

We Don't Listen

Marlon Craft

Man up, this ain't stand-up homie
We gon have to sit 'em down
Said my dreams were naïve well who the fuck is kiddin' now
I was at my lowest in the city, we was in the Bells
We about to show you what the shit is now

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We on missions
We on, we on missions
We don't, we don't listen
Devil on my shoulder bitchin'
Angels got too much opinions
They don't know how we be winnin'
It's cause we don't, we don't listen

They all told me you will never go without a gimmick
Couple them critics now be all up on my dickdick
Told 'em that the people want the real and they miss it
I give 'em my heart and they put me to the finish
I lead with my art and it put me in the business
Rest of these dudes be paid by numbers
Fear show it's face, it's the hate my brothers
So shouts to all my enemies, I love ya
I'm a monster, fuck you and your prima donna pose
Tell me where to walk but you ain't step foot where I'm tryna go
Told me chill, they said don't jump, I laughed and said "Geronimo!"
I shoulda killed you suckas a long time ago

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And I was fallin' down for a while
I was feelin' lonely, yeah
I was feelin' sad through a smile
Like don't nobody know me
But I been in my prime for a while now
Can't no numbers divide me
So I don't really care 'bout a style now
Let a muhfucka try me

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