

## Soapbox

Kid Quill

Yeah

I'm 23, but I still bring 'em to you  
I flipped the sample out the drums then I give 'em the truth  
The same me, motherfucker - don't you get it confused  
The last album raised the bar, but this gon' tear off the roof  
Read all about it, get your fix in, I'm independent  
Ain't got a deal, but I can tell you what the deal is  
These labels try to make us millionaires  
But they ain't feel us if the glass is half empty  
I'm coming back to fill it, yeah  
You got me in my feelings and I'm putting in time  
And I been a bunch of places and I'm still 'bout mine  
I could go and write an album 'bout a topic  
Go and drop it  
And I guarantee that half of these people still have a one track mind  
Don't waste my time  
You know I just adjust like that  
Don't know why they so impressed with all that fuck-boy rap  
Don't know why they so impressed with all that frat-boy rap  
No pun intended, but your album sounds rushed like that  
Man, we're just ordinary people, yeah  
The last album was a story - this the sequel  
I'm in a room full of people that I love  
And I ain't fucking stopping 'til all of us are equal

Everybody on the right side hit that sway  
Everybody on the left do the same old thing  
Talk is cheap, but, just know, my time sure ain't  
I hope the blind man dance and the deaf one sing  
I hope the world keeps spinning  
And my friends keep winning  
And my parents keep living  
And the bad stop sinning  
Lil' Wayne keeps spitting, and, when push comes to shove:  
Would you turn your shoulder, or would you learn to love?

And, if I only had sixteen bars:  
Number one is for my family  
Second for my sister  
And the third for my granny  
Four for my cousins, went  
Five for my brothers, and  
Six, seven, eight is dedicated to my mother, yeah  
Nine's for my Dad - he's always got my back  
I mean, every single show and tour - he booked all that  
Number ten's for the labels that skipped it until they heard this  
We ain't forget you meeting, we skipped it on fucking purpose, dog (ooo)  
The next one's for my girl tho  
That's why I changed up my tempo  
And number twelve would be a laugh and I'd just end it at that  
Load the drums in, and bring it right back, yeah  
The last four are for the truth, but it don't sell enough records  
So I would try to keep it catchy and disguise that I'm clever  
But you won't hear it at a party or the radio ever  
They wanna listen to something that don't require no effort  
And I done ran outta room, so I talk on the end  
But all they want's the hook, so I make it real quick

If the world started burning, would we put it out together?  
Or would we still fight with one another?

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Ooo, child, things are gonna get easier  
Ooo, child, things'll get brighter  
Someday, we'll put it together and get it all done  
Someday, when your head is much lighter (Ooo)  
Someday, we'll walk in the rays of the beautiful sun  
Someday, when the world is much brighter  
Ooo, child, things are gonna get easier  
Ooo, child, things'll get brighter  
Ooo, child, things are gonna get easier  
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Yeah, this ain't a rant - I'm just passionate  
The God that I believe in don't make accidents  
So God, while you watch my latest verse  
I know I never go to church  
But I just pray this ain't the year I have to lay in a hearse  
It's July thirty-first of two-thousand-seventeen  
I'm in a studio in Indi wearing Nike's and some jeans  
And I'm broke than a bitch, drive a old Mazda 6  
But it's better than a coupe 'cause I can fit all my friends  
Joey made it out the pen, but I was working on this  
By the time I got it finished, he went right back in  
Let him down as a friend, didn't get the help that he needs  
And the system failed him when they sent him back for some weed  
Man, it's July thirty-first and Donald Trump is on the news  
He fired his Chief of Staff and we're all hella confused  
And look, I ain't the type to really rap about no politics, but how the fuck  
is Donald Trump our president?  
I digress  
Yeah, and there's a lot of social unrest  
Remember that a conversation's progress  
So talk to your neighbor, talk to a stranger  
Love a little harder, do someone a favor  
I know that I ain't perfect  
I know I make mistakes  
I know that you ain't perfect  
'Cause we one in the same  
I know you feel sad  
And I know you feel alone  
Because everybody does  
Don't be scared to use the phone, yeah  
Man, it's July thirty-first and I'm sweating in the booth  
And there's people in the industry that want me to lose  
But they a little too late, only love me to hate  
I done found my way, so can't nobody get in my way  
Yes, it's July thirty-  
first and I'm 'bout to wrap this song up - it's a pretty long one, yeah  
Heh, I'm sorry I had to detox  
So, pardon me while I step off of my soapbox

But, to the listener, this one's for you  
If we ain't never met: nice to meet you, I'm Q  
All my friends call me "Mitch", and you should, too  
I make music for a living  
I'm no different than you  
But what I really wanna say  
No matter where you stay  
No matter what you do or no matter what you're paid  
No matter who you love and no matter who you hate, yeah  
I just hope you live your best life  
Yeah  
I hope you live your best life  
If the world started burning, would we put it out together?  
Or will we still fight with one another?