

Yeah

Father, forgive me for my sins

Forgotten bout me for so many years

So many Ls I can guess the reason why I ain't in double X

Complex why I'm coppin doves for less

My nigga is the source there's love for that

Like a [?] I'm levitatin

Gravity's a bitch my ankles gettin grabbed by Satan

Damn I need a change of scene

My vibe on fuck a magazine

My niggas know this more than just a dream

I'm more than just a King it's more than just a name

I don't even want the fucking fame

I want my fam to be more fucking fortunate

So no handouts I want the hand now with the motherfuckin torch in it

Uh, to many blues not enough yellow women to tell them that green coming soon, greed coming too, seas coming too

Family members I can't remember them coming in June

But they present now who the peasant now

Could have been the one the ville never found

Could have packed 2s

If I did would you still come around

Hold your head up high

Why we hide our pride behind that camouflage

Why we think it's okay to live life in disguise

Why we look to the skies

Why we construct our demise

Better put more faith in your God

I really need to talk

Aye yo God, when we gonna spark in the...

Why said I'd try, I said swear to

He said you swear to me then don't lie

Imagined if you worked as hard as you've cried

Can point you to the stairs but it's on you to climb

To the peak

I'm annointed when I speak

That's what kept me out the streets

Kept my enemies at my feet

Kept the Devil under me

Everything I want is right in my reach

So close I can raise a toast on every coast on every beach

Let's set sea

It's only

To see us succeed

(Father)

Never said this shit was easy so make shit make sense

I make shit, shape shift, makes swift movements to sink ships

Or bandwagons I view the world I gotta have it

In my palms I can write a song, write a song

Revolutions coming right along

I seen it, I dreamed it, can taste it

I see the look on niggas faces

I never look but they adjacent

So things off safety, on my waist

Enemies close kinda like this .38

Years older basic kill a nigga round
Try it sometime, write easy rhymes, I lose sleep
Daily, daily, nightly, nightly
Hope the doctor doc don't try and fight me
Strike of lightining when I write enlightening
Para tu, para you, pair of these for your girl and your main squeeze
Please Ms. Thing, don't bring drama to my scene
J.I.D para tu I sing, and as for you
I never said I couldn't do
So I does as should you, Para tu
The weed burns so slow
So, so slow as for you I pull two
Para tu para tu