

Utopia

Kojey Radical

I've been waiting for the perfect time to shoot
I've come way too far to play these games with you
Utopia
My paradise is burning
You hate to see that I'm learning
My fears get thrown in the furnace
I've been waiting for the perfect time to shoot

My fingers dance around the barrel
A barrel full of laughter
The trees loud enough to make me paro
They tried to throw stones on my shadow
My posture more van gogh
Attire more regal
I dress like a man of the people
A crown on my chest
I see death through the people
I see death and just spud him
I don't fear no evil
I don't say I'm sorry
Regret was my teacher
Now they look at
They look at me like their speaker
I guess I should speak up
When it's time to speak they are no show vocal
Chords stressed from progress
Ten stacks on practice. Hours and hours
Sleep cycles on seconds, wasted serving that potent
But they don't check content
Never pardon my context I stand by mine
Never ran off on family I stand by mine
Principles I crafted morals wavered at times
I felt my lowest, I felt no coping
Mechanisms could help me. My star sign stubborn
My minds been made
Be the greatest or nothing
I was so sure, my skin supple like steel
That spotlight mine. Gave a fuck how you feel
My belly still feel empty, I dare you to tempt me
Seen people die for less, seen mothers cry for more
Justice was never served for skin darker than yours (Justice was never served for skin darker than yours)

I've been waiting for the perfect time to shoot
I've come way too far to play these games with yo
Utopia
My paradise is burning
You hate to see that I'm learning
My fears get thrown in the furnace
I've been waiting for the perfect time to shoot

It's the same shit, new wounds from old faces
Gracious
I barely stepped out the matrix
Heinous, parasites and traitors
Heinous
But my spirit can't be wavered

Amazing? Me and my passion stood adjacent
My only worry she look at me like we strangers
I've seen you naked when your heart was still vacant
You've seen me weak enough to tell you we might make it
That's what we wanted. If a nigga kills a nigga
That's one more nigga for the profit
One less one less body in a prison
One less, one less story bout' a victim
Channel 5 paint as the killer
Pay me like the winner
Hope that keep me silent
Hope they keep me silent
So much power in my silence
It was nights like this
It was days like those
I would sit in my room
Cross legged and focused
Listening to the blues
That boo boo davis
Mama I'm so tired
All sounds like the same shit
I cried so much, took the salt from my pores
Rub the sweat in my wounds
Made a vow for the cause
You can take my life they gone remember me more
As a man of my action as a man of my words