

HALAL

Marlon Craft

Oh my God

A lotta y'all just want some shit to critique
But your ass can't listen in the midst of a speech
As long as the cool table still got limited seats
And you try to argue your way in, you'll be sitting with sheep
Yeah, we so quick to just speak, addicted to peaks
But life lived in the middle is sweet
Chasing highs, avoiding lows, never time to even learn
Usually ones getting loud but don't even believe their words
I'm from New York, we was taught not to feed the birds, but
Ain't no hungry pigeon in sight these days, politely, hey
This shit we giving hype be fake
I wonder a lotta days what good is progression
If it's all built on lies
Lost our ability to evaluate
Need to re-calibrate our rigid little Tweets
I think you're past your fate, everyone wanna eat
But it's red if they won't have the stakes that I have embraced
Man, have a plate
Or keep acting like this shit don't matter
Acting like we ain't the blueprint for the kids going after
Acting like we ain't the ones who made it cool tonight
Knowing not try and not grow as long as you got hoes, right?
I feel responsibility to declare your flopping
And I do my duty free like airport shopping
Won't take the culture name in vain, you a junkie, um
Dudes just wanna be liked even if that means they gon' be wrong
Claim they cold but that's fear, they present the shame
Shivering, covering up, unrelenting games, yeah
They want the fame, they all want the pain
They wanna be Marlon, they don't wanna work at the other name
Mission to avoid a cubicle turned to a collar
A bar then a musical, Esperanza Spalding
Yeah, I'm the best, I'll debate your mother
She probably saw me on MSNBC and loved it
I'd rather have these dialogues within the culture
But this payola these days is undercover
I guess it ain't payola when it's just the whole structure
Like the same thing on the table is somehow better than under
I shout shit they ain't got the balls to utter
Appalled, disgusted how I live, I don't know how you ain't
The money stay up but the value ain't
I run circles round you dude till I'm out of shapes
Yeah, so fuck you and your little pouty face
No one ever cared about mine
I had to prove I wasn't pussy every day my whole life
If they look at me like a trust fund baby one more time
I might slap the shit out your face, open hand
So you overstand you ain't worth the risk of a broken hand
Only spend time with my people, really know the plan
You just fear this light 'cause all you know is lamp
And that ain't halal brother
That ain't halal brother
I'm talking to the god