

Solioquy

Isaiah Rashad

I left my daddy round '97, he was lazy
Couldn't hit the grind but making babies, I'm crazy
Smoking bouquet cop it from my niggas pushing daisies
Like a romance, push a nigga buttons like a program
I been on the Jäger for a day-ger watch me slow dance
Tough as Conan this the art of barbarian
I got four white girls all Aryan
I wonder what their daddy think fuck 'em, it's a revolution
Fuck it, fuck 'em, take a break, let 'em fuck each other
I ain't your everyday normal brother, porno lover
She savin' children by the low and guzzle, what is muscle?
And I'm finessing like I'm Timmy Duncan, win you something
Immaculate, this scatter rapping, no passing my blunt
Don't you put me on freshman covers, I'm posing with lunch
Think they worthy of presence presently passing 'em up
No competing with bleachers jogging I'm running a muck
Sweet Jesus, I fuck around and need a street sweeper
Leave the bodies on the cul-de-sac, follow me the cult is back
Sippin' on that cognac and that Jim Jones
Watching movies like damn that Vince Vaughn is a funny cat
Fred Claus and the Kelly up in your closet
Belly full of smog again, ciggys just make me nauseous
Wonder how the fuck you let a nigga make you cautious
But you jamming out to fucking Marilyn and Ozzy shit
Ponzi scheme selling everybody dreams
Killer like your neighbour, I'm as nice everybody seems
We just breaking bad and my brother serving Walter White
Hope he ain't caught with that possession like a poltergeist
Momma, where the Priests at? Why we gotta lease that?
Why we can't own that? All these fed loaners
Ain't no forewarning came bombing and I'm just Vietnam
If you gon' be trippin' like a bitch, you should be a mom, see
the son