

Okay  
Take one-thirteen  
I just wanna say, yeah, this is crazy  
Right  
Okay, this is, uh, starting on line one with Thomas  
On 5th of October, here we go

Heavy is the neck that wears the chain  
Grippin' the grain, tryna maintain  
Feelin' this weed through the blood to my brain  
Writin' these lyrics in the back of the train  
Tryna sustain through the pain  
Been smokin' and drinkin' a little more than I should  
And I would do better, but I'm human  
Eyes on me like I'm Truman  
Escape through the page, contemplatin' my age  
Poetic justice for those who trust us  
I ain't tryna beat 'em, no, we just us, watch the gat bust  
We get bread, you get crust  
Love is a must, world we live in is fucked up  
Switch the position on another mission, now peep the diction  
It's far from fiction, far from accessible  
Want beef? End up a vegetable  
A hundred and fifty thousand people is at the festival  
Black proud and louder than decibels  
Bullshit, no, I'm not susceptible, it's not acceptable  
The bitch in me is undetectable, I'm too respectable  
Conceptual, my albums be, in the studio 'til 'round about three  
Never paid a fee, you fuckin with me? Get it for free  
Now let it breathe, murderin' it with ease  
Peep the prestige, I spit degrees, your shit freeze  
If I had a penny for my thoughts, then I'd be Elon Musk  
Rappin' from dawn 'til dusk, you know in Dilla we trust  
Hits never went to my head, I was never concussed  
Givin' no fucks, bumpin' Busta Genesis  
Waitin' for the first of the month and all of its benefits  
Life been a bitch, chillin' with Mad Eleven, tryna get richer  
Rather get richer, fuck the paper talkin', bigger picture  
Comin' to get ya, now let me hit ya with that throwback  
The illest memories, PS3 when grenades was gettin' thrown back  
Modern Warfare 2 at the favela  
Was my escape when I wasn't scrubbin' floors like Cinderella  
No glass slipper, pass me the mic, I go Jack The Ripper  
I'm sicker than COVID-20, fuck all the money  
I'm doin' it how I've been doin', ain't nobody takin' it from me  
Grew up five hundred and fifteen miles from Seven Mile  
But this beat got me feelin' slummy, dummy, ayy, listen  
I never passed tenth grade, but I still get the rent paid  
You fake, I be real like Cypress Hill  
Fake motherfuckers, I can see through you  
My game strong, y'all weak like five plus two  
Bust the door, then rush through  
Gettin' this bread 'cause the people fuck with it  
Your whole shit's stale, wouldn't feed ducks with it  
I make firm decisions like a legislator  
My briefcase Italian leather, my loafers is alligator  
My bank account is greater, but none of them numbers define me

Fuck rap, put it behind me, don't try me, y'all too grimy  
Smokin' cigs after dark, we call that Nick at Nite  
Spark the blunt, watch the Bic ignite, fuck your life  
Think you could body me, bitch? You couldn't even limb me  
Smokin' dope like a chimney, I been me

Fuck, fuck, fuck  
Fuck, fuck, fuck, fuck rap  
Di-, Di-, Di-, Di-, Di-, Di-  
Dilla we trust  
Di-, Di-, Di-, Di-, Di-, Di-  
Dilla we trust (Yeah)