

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