

L

Jaden Smith

I could put you on a wave
I just put you on a wave
You're pretty as the ocean
I'm coming with the gang
So you need to get out our way
The ladies love it when I sing
The niggas love my abilities
When I make the fire on the beats
I'm about to make a mil' a week
When I hit 'em with the melodies
I don't care what you tellin' me
Tryna stay away from felonies, oh

Girl I'm Martin Luther, Martin Luther King
Life is hard I'm Kamasutra-ing
I'm runnin' through the pain that the youth has been
Inflicted with, it's just ridiculous that you would kill a kid for some Yeez
y's
Grab your shoes and give his mom a visit at the funeral, you lookin' fly as
hell
Is that really how we're living, check it
Got a vivid dream of some different (tell 'em)
K. Dot has comin' out of me, the poetry you know it's been a minute
Forefathers put the tax on our real fathers
I don't feel represented, I should be up in the Senate
Swear I feel like Martin Luther, baby, we need Adam, false prosecutor so the
y won't
Hem, hem, hem, hem, hem my niggas to the prisons
Forgiveness over your permission
Just because I didn't break it I'ma fix it
And I'm with my dawgs, I'm finna sic 'em
Teachers said I need a lesson
So I go and start my own school
And it's a mystery to you, you get it?
Misdemeanor's comin' true it ain't the question
But it ain't a problem, they gon' catch you
That's the mind state of the youth including me
We need some new professors
Were you goin' fast son? Yes, sir
It was that autopilot on the Tesla
Heart palpitating so my chest hurts
Probably see it through my sweatshirt, yellow
Mama, mama, mama, I'm a mess-up
Sorry, mama, I'm a mess-up
Paint the pedal just so I could go impress 'em
Almost got us on the stretcher
And I'm sorry mama, know you taught me better
You know, you know you taught me better
Father, I don't need a lecture
Man, I know the street is rougher for the texture
Sorry, mama, I'm a mess-up
Sorry, mama, I'm the mess-up
I just use these 808's to do confessions
I'm double cursing and I'm flexing
Vile person, I feel like I'm a Peasant
This isn't me, it's my reflection
My purity is the protection from the insecurities of a section of my soul

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