

## 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  
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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 dolo 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