

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