

Baking Soda

MAVI

Baking soda, baking soda
Add another stroke then the painting sold
Uh huh, uh huh, uh huh then the painting sold
Baking soda, baking soda
Add another stroke then the painting sold
Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah

Palette on the stove with the baking soda
I'ma add another stroke then the painting sold
Habits sent me places that I can't control
I established it alone nothing major though
Intimately in the business of stretching out lessons
Crammed in the business of pressure invested
From my early days verbal a vestige
Never quite know if they heard what I said
From the smolder fake cold, unaffected
See the glow of coals when scoping for meds
I don't owe no one else but the reverend
Who got my OG still folding her hands
We got poles, why I flow so accessible
Nothing in a excess but excess of course
I was up on my bread, so I bet some more
It got stacked and snatched rounded the checkerboard
I'm a king but got less in this metaphor
Nothing but my knowledge left to flex
The poor days a mine intersect with the best support
Love my brothers, I wish I could tell 'em more
They gon' feel when they get to the step I'm on
When the mirror way under the pedestal
And you traded your face for development
And your tears is now trees

I been gave my soul away to the drum I'ma live forever
We ain't come from gold spoons but gold chains, my niggas' clever
She say we either on drugs or need to be
Which is better?
She was already gone 'fore I could see she ain't get the letter
I been gave my soul away to the drum I'ma live forever
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Soul away to the drum I'ma live forever
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