

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