

# Lack

Mick Jenkins

Youngin' tryna be timeless  
Don't lack!  
Don't, don't, don't lack my nigga don't lack  
Don't let me catch you lackin' famo  
Youngin' tryna be timeless  
Don't lack!  
Don't, don't, don't lack my nigga don't lack  
Don't let me catch you lackin' famo

Youngin' tryna be timeless  
Don't lack cause I'm coming from the back like the heimlich  
Maneuver  
Rap MacGruber, fresh  
Be super duper, cause I use a luffa  
Don't do no molly but niggas shroomin like Koopa Troopa.  
And hittin' holly like I was hanging with Mr. Cooper  
Just ginger ale for yo hoes I don't want they souls  
Mobbin in this bitch  
Like Dennis Rodman in this bitch it's so much going on in my head  
He kinda like Robin in this bitch I flip you just might catch the bat that's  
acrobatic you gasp that's asthmatic what you can't breathe?  
My nigga what you can't see?, You talkin' tough Toucan Sam, don't get to fuc  
kin' with me  
I clip yo wings  
Now you fly as penguin  
Banging  
Dope slanging  
A fuckin' slave I can still see the rope hanging.  
Blame your environment or blame your companions, and I'm a sneak up this bit  
ch like we in this bitch

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Burner in the back pack  
Don't sleep on them knapsacks, bet you don't see black jack if you do my g  
Blow fat sacks with the crew we be on backporch talking truth probbly  
The reason most of mine done seen they 84th season  
Only blues when niggas bleeding  
Free Nation Rebel Soldier never tolerate the treason  
Free masons bumping shoulders never contemplate allegiance  
Free basing baking soda with the coke it couldn't get this dope it's all bou  
t how you whip it  
How he sip it with his pinky in the air this ain't no champagne  
How you be swank when free the campaign  
They shoot for stardom  
I be the Anne Frank  
So miss me with the static  
He be high and writin' in verses just like writing books in attics.

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