

(CashFlow on the beat)

Troublin' [?] to relieve stress
Thinkin' of ways to elevate my status
No goin' backwards
The underdog is comin' through
I tell 'em step out the way
Pass the baton I'm goin' long
And you can't with the pace
Most of these rappers sound the same
Like they read from similar scripts
Recycled lines tried to recite but end up bitin' your lips
Don't need no [?] and documents, I use a morphine drip
My mental strength my mind control more like a Morpheus grip
Illustrious shit, they [?] and grind these niggas busted this shit
No trust in this shit, one moment they love you the next they forget
They knock you off your pedestal it's back to regular shit
Like 2 9-to-5's behind the counter
Cash register customer service takin' orders
Countin' quarters no 7 G's
Serve a number 5 with extra cheese
Please place the napkins in the bag too
The rent been past due for the past few
In a tight spot with a bad view
Yes lawd

You better tell 'em I'm a cold blooded prototype
My paragraphs can paralyze
My pen and pad can petrify
Your petalism's pesticide
That's poison for the portions
I'm poised to point out these parasites
Present the light amongst the darkness preachin' the truth
Loose in the booth like untied laces
My grace and turnin' pages
Pacin' paintin' pictures peace and paraphrasin' barely breathin'
Gave it all I got inside me rapid fire kamikaze
Aim it then I hit the target captain of the ship I got it
I often use the flows as discourse
To soften the words of this author like W.E.B. Du Bois
I said that I'm back with a vengeance nigga so kill off the noise
I'm makin' a vow on repentance all of the praise to the boy
I'm over-analyzing stressin' 'bout the lyrics
Not the analytics views and listens
Intricacies intimately involved with every sentence
Rhyme and rhyme line after line I kill this shit
Time after time inside my mind I'm feelin' like