

# Northside

Jackie Hill Perry

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Yeah, Southside, Southside  
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I remember days I was in the grave, like the walking dead  
You better say when you in a daze, they messin' with your head  
The devil plays, but this ain't a game, ain't checkers, this is chess  
Man, there's levels to them devils, I'ma wrestle 'til I'm blessed, Jacob  
Oh, what you whippin'? The riches, oh, go get your cake up  
So what, you get it? Man, go give it, poor in spirit, wake up  
Oh, so you finished? No, you weary, oh, don't fear it, say somethin'  
I've been the realest, day one, until them fakers get at me, folk  
Yeah, until them haters get at me, Joe  
Yeah, yeah, 'til them neighbors get at me, folk  
Yeah, 'til them shakers get at me, Joe  
Yeah, 'til them fakers get at me, folk

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If it don't involve us, you can keep your distance  
If it's tension, you could call us  
I don't do division, mathematician, I am taller  
Little, petty boots, steady steppin' with the small ones  
Like you got a cauldron, a witch, The Wiz, I wish the wicked repent  
Them brooms ain't tombs, that's empty, that's Lent  
It's lit, it's fixed, this fight like a Mike night  
I'm all ears, 'til it bite, call it night-night

Four-five, four-five  
Thirty 'round five-five, six with a three  
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Thirty 'round five-five, six with a three

Born in the 314 with all them criminals  
The only thing that we know, they come for that comfort throat  
The one with the bundles, it's under, it's somethin', somethin' broke  
Don't wonder if punches would thunder is comin', grab a coat  
Dealin' with my daddy's ghost  
Hunted by the bottle, yeah, tried to beat me, got to go  
Yeah, million little miracles, I'm rich or poor dependin' on  
If I love my Maker more than made, the fate as vengeance come  
Quick and come and kiss the Son and get freed

Jesus died for my sins, took my crimes, took my place-uh  
Sold no [?], I had to face-off  
Eternity is real, everybody gotta date (uh)  
You can't run from it, everybody gon' meet their Maker  
My eternal light on bling, death, where your sting?  
Jesus Christ is Lord, my eternal King  
If this basketball, He gon' have every ring  
"All glory be to God," what them angels sing (Jesus)  
I was broke, busted, my life was so disgustin'  
God came through, now I'm sauced up like mustard

On a hot dog, from a puppy to a big dog  
Not a money hog, I'ma give and give my blessings, y'all  
Cup runeth over, no more lookin' over shoulder  
I don't believe in luck, throw away that four-leafed clover  
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