

Skyline

Hanumankind

Yeah
Yeah, yeah

Get it how you live it, live you how you get it, I been heading straight into the belly of the goddamn beast
Moving through the city, getting busy, situation looking sticky, peanut butter, jelly on my seats
What that means is if you isn't ready, things'll end up getting messy, leave a couple bodies in a bag
Head is feeling heavy 'cause I know I carry the weight of the world on my motherfucking head
I been looking for the gold, I been looking for the bread, everything that being sold isn't worthy of my time
Whenever I get a hold of my motherfucking head, think that I can really mould something heavy from the fire
Get burnt, boy
Grab a blunt, get turnt, boy
Find out how respect is earned, boy
What you learnt, boy?
Time to put in all the work, boy
This a blessing and a curse, boy
Something tell me many aren't friendly when they looking at a man do his thing from the sidelines
Part of doing things in your own way, dog, yeah, I bet they tired following the guidelines
I just keep it moving, 'cause out here, I been pursuing a bunch of things I wanna put on my timeline
Young brown boy sick with it, get your bitch with it, you are now tuning into primetime
Big boy moves in the pipeline, when the money call, set alarms in the nighttime
Find myself in places with faces that I don't recognize, but they see me and they smile wide
Yeah, I smile back sometimes, then it's back to skipping meals when it's lunchtime
Yeah, I feel the burn full-time 'cause I'm tryna change up my skylines

I been looking at the sky, tryna change my skylines while I try to deal with the madness
Now I been looking at the sky, tryna change my skylines, yeah, yeah
My skylines, yeah, yeah
I been looking at the sky, tryna change my skylines while I try to deal with the damage
Now I been looking at the sky, tryna change my skylines, yeah, yeah
My skylines, yeah, yeah

My angels all left, they ain't give a fuck
My demons came back, they can't get enough
They all want a piece, they all want a cut
I just want my peace, it get hella tough
Plenty eyes on my energy
Yeah, I know that not everybody into me
Part of making money making enemies
I'm only getting started, but they ready to be ending me
See me in your state, making statements
From the 56, making music in the basement
But that don't mean that we do this shit basic

Underground king, Pimp C inside my playlist
See me in your city with some titties in the background
Getting litty with the pretty girls now
But that don't mean we fit in with committees, I just get a little silly time
e to time, then I dip out
I understand there's plenty that just ain't fair, but this shit been a long
time coming
They're hoping that I'll hit the ground and stay there, but bitch, I'ma hit
the ground running
Running, running, running 'cause my engine
Full of gasoline mixed with vengeance
Fuel tank full to the brim, bitch
Run laps on your woes and opinions
Laps on laps on laps
Pass 'em all by, I don't ever get gassed
Picking my routes, none of this was on map
When you need something, then all of a sudden, it's memory lapse on lapse on
lapse
People gon' change, pressure make 'em all crack
Except for the few who be tired of the view that they see every day, so I'm
telling y'all that

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