

# 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 know  
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  
Gripping your heart and gripping your soul  
Gripping 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 nigga)