

Mood

Kojey Radical

Come follow me, come follow me, come
Lovely

Either way I'm here forever, In Gods Body I'm him
Baptized in brown liquor and wrapped in brown skin
Peep the pigment; draped in my new rags, speak the fiction
Please keep your hands in the air like stop resisting
If you weren't prepared for heat, then leave the kitchen
Too many chefs on the stove, don't suit the picture
Gorillas fall from the trees like I am Caesar
Blood, sweat and tears in my eyes for non-believers
I can't keep an ounce of fear on my demeanour
Every day, I pray for the snakes and glory leechers
I learned how on my own, now I'm the teacher
I run circles around and lap your leader like
Come follow me, come follow me, come
Caged bird don't sing songs, freedom
You wouldn't last a night where I'm from
I've been left alone on my ones
I came back fee-fi-fo-fum
I smell blood, no, I can't run
Man down, rum pum pum
Like man down, rum pum pum

See, the sun don't shine around here
See, the sun don't shine around here
See, the sun don't shine around here
See, the sun don't shine around here

I put my light up in the air
I pray for patience, look for peace up in the darkness
So I, I put my light up in the air
I wonder if they love me at my darkest
I put my light up in the air
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Either way I'm here forever, In Gods Body I'm him
Human, flesh and bone; let smoke pour from my grin
Let liquor pour for my kin, I'm tired
Everything we admired, I use to kindle my fire
Light my spliff, burn a bridge then use the flame to get higher
I am him, break out the violins, break out of your all systems
Till they play me the their systems, at my lowest I am blessed
My chains cost me a fortune in paranoia and stress
At night I doolo creep
Sometimes I do not speak
More time I need my space
Why you test my patience? Sheesh
You placed your soul on lease
Can't sell my soul for peace
Of mind is all need
Can't live life on my knees

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My spirit will live forever, I'm from a different era where
Being sick made you better
There ain't a bitch that gave me pleasure
Like when the riddim' came together
This how it sounded in my cranium
This an album for the stadium
Malcom as the main event
Ex is the outcome when I take your ting
Big smile when I'm drawing out the ATM
Cut from a different cloth
I caught the bus from a different stop
I ain't never seen those niggas when
I was out here on the United Kingdom blocks
I got injured ops, fingered thots
But don't stereotype me; I turn the systems off
I am whatever they think I'm not
Young black mogul, used to run packs local
What they do, I've done that, old school
I tell my engineer: "Run that Pro Tools
And destroy your energy like one bad phone call"

Oh, little nigga, I can't coach you
I just do what I'm 'sposed to
You shouldn't speak unless you spoke to
You fuck boys too emotional, ah