

Wallowing nihilism
Look into my eyes, a prism
When lights hit me, I turn different
When nights hit me, I turn tempted
Walk with a condescension
I question their common sense
'Cause your senses are all exclusive
Those two things are opposites
Was born flowing poems
Triumphally, on dormant co-ed
Hallelujah
Rhyming junior

Robin junior
Now I'm not sure what y'all used to
But I didn't ask
I'm finna show the power of boot, truth
And pen and pad
I'm spitting taboos backwards
I'm getting cash like the pastor do
Smooth finesse
Uproot the rest, I'm confess the ladders two sum
Too soon? I got them breaking our their dictionaries
I had them taking back that visionary shit that they was on
Remember they was actin' silly when I claimed to take the throne
Now they actin' all up friendly 'till I make or break they song
The mic in closet, the only place that I value my time in
I'm pure carbon; I toe the line between graphite and diamond
My momma fighting for me, I make it not in vain
My ego writing for me, surprised I'm not insane
Reach info dominus, within it, outside of myself
Relinquish confidence, a means for me finding myself
And I just found some shit
Prepare announcements once you figured out the routes I'm centered
I'm sinnin' daily
My older bitches hate me
My new one know her way
I hope these riddles save me
I'm putting all my weight on 'em
I looked my fate in it's face, I don't know what to say
I don't know what to say