

Comfortable

Mick Jenkins

Calm down, nigga, this golden
Go and take a hit of these roses
Go and get a sip of this water
Let your seat back, relax, get comfortable
Get comfortable, get comfortable, get comfortable

Got your joint, it's in rotation, check the sinkhole patient
Deep off in these waters never needing no flotation
Devices, on this humble pie by the slices
Give it to 'em free cause it's priceless
This your invitation, I'm a even welcome imitations
Smokin' mirrors, I've been spittin' rocks and ventilation
So, breathe motherfucka just breathe
There's more than one trick up my sleeve
Tick tocks can't hang, I ain't never even gang bang
Nigga just hang with the wrong folks
Got a little older, got a little wiser, put the reggie down that's the wrong
smoke
Been around the world enough to know that you will never get rich if you the
wrong broke
Can't live life through a song quote, man
I've been tryin' to show y'all me
I ain't been acceptin' nobody's gas and still got drive, nigga still on E
Nigga still gon' lie, and I still on G, tell your girlfriend not to feel on
me
Or, maybe you should come and get your ho bro
And usually we would have a whole bunch of ginger ale but lately I'm been in
these waters like a slow bro
So, pardon my manners
This is more street etiquette
Know that I ain't goin' nowhere, if you believe otherwise then you niggas be
tter peep rhetoric
I said

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You ain't even gotta ask me, I'm classy
Pina colada with a blue Laffy Taffy
I'm wrappin' a [...] like get that Apache
Indian remy on a scalp comin' out
Nigga just chillin' on the couch in a blouse like Dave Chappelle be that nig
ga for life
I drip drip on the haters forreal
Maybe write a rap book for the later appeal
Cause I still write poems on a little black thought more smoke
And mirrors inside of the matchbox more fancy
Images lookin' like mascots
My whole team got the city on the rise
And makin' the sun jealous, we dreamin' new dimensions
And movin' like black rebels with [?], cold
We don't need no ice
I just wanna see your hands in the air and the fans in the stands and my nam
e hella bright

"Noname on the comeup"
Telephone never comin' out, what's the hold up?
Where you been at? Where the print at?
We just wanna hear the truth and the music
Black honesty and honestly I'm a be
In the cut with a book readin' prophecy
Before the sun goes down and the meaning of life becomes obsolete

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We been in here, we ain't goin' nowhere
And we do it for the Free, you know that
Just vibe, just vibe, just vibe