

My Own Thing

Manafest

Are y'all ready to get loud?
Yeah yeah
Do your own thing, y'all
Uh

Yeah, let's get it, kid
Chasin' atheists
My brainwaves is stayin' in faith Canadian
Dangerous, I pray, lace 'em with it
Satan and sin, came to sin, ragin' clicks
Find a label and start
Though you fall to the ground
A crowder found you, cruise your dollars
The devil caught you in the middle of the minimal
Cynical, sinful intervals
Grip your lips and flows, this is how it goes
A freak for the week guard it, keep my speech sharpened
Three's the trinity, plant seeds for office
The gold flapper, climbin' snakes up a ladder
Party crasher, then I poof like the rapture
Disappear with one clue, check my vocals and books
The truth you is you, stoops, stoops, stoops
A guy was dyin' on the cross, I'm rhymin' for you and yours
Write it in my monologue, diamonds lost, yo, I'm signin' off

I ain't those dudes fuckin', I ain't to prove nothin'
I move somethin, choose God and the truth busted
Who's frontin' these groups, cruisin' through nothin'
True to the name, I'm slayin', I stay trusted
I ain't those dudes fuckin', I ain't to prove nothin'
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Yo, I came upon a party of bodies drinkin' the cottie, naughty
Lottie thought these hotties drink all and intoxicated strongly
What the heck is this, thought the jack catch my wrist
Directed to this chick, she strictly business
Interest (Is this Chris?) Yo, I'm like "Frick"
Decline and I split, derive, deprive sin
Am I alive, surprised, it's like this
It's repetitive like I ain't the five, I ain't in

(You wanna smoke this? You wanna get high?)
(You wanna get all high, take your clothes off)
I ain't about that chillin', you dudes is gettin' illin'
I do my own thing
(You wanna smoke this? You wanna get high?)
(You wanna get all high, take your clothes off)
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So what, you thought you had me?
You dudes is too phony
Approach slow, I didn't go, you don't know me
I maybe look like you, but don't walk like ya
My burden's lighter in Christ, Mike and Tysons

You oughta try somethin' else, your frontin' doesn't help
You're underwhelmed, I smell, you're still burnin' hell
Wonderin' where we went down, where the wisdom went out
Whispers in the wind, women in jail

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It's the style like the razor, contagious
In 80 states, amazin', forever changin', a liberation
You couldn't understand, talk about my man
Deny popular, you wouldn't call in less gunshots
Up in your rocketblazer, in Jamaica
Sexy girl, roll your papers, teach your eighth graders
I walk upright, walk and talk for Christ
Sorry dude, hope to see you in cruise in the afterlife

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I do my own thing
I'm not the type to be holdin' a mic
Break it apart and then spit, like your heart for us
I do my own thing
I do, I do my own thing
(Like your heart)
I do my own thing
I do, I do my own thing
(Like your heart)
I do my own thing