

Next Black President

King Los

Shooter baby, it's Los
Can ya'll hear me out there? I hope so

What if I told you that pain was suitable
That hardships, bad times, and rain was beautiful
Now have in your environment, the blame is usual
In fact, anything that you could blame is usable
What if I told you I could show you through the sky
And if you took my hand and just believe you could fly
Would you stand there without your feet leaving the ground
Maybe the doubt inside your heart is what's been keeping you down
Well I'm hear to tell you, I ain't here to sell you a dream
Only you can fail ya, make your doubters hail you a king
Cause you royalty, born piss poor though the worst times
Instead of hatred, learn to love yourself for the first time
So for that hug your father never gave you, here goes one
And if I gotta be your backbone till you grow one
I will, to instill morals and principles
Just to let you know you invincible

Jealousy is weak, and hatred is irrelevant
Damn they got me feeling like the next black president
I been through it all, and made it through my obstacles
Straight up out the hood, so anything is possible
And only make you stronger, that's that evident
Standing here, feeling like the next black president
You gotta say the future can't be negligent
So put ya hands up if you the next black president

It's something about the struggle that attracts hustlers
Forever attached, the ones that never detached suffer
Maybe the lack luster and the black structure
Is the thing that deems the ability to adapt tougher
When the guidance is gone, and the respect falls
And I only talk to my brothers through collect calls
That disconnect is like disrespect
And from a [?] something I could just accept
How many times will defeat nail ya
Probably as many times as you repeat failure
It's like we petrified of who's inside
Scared to lose, so we extracise (extra exercise) foolish pride
As long as you alive, you got a chance to make it
And bein locked in the cycle is just a chance to break it
No condition can stop you, no obstacle can block you
Just tell that people that knock you, I say...

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Crowned king when my pop died
The new Thriller ever since the King of Pop died
My verses could verse three me in the top 5
I was the heart transplant when hip hop died
Verbally I'm Ben Carson
Ya'll duplicate the wheel, I reinvent awesome
I'm fly, minus the hero's method
I could apply pressure with zero effort
So tell me what you mad fo'
You can't be my son if the sun is my shadow
Leave rappers in circles, no ciphers
Cause I'm the best behind bars, no Rikers
End the story, no curtain call
Smilin at the one's that told me this wouldn't work at all
Never [?] in defeat, only gratitude
So next black president, this my attitude