

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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