

# Speakin'

Marlon Craft

Yeah  
I'm more, I'm more  
I'm more, I'm more, I'm more  
Yeah, yeah

What it do, what it is, what it could be  
You're more bla-bla-bla what it would be  
Bluntly I feel like all you motherfuckers pussy  
Leader of the new school they be playin' hook-ey  
Turned cake for rappin' on the corner like The Rooks be  
Chess game, let's bring more shame to what we need to push  
We ahead 'cause we think the more simpler than the hooks be  
I ain't come to sugarcoat shit, whole culture got spiritual diabetes  
Humanistic raps and tryin' to supply the species  
I'mma defy the thesis and the peachin' can't fiddle in the box  
Credits, Bushwick fake frame lookin' kind critics  
Ain't no peace treadies with me I'm in a legion with the truth  
Tryin' to feel your pain like it's mine it's a window to you  
The only way I can see through, pass the sauce let me stop preachin'

I'm about to talk my, I'm about to talk my  
Let me stop preachin' to em  
I'm about to talk my, I'm about to talk my  
Let me stop preachin' to em  
Imma start speakin' to em, Imma start reachin' to em  
Little closed door homie, Imma start inkin' through it  
Imma start bleedin' through it, they won't have to let me in  
We gon' start seein' true less, yeah

These days I stay far away, when a train rolls in I got somethin' to lose  
Now I'm more on point than cool, now  
True to me is more important than rules now  
Whole lotta obstacles I got past em  
Used the laugh at the kid when I got the last one  
I never want to pass in, I only lived with passion  
At 25 already been like 9 virgins of but see equals speak to you  
Now been sown, sold for so much I'm better than the past ones  
I been runnin' circles around rappers don't make me relapse son  
My anxiety was so bad son, I was gonna collapse, son  
Next time I thought I seen my last son  
Wanted to be somebody that could last, son  
Then I realised the same shit that brings my heart pain  
It's the same shit that make it wanna last once, for the real

Yeah, live from Hell's Kitchen, New York City  
Welcome to the motherfuckin' album  
It's just the intro we gettin' warmed up  
Should I keep going?! Uh

This is Jubelyn's birth from depression  
This the human, this earth from obsession  
Gave my heart to my Craft, started livin' for myself  
If I live to impress then I'm pressin'  
Ask any we done brought pain way before we done made him sign us  
Motherfuckers been congested  
Everytime I've been last that was a lesson  
Broken down to the essence, hocus-pocus dimensions

It's the accumulative perfector, been new thinner on the neck up  
The foolish you neglect, the true lives in the sex  
I'm a mutant in the flesh, border ruthless since in debt  
While I'm coopin' n the Angles they keep losin' for their check  
New York, New York fuck what you thought  
You ought pay attention when attention rise  
Only together and keep walkin' out the the tender  
Call out bear's a friend of mine, homie