

## Enter the Void

Joey Bada\$\$

Tell my momma I'm a shaman rhyming  
Jesus Christ and Shawn Carter are my only idols  
No, Jesus Christ and Shawn Carter are my only rivals  
I'm the Messiah of rap, my catalog's the Bible  
To the new generation of lost souls  
Student loans, iPhones, reality TV shows  
It shows a host of wise, but blind drones  
Post Babylonian, so I'm told  
It could be bologna, so I don't hold it to be fact  
Just tryna put the pieces together, puzzled by this madness  
If that dollar crashes, niggas gone panic  
What we gonna do? How we gon eat? Don't even know how to  
Grow fruit, detached from your roots, nigga, me too  
I'm doing drugs, fornicating and eating fast food  
But I know I got three eyes cause I'm looking past you

Enter the void  
This for my hundred dollar billers to destroy  
Spreading word of knowledge to through decoys  
People realize that it's time to deploy  
Stay on point - open your third eye, boy  
(And keep your motherfucking Chakras open  
Keep your motherfucking Chakras open  
Keep your mouth shut and keep your motherfucking Chakras open  
Keep your all seeing eye open)

Had to escape nest, told Moms I'm Apex  
And plus I lay checks, I bust in the latex  
So it's nothing stopping the kid if you get where I come from  
Busting conundrums on nuns and condoms  
Don't want no problems, It's the number one solver  
Can't see me with these sentences, get your bars up  
I'm close to the pen, I depend on this shit  
Ain't tryna be dead bent, I'll ascend off this spliff  
You can't pretend with this shit  
See, I know what's real and what isn't  
Ain't shit obscured with my vision, plus the herbs that I'm hittin'  
Allow me to observe what is hidden  
Could have been a cherry-pickin' nigga, if I ain't make jams and bury niggas  
Used to be the sweetest 'til life handed me the lemons, nigga  
Now everyday I see the sour patches  
The flower of life devoured into ashes

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