

Norf Side

Jill Scott

It's a, it's a, it's a Thursday
And I left my blues in the back of the second drawer
In my nightstand, uh
I'm too busy giving sounds, paprika ya taste
My, my, oh Jah, I'm so high, listening to Preemo vision
I add a whole woman of grace in every color
Every spectral prism, yeah
Go 'head and say that twice
Every bar that I spit is from living in light, she nice
You think I don't see it?
My glow shines from the solar plex of my being
Uh, she sweet and she tough
I could give you my all, but is it ever enough?
They stay chatting about my body on IG
Say I'm a mean bitch, I'm in the illuminati
But ain't nowhere near 'round here
When I write these songs, when I like my spliff
When I raise my son, atone for my sins
When I stack my papes, when I deal with these men
None of them could ever be me
J-I-L-L S-C-O-T-T
In the place to be, Norf Philly, baby

Yeah

It's a Thursday and I left my blues in the backseat of an Uber
Hollywood or hallelujah, I've been seeing right through you
These bars are nasty, why I'm spitting them out
And once I tell you my price, won't take no different amount
Okay, I think I finally figured it out
I am the greatest, always and the latest like Lauren
So pardon my arson (Bars)
I don't bargain with peasants, pleasant surprise
Rapping better than you guys, despise me?
You should let me be your guide I'm high
Loaded like potatoes, so poppy like mayo
Want a hoagie, you imposter, rigatoni
The top is lonely, but I never feel alone
After all this time, they done made so many clones
The Almighty, I'm winning 'cause God likes me
Most likely surviving with the sheisty
Turn me to a maximum, White men, I'm stackin' 'em
Living like it's Golden, me and Sheila go Platinum
Pray and obey to the WHEK, I'm here to stay
Norf Philly all day

Well, it's a consequence to being this dope
I let them tell it, some get after what they want
Some sit jealous and talk shit, ain't got a pot to piss
They be pissed they ain't loved like this (True)
And it's so true, Philly Jilly is lethal
To all the boxes they be trying to put a queen into
I can't be rich and cool? I can't be fly and smooth?
I cuts with the syllables, linguistically edible
Give griot to intelligent freaks, I wax poetical
Inevitable, I transform into me
Jill Scott, Grand Dame Queen Beast
Norf Philly, baby