

My Language

King Los

Love is hard to find, I had the wrong kind
Ever met a weak person with a strong mind?
Been on this journey for a long time
The house dark, how we gon' shine?
In my feelings way more than I'm revealing (mhm)
My bitch think I'm cheating, but really I be chillin'
Call my bro Los, he prolly plottin' on the million (right)
Yo, that ain't cream filling, selling toxic to the children (why?)
Do a bunch of killing and they profit from the pillage (woah)
Inject us with the illness, that's the gossip in the village
Why they pop Nipsey? Being honest, he the realest
Feed me any beat and I promise, I'ma kill it
Give me one shot and I got it, I'ma drill it (uh)
Invented the equipment just to stop us from rebuilding (woah)
I used to want the stars on the ceiling
Young boy with a dream, never told me I could get it

If this is where the road ends
Lead, I'ma follow you
Into the garden
Of wisdom and truth
You're speaking my language
You're speaking my language
You're speaking (yeah)
You're speaking my language, we speaking it true

Yeah, shout out to Mika
Remember we used to sneak up out your living room
From under your momma's nose? The trauma grows (uh)
The comic glows when you finally feel your conscious rose
Not every connoisseur of conscious rap could conquer that (agh)
It's convoluted, but I concluded that I'm a constitute
A new agenda for you pretenders who try to stifle (never)
What I feel is my right to evolve
Rappers don't like me at all
'Cause I expose the frauds, and it likely was ya'll (ugh)
Dog, I'm the byproduct of prodigy from property
Human shadow, translucent enamel (yeah)
Or the straw that broke the camel's back
Peep the anguish (peep)
If you revere what's sincere, then you speaking my language (yah)

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Yo, I'm out to cook this bitch, I'm a goon
I pissed off the sun and I took a shit on the moon
I wrote a verse that's two times the speed of sound
Scientists trying to cryogenically freeze it now
I'm honestly fearless, the icon is here
My frequency meets with the eye on the sphere

I've been sentenced to infinite photosynthesis
The only homosapien made that can photo sentences
The consensus is we need censorship for the sensors
Now since there's only six senses
I insist that we consisted with the intuition of the ancestors
I'm gang banging that scholarship, look at my hand gestures
They gon' feel this damn pressure, man

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