

If I could ask for anything it would be apprehension
Malice is pretentious, no further questioning
Balanced with a shin splint, steam the pedal leveraging down to Earth how it
's sitting
My flows are pimping, this shit rot, ya'll gone have to exhibit
Dissecting my life apart like a frog with no ribbit
I've done it this time, I did it, they snitching to the witness
I've crumbled it down to settlements stretch and move the quickness
Hunger is the sickness, zombies coming with a vengeance
I go figure on the hill like Tom with his inventions
Love for my music, my people, remind me my intentions
It's a battle to get it right when your thoughts are henchmans
True to survive in the night, the fight or flight
Firefight, the fire, the fireflies shining bright at night
The brightest light my future, I'ma eye 'em till it's outta sight
You're free to die, damn right, can't climb my height
I say it louder, twice, I'm 'bout that life until I'm out of life to live
Punchlines haven't received a flow before [?]
Before I'm out the game make sure nobody did it how I did
I should be first on your browser list
Check my music out, it's sick, I might buy me a house with this

I'm black and I'm young and I'm fucking strapped with a gun
They can't talk crap 'cause they dumb
Don't know what the fuck's happening
They say, Jesus' piece like I'm back to back with a nun
He resurrected his life, for his fucking sake just to
Have you some fun

There comes a time in a man's life
Doing crime is just a man's vice
Vaporise, my brain is paying pan fried
I sublime until I am high
You can't tell a man what he can't try
Watch the faith of a mustard seed expand in size
I'm the shit, but at least he can't fly
Jagged edges like a ham pie
I'm getting cheese now where's the damn Rye
She need my wishes, my command right? Right?

I tell my George man I can't wait for you to come home
Drumline, one band, one sound, trumpets and trombones
I feel the fucking growth like processed hormones
My intuition is the unknown
I let it ripen till you smell it like it's cologne
Serving niggas with appetisers, the rap arrival
I put the beat to sleep, call me the tranquilizer
Dandelion in the middle of the desert, bitch analyse it
If she ask me which way to go, I bet I can't advise her
Listen to one of my tracks, label me the antagonist
Niggas be like Hodgy need to grab the bible
So I grabbed the bible, study like I fathom idols
You after fame nigga, I'm after the title
The best

What it is a man without his word, his word
What it is a, man without his