

## 2020 Intro

Marlon Craft

Fuck all that patient shit, they wan' argue  
I ain't take the bait for shit, this ain't art school  
Fuck your lil' high-brow critique  
Before I bow to feet, ain't walked down my street  
Never been the "that's the way it is" type of dude  
Fuck that, I'mma tell you how it is, type of mood  
Bust that, type of moves light the fuse to bring light  
To that type of bruise so deep under that people scared  
We can only feel it, but we can't see it  
Lot' these dudes only type it, they can't be it  
Champion any man, region, fuck what can be in  
Can't beat them when they can't see them  
On that freedom man being  
Yeah, and I barely [?]  
But trust that I beat Diddy on any care lingo  
Keep with me, many dare to think so bright  
But the blood of fakes though and it's very rare the ink glow  
But honestly fuck a rap compliment  
What the fuck's a ball to a prophet, bitch?  
What the fuck's a threat to the option-less?  
I need this shit to breathe and I gots to live  
Yeah, thing the time is yours, 'cause online is yours  
That's what you grindin' for?  
Watch when we cut the net, like the final four  
I bet you don't got the chest to back that lion's roar, pussy  
Yeah, push me, I promise  
I'm used to stress, all I could be is honest  
I used to fret that I couldn't even keep conscious  
Thanks to my weakness, I could be the strongest out  
Situation game critical

Stop playing with me this year y'all, I tried to tell y'all  
I'm not playin' no fuckin' games this year  
Don't look at me no type of way  
Don't fuckin' s- fuckin' subtweet me, whatever you wan' do  
Don't do shit this year, look

I'm no stranger to anger and rage  
Getting aimed at my head by a lame  
'Cause they name got some fame, but they so insecure  
That they keep themselves locked away  
And I get to be the real me all up in their proximity  
Who the one that got you stressed, lil' me?  
Stop throwin' stones 'fore you get the boot for the Sicily  
I make the jazz cats listen to raps  
I make the hood kids listen to sax  
I make the white dudes understand which straws they pull out they ass  
I got err'body givin' me dap  
Craft never speak to just one ol' faction  
That picture's incomplete, that's a demo-graphic  
Yes, the whole team's 'boutta be N-O backwards  
Won't stop 'til the whole scene accept no actors  
The music on the [?] bring me power, word to 50  
If I'm the chosen one, it's only 'cause I picked me  
Let a label manager or agent try to Taylor Swift me  
I'll have a custom grave tailored swiftly, you dig me?