

DEAD-ISH

Marlon Craft

I keep doin' everything I told 'em I would
And they keep lookin' surprised
How many times before you get the rhythm?
The type of greatness can't encapsulate in pen descriptions
I bring life out 'em that they ain't know they had
Doin' exorcisms for artistic exhibition
Protect the vision at all costs
Horace Grant attire shit
You're a planet liar and I won't give 'em no shine to grow
Lotta rappers stick to sucking dick when it's their time to blo
w
Finish a verse everyone look like they hate oxygen
New York ain't seen this much heart since Nate Robinson
I'm on the train, this whole car got no clue they ridin' wit a
G and shit
I'm just grateful that I ain't clockin' in
Walk different when you got somethin' to lose
So fuck it, I'll leave the toughness to you
Shit, we all still fightin' over hoes, that's a budget-
less feud
All the contention in my life is million-dollar implications
2 years, I'll be rich and do it all from syncopation
And if they ain't my sons, they at least an iteration of Craft
And in the streets I didn't bang shit
But hung enough to know that you look like a walking piece of l
itigation
I never gave a fuck about who was cool
I ain't signed to the code, but I knew the rules
I knew once that fame come before the money shit
Sold-out shows, still might catch me in an Uber pool
I know you wish folks would consider your pain
If you have a voice, shit, you could consider your aim
White men mass shootings, they blame video games
Black women shot in cribs for playin video games
So much shit in our face, and we like fuck it, I guess this the
way we livin' today
Stuck in our ignorant ways
Same sickness and a few of the symptoms have changed
It's the type of thinkin' that lead to my livid-est days
But if I'm honest, I ain't really did shit to bring change
Martin Luther King ain't have ad-libs, he had actions
And when they ask what Craft did, want them to say he had class
ics
Guess it's hard to find pursuits that's selfless
Guess the goal's to be selfish in ways that can't help shit
Instead we on the Gram, find ways to embellish
Sometimes uninformed folks make me sponzor: www.srovnac.cz - vyberte si pojištění online! jealous
The more you know, shit, the more you feel dead-ish