

Tempo

KB

When I placed all my burdens on Him
He washed them all from me

Ok, let go
All the way up
All the way up
All the way up
All the way up
All the way up
K to the...
All the way up
Second letter

Jiggy wit' the kid wit' his own style
Chilling in the city, we should simmer down
Coming from the Grammy's, with a semi-smile
Cuz' we done had more fun serving people in the city, yeah
Let the window down, yeah
Go and let the beat knock
Squad is in the house
Smash your Windows, I call it Steve Jobs
We ride, we ride
Atta boy, I'mma go Bobby Boucher in the city
Handing out that living water boy

I just hit my rhythm, boy
This is not your tempo, boy
I just hit my rhythm, boy
This is not your tempo, boy

Ooh, HGA is simple boy
Louie Free, he with me, draw a crowd, no stencil boy, whoo
They got Drake to play it safe, I think they conned him
I love God, do what I wanna
Gotta deal with it, wheels spinning, and I still live it
Never chill with it, still winning, in the field with it
Put the real in it, no concealing it
But to Him winnin'
Never spill wit it
Didn't kill wit it
But to kill wit it
You could still get it
I could still feel
In the field, here to seal
Then there's in the field wit us
Really, ain't no fear in us
Really, ain't no fear in us
You might wanna get with us

Way up
All the way up
I am as free as my hair
Cut it or comb it, forget it
I'ma do what I've been called to do, not what's expected
Just for the record
Just for the record I know...

I just hit my rhythm, boy
This is not your tempo, boy
I just hit my rhythm, boy
But this is not your tempo
This is not your tempo
This is not your tempo
Don't nobody own us
Don't nobody own us
Don't nobody own us
Don't nobody own us

Pull up to the meeting with ripped jeans and Adidas
The new intellectual is what you seeing, homie
We can go toe to toe with any so-and-so
So we gotta pen game and we just ballin' dawg, aight?
Explicit as ever, vicious as ever
Christian and clever, diss it dismiss it this is just better
Vision is better
Making high art
But high art can't revive hearts
I'm a do this God talk
Don't need a pity party my people pity ya party
The party I'm a part of imparts partials of pardons
Can't pick apart any part of the pick don't want no part of it
I played a artist, now pardon, I brought my partners in
I think I know what we revealing
Life is over, Easy, everybody's shell cracked
I, holdin my dignity never said that
We got bigger fish to fry, know when to scale back

I just hit my rhythm, boy
(I just hit my rhythm, boy)
You can't match my tempo, boy
(You can't match my tempo)
I just hit my rhythm
And you can't help but fear love
Think I found it, I
Think I found it, I
Yeah
I think I found my rhythm, boy

Not one blemish does He see
When I placed all my burdens on Him
He washed them all from me