

Slow

Marlon Craft

Fuck school

I been writin so many essays it's like my hand is East L.A
And all these hoes wanna kick it with the best so I'm feelin so
Pele

So sensei, so please don't upset me

I don't got patience for lames that's all cocky
He don't walkie talkie, a bitch, all he do copy
Told me one step at a time, well I must be Rocky
Cause I'm sprintin to the top and ain't nobody that can stop me
So long as he's not me
You woulda thought I slowed down, right?

I slowed down for a minute but I'm back to administer this crack through your stereo

Or jack this scenario is that I'm on a quest for what's true
I ain't tryin hear your tips, I'm just waitin on my cue to break in

Ain't here to make friends, nah

I also ain't here to make ends, see this where fake ends
So you can call me a hater but you can't compare a writer to a copy and paster

The government's a liar, that's a fact

The media's a liar, that's a fact

So what do we have left if we keep lyin on these tracks?

I'd have doubt over a rap before I'd have died up in Iraq
Why train if you just idle on the track?

I'd rather be an idol on a track

Even though my passions evaded me I done did a 180

See I was on the road to greatness now I'm fightin complacency
But I keep turnin til my fire keep burnin

Fuck deterrents cause my future isn't pre-determined

Keep learnin, speech slurrin from whiskey

I keep yearnin for cheap cures and none of em can defeat these burdens

Hang in the league you're in so don't get me pissed

I'm tryna create my own reality

Visualize it and mitigate the brutality that we accept casually
then create a platform for the truth to unravel

We all blinded and I'm a victim too

Chances are I only see a little more than you

And if you're like me, we just a little more than fools
So I guess it's up to us to belittle all the rules

I'll slow down

I'll slow down

But I ain't stoppin