

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
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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?