

Contacts

Mick Jenkins

Tell you how I feel inside
They say it ain't trill enough
They say it ain't drill enough
I'm coming from the illest side
I just know it's real enough
Fuck what niggas think of that
The salt is pink, the ink is black
The grass is green, the link is broke
Flowin' like the sink is broke, the drip is so consistent now
Watch him grow complicit, oh you flipping now?
Shit hit different, I need scissors now, cutting ties
Taperfading with' no clippers, don't ask no Kawhi's
Turn stone cold, you get to fucking with' my Oberweis
Stretching out, my shoulders wide
All my burdens boulder size
Mama right off Bouldercrest
I was right off 63rd, you know the vibes
Archetypes and prototypes, I know those guys
Press me, I could go get my shit notarized
Instantly, no polaroid's
Instantly, I'm Jonah, y'all gon' have to throw me overboard

Couple nights in the belly of the beast
Nigga came out like he know the lord, overjoyed
I don't understand
When is y'all niggas gon' realize, uh
Real eyes realize real lies, huh
Real eyes realize real lies, help me see the truth

Tryna be more James, I walk in Peter shoes
Sparrows gotta be my views
Vintage frames I see 'em through
Fear of God, I'm steppin' in, no weapon formed, the needle move, the record
scratch, the blessings pouring
Almost like I'm preapproved
For everything my credit good, my checking strong
My breakfast good, I'm shredding wheat the tears is gone I'm back in form
Overhead just like my baggage I unpack it for him
Don't exaggerate I'm accurate this javelin throwin'
Tryna get my point across
Olympic preparations all these habits form
Elevated patterns, I can taste some pH balance off
Went against the wave but I'm no Hasselhoff
Ain't no more low-key I took the silence off
Old school but the mileage new
Seen it from the pilot's view
Gotta be more hands on it no way I get these calluses off
Skate grip, only 'cause they shape-shift
Famous for the fallacies
We been watchin' matadors
Y'all still putting batteries in niggas backs, empowered by they salaries
Should see 'em when the camera's off, you know the drill
Hear the wrong thing and then I'm Holyfield
Ha, help me see the truth
Tryna be more James, I walk in Peter shoes
Sparrows gotta be my views
Vintage frames I see 'em through