

Crossroads

Mick Jenkins

Started from the bottom of the map
Move to the Chi like fifth grade
Running like the water from the tap
Move with a mind like what switch blades see
I ain't never been the type of nigga that'd change with the fame, you could
put it in quotes
Been down to ride for my niggas had pegs, on a Mongoose sitting on spokes
Handcuffs sitting on the peanut butter loaves
Living on the rim of the glass of the water
Don't you see people out here pimping your hope
Living on a whim, lower class getting slaughtered, killed
Niggas in the streets on the pipe no kilt, it's a skirt motherfucker you kno
w it
Pull the triggers to the beats
Taking lives, no guilt
Got the summer feel like it's snowing, cold
Shoulders, murders, mowed us down
Damn, you could tell these niggas need a drink
Sun get hotter streets get colder, damn
You could tell these niggas need a drink
Spit his flow like is coming up the sink
And the shit hot like it's coming in the mink
Never dumb it down, make a dumb nigga think
Ginger in his tea make a dumb nigga drink
Grippin your heart and grippin your soul
Grippin that iron, I'm dropping that zinc
Gotta move smart I didn't learned from the dope
Just what I'm gonna do, with the coke and the ink
Like oh no, they locked a nigga up for smoking purple
I'm free, I'm screaming, "free my niggas" 'til the world blow
I'm screaming "free my niggas" 'til the world blow
Save Money she gonna do it for the free

She gonna do it for the freak
Dinner reservations with a Navajo
Indian in her family like a lot of hoes
Lot of hoes done said they was not a ho
Now the Leprechauns done lied about they pot'o'gold
I'm bout my green like an avocado guacamole
I'm from the Chi, she say she shy but she gotta go
Prodigal
Solid gold
Chains bought from college shows
Staying out in Hollywood
Wayne out of Hollygrove
Kamikaze comma Common Keef and ComicCon
Ye and me and King L Katie here's a comet coming
Kamehameha, Chi may have made a spirit bomb
Here's a ton of acid, ready for it here it comes,
(WOOOOO!)
Uh, I'm just having fun with it
Vic just brought the beef up, Mick just brought a gun with it
You think you could stomach it?
Umf, tummy ache
All you did was shadow box
All you did was run in place
Started from the middle of the class, multi-entendre

And now I can do what I wanna
Shouts out Shetandra and Shando, shouldn't have shined a light on me

Staring at the bottom of the bottle
Pour it out for the fam take the shots
In the land, shoot first think last that's the motto
Money on my mind
Mega Millions on the rise, scratch off like I'm tryna win the lotto
Lot of baller niggas done lied about their jump shots
Tryna play the shooter 'til they shot him (pow)
Got 'em (pow pow)
Shoes off and kick up my feet
Talk dirty, never brush my teeth
Tell em I'm Rosa Parks, they can suck my seed
I ain't giving up my seat
Saw my face through the stain glass window in church
Demons in the night when I sleep
Stole the collection cash out the pastor's purse
Gave it to a bum to get something to eat
Paper twistin, bend it backwards
Flip the script, dyslexic actors
Atom smashing, passing, bombing, writing it off my taxes
Uncle Sam done put a deficit on my debit card
Me, Mick Jenkins and Chancelor, chances are you no competitor
(OnGaud my niggga)