

Know what I'm sayin'  
Lights off, lights goin', know what I'm sayin'?  
Ha-ha, uh  
So soulful, don't you agree?  
I do, yeah  
Is it a room full of, full of mirrors or a room full of Motown? I don't know  
Shout-out to Zordon, if you know, you know  
(She makes the rain fall from my eyes) Yo  
Ay  
You know that I do belie- (Man)

The criteria for this tier is just a open pride  
Hope and cries, but so can I  
I drop the unprovoked crimes  
Pray to the heaven, God, with no disguise  
We roll the dice and hope the soul unties  
Reap the fruit with no bow tie  
Sensitive Pisces, still thuggin', baby, ain't 'fraid to cry  
Skinny, biggy, lens is tinted, ain't got no lazy eye  
Heart of gold, almost sold it in Saudi Arabia  
Quill told me the clouds ain't real, God gotta paint the sky  
So I'm a student of Sophia Stewart, the Matrix ain't a lie  
Tainted Gods fall from the sky  
Tie in inception  
When you wake inside this dream, you a weapon  
Step in the cypher, know the beef real  
Your life at stake, ages with each meal  
Real estate of mind, you need equity? Let the beat build  
Poison in my cup, I need to refill  
I feel it in my gut, you niggas meek still  
I inherit the Earth  
Like three wise men pulled up to cherish my birth  
They placed me in a manger, wasn't that major at first  
But what a mess I'll leave, I'm the savior at work  
I ain't sayin' I'm Jesus  
Got the job of the messiah, Ty and Joe, we block all devils  
Get y'all shovels, can ya dig it?  
We gon' riot if y'all pick it  
Sign of danger, oh, we anger from my past, can't get past that  
We the last batch and the cause installed, we got black facts  
Grow a spinal cord or backtrack  
The homies call me Batman, I'm the African Ben Affleck  
Publishin' some other shit, like is something up with ASCAP?  
It's training day, don't get your ass capped  
Givenchy snapback with the rhinestones, you ain't never had that  
Was at Saks Fifth with Doe, that's a double entendre  
Everything I say is dope, is this a microphone or contra?  
Bands in my pocket  
See what they told Malcolm X to do with his hands?  
That shit was out of pocket  
Picked up shotguns that came in handy, wasn't no plan B  
Kid gone, who can fuck with him? Knew them shots would muzzle him  
Knew the blocks would puzzle him  
Let' go stupid because of him  
Shells fallin' like Nephilim  
Gilgamesh, who can fuck with him? (Perfect)

Oh, y'all thought we was done wit' em? Huh  
Y'all must be stupid, we finna go dumb on 'em  
Just keep your ears open like Dumbo and them  
Good luck to them, it's up for them  
Piece of the pie edge, we gon' crumble 'em  
Three fourteen on the guy head when we rumble 'em  
Ha-ha-ha, on second thought, that's enough for them  
Nah, you gotta chill, bro (ha-ha-ha)

She makes a tear fall from my eye  
Ah, man, I wish it was the rain  
You gotta reach out to them  
She makes the rain fall from my eye

Uh, prayer hands for the land where they're sprayin' pellets  
And turning your mans to an angelic  
Being and freeing him from this cramped, hellish hole  
The weather's cold from jealous souls that fanned fellas  
I danced as well as Chris Breezy when the bullets start strayin' careless  
I won't let him Swiss cheese me, got plans that I can't fail at  
Seen plenty bodies trembling, resembling Cam Reddish  
So full of potential, but never given a real chance to develop  
My head envelops the pen, these ain't fan letters I craft  
His album dropped, it was trash  
I litter it like I can't spell it  
Is you a demon or is that demeanor for the 'Gram? Tell us  
They plead the fifth, I'm seeing hints of a trans fella  
In cancel culture's vicinity, he's no killer, trust me  
Beneath his chosen identity, there is still a pussy, period  
Blood spillin' monthly, rather weekly as a myriad of bodies drop  
Where bricks get karate chopped to maximize the dojo, comprehend  
I wonder, will my friends make it past the pearly gates, so we could kick it  
But based on what their sins say, probably not  
Hit lick after lick like a lollipop  
You niggas take a lie detect', the polygraph'll probably pop  
You know my zone, I live here at the top  
Right now, I'm home alone, Macaulay cot  
I keep the shotty cocked in 'case somebody plot to rob me of this godly spot  
Jermaine monstrous  
Like that nigga off Jumanji, they know how he rock  
All these bodies I done caught, I should probably stop  
Nah, fuck that, I willingly venture into a den full of lions  
On some kill or be sent to a funeral home facility  
To test my ability with this thrilling agenda  
But it's hard to meet my match when my raps ain't really that tender  
Since birth, the kid knew his worth  
Never wallowed in sorrow, the game he dispersed  
In these verses, bring a gillie potential, a milli' from pencils  
Never will my ability cripple  
Now please, hold yo' L like you guardin' Philly's young center  
Quick to leave a chick curved  
It's only one of me, but bet it's like six hers  
In my mobile device, you feel the motive in these quotables, right?  
Cole is the nicest, but ain't shit about these vocals polite  
Focusin' like bifocals while I'm walkin' on tightropes from a height  
You folks'll only get this scope from a flight  
How many "Verses Of The Year" this year is Cole gonna write? Uh

You know that I do believe, she  
She makes a tear fall from my eye  
Falling, I

You know that I do believe, she, I