

Rainbow Bap

Jaden Smith

He was a lost boy with rhythm
Heart broke SYRE has risen
Look at the stars it's all written
Just hold the applause, I'm just kiddin'
Started wit it
It's not hot enough in the kitchen
They sayin it's lit
I guess I'm the one thinking different
I'm slick with it
A lot of change when I'm Slick Rick
And I don't pivot
I'm like Pippen hittin six swishes in six seconds
Autonomous whipping while whole colonies are poverty stricken
Young niggas they ain't stoppin and drippin
The way I dribble the rock
They gotta watch how the rocks are glistenin
Blood diamonds, ancestors fighting with colonist
Know your history inherit the confidence
It's apparent and obvious
I'm the young KRS in your providence
And this air that we are breathing is conscience
Its every lyric is prominent

(I feel it)

Just another cold morning in Paris
I know I wish I was takin you home
And I ain't taking the long train no more
You don't care about me and it's tough girl
And I'm trying to feel your love
But I'm not fucked up enough
Man what a pity New York City lights glow
How many times I gotta tell you niggas I'm home

Girl, I ain't fitten to lie you gorgeous
We should go to Malibu, let's go to Florence
Rainbow on your aura
Girl you soaking up the sun like a tourist
Another place she didn't explore
I'm drinking and telling her things I'm not sure of
Cancún to Angora couldn't find more of a Wavey Baby
We endin our month in Bora Bora

All this time and you are still on my mind and you know

Girl I ain't tryin to leave I'll be right back
Left the crib without a top, need a night cap
I'm just looking at the stars from a path
I'm serious and get with you the lyrics are all facts
They pop off I tell em to relax
I drop off the bars and dash let the sunset in the back
And the boy is light as a feather in fact
At least we can be together now forever
But if we can fly through a pink sky we would never go back

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We were seventeen years old at Cartier
We had a cop flowing in my room
You made me feel like I'm an astronaut
Niggas mad how I acrobat the vocabular
And they're wack, these facts just ain't adding up
And I'm back with a math rap
It's like the boy invented the abacus
Less of a rapper more of a strategist
Gotta know that money can't buy happiness
You gotta have a long arm still in the hills throwing up charcoal
Shit ain't change nigga
I'm still the saddest kid up in the game
Thinking about you girl I do that everyday
Thoughts I was having blew that shit away
When I call you I still don't know what to say

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Baby girl you lie on my pillow sheets
Cry all night to make peace with you
I try I never got to say goodbye
I'm somewhere in the sky
Singing twisted lullabies