

Jettison

!Mayday!

Future Vintage
From the Future
From the Future
From the Future
Are you from the Future?
From the Future

Live from my DeLorean, time to hit the road again
Feeling like an unintentional historian
Questioning my motives and my family's own origins
About to find another son who's gravity I'll orbit in
Personnel changes opportunity's keep pouring in
Walking like I'm Carradine, don't know when the show will end
Hundred miles n' running, singing nothing but the chorus's
Fortunate we never lost sites of our coordinates
Nobody ever told me there'd be times like these
Seen idles turn to punchlines, for comic relief
While nothing seems sacred, we still pray on our knees
N' throw down with recycling by the time you agree, you see
If by chance I get to dance amongst' the greats again
I hope to burst an artery before the song ends
These paparazzi better have themselves a longer lens
My comfort zone is getting smaller need a taller fence
Lost in the moment, since before you started scrolling
Fighting my own opponents while I'm poisoning the rodents
If I point at the stars, then I'm probably tryna' phone in
Just tell me what direction that your going in
See I'ma leader, in a cage with the slaves
Being trained, doing shit I dreamt' about as a kid
In a haze, I admit that looking backs getting more pain these days
So I keep my eye pointed towards the sky's grave

And I could die today, so I should mention
That I've been steady repping, with or without a pendant
With or without acceptance, good tidings or their blessings
That same burn inside the eyes of very question I've been guessing
Since I was a lil' freshmen, tryin' to skip the lessons
Finger fucking flesh, n' learning how to know the yes men
I'm sorry ya'll, but my polite side's gone hiatus
Sippin' Mai Tai's, with bane in a time that's beyond heinous, shit
You wanna be famous? No you don't, you wanna free ride!
You ain't got the soul it takes to finally stake a claim in sea side
Bleed sweat, we cried, times ain't, sweet my
Life is like a b-line, whole outlook is deep fried
This verse is for the hip hop kiddy that I used to be
That thought he'd change the world with good intentions, what a fool of me!
It's all the same, but I'm still tryna' act as if its new to me
N' keep these people here when they'd prefer to hang their boots and leave
Exit strategy's n' bag battery's
Success is in my future, when it comes just don't be mad at me
I got tomorrow on the brain before today
N' when the sun sets is when the futurists come out to play

This, is, new lines, time to shine
Cosmos quid, at the finish line
Got a band to feed, been planting seeds
I'ma raise my nine, no killing time

Jettison, Jettison
These words here be the medicine
Jettison, Jettison
The future is now please let us in