

Different Scales

Mick Jenkins

Yea, In pole position, had to strip it down
Was rarely fucking with the vision they was feeding me the bread
Well come eleven and the water only trickle down
Needed pumperknickle wasn't fucking with the fickle minds
This shit would get bumpy over time if we pickle beets
They just want the hooks, got me out here fighting sickle cell
Niggas sound like crooks in front of cameras I hear crickets now
Have some art commissioned more than living off the ticket sales
You for the gram we weighing this shit on different scales
No picket fence I know we grew up on different streets
It woke me up, I know its way more niggas counting sheep
Bouncing checks tryna slide off the counterfeit
They hellas foul
Niggas out here playing county ball
Still bounty saul
Shame they'll never win a golden globe
Some niggas only taking naps
Some niggas comotose
You get em fired you find out some niggas Omarosa

Multiple elephants in the room
Ain't nothing new
Poachers done settled in
They using sedatives too
I'm still preaching the same element
Exploring business ventures with my fellowship
Eliminated the light bulbs with no filament
You ain't in my circle if we not intimate on some level
Got dumbbells on my shoulders, I folded
Drinking folgers these days, I talk the water till my clothes is moldy
[?] if came down to the wire niggas could'nthold me
They always talk the old you
Them niggas never know me
I never owe nobody nothing but Jon
Who cutting onions?
These days I'm all about cutting the line
Cutting through the bullshit my nigga its nothign to shine its nothin
g to stunt its nothing to rhyme
You elevating minds or you fucking the blind and ducking the smoke
Sup with the swine but wanna be goat you really just sheep
You wanna be woke you really just sleep walked in front of me
Man What are these jokes?
Rich in spirit I won' t hear it if you cunning me bro
Tried to pass these hoes the joint they didn't want any smoke
I want to be blunt when I spit out the truth
They want me to choke they want me to front
Ruffle feathers and then they want me to ghost
Crumble concentrates I'm rolling foreal
Sand trapping I won't shorten my stroke