

Lord, Listen

Mick Jenkins

Life ain't nothing but a cat-mouse, nigga
Mice get trapped in the trap house, nigga
Lives get sacrificed in the streets
White lights when you blackout, nigga
For my niggas dig and move, better watch that back, fam
Around here you're just another black man
Niggas talk shit but I'm over their verbs like accents and apostrophes
No apologies. Quite advance maybe prodigy
Black rap mans dichotomy
Some like the folks and the moes
Niggas better duck when it's birds in the street
Cause you never too fly to get caught by the crows
Better call your God if you doubt my G
Better call Allah if you fuck with the pigs in the house, my G, OnGau
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Lord, Lord, Lord we never listen, do we?
Lord, Lord, Lord, we never
Lord-love to hear the lie. Hate to hear the truth
We love to hear the lies, we hate to hear the truths
Just ginger ale for your hoes, I don't want they souls
Just ginger ale for your hoes, I don't want they souls

Sip it like Champaign. Free be the campaign
Pinkies in the air for the swank
Peanut butter loafers, like fuck did you think?
Don't you see the pennies, I don't need your two cents
It ain't never really been about a dollar
Nice repentance. [?]
Pop up my collar
Back when Slim was rolling impala. Running from the ops
Parked car cuffed on the curb for the cops
Swerve on the clock
Bet your nose calm fore you swerve on the block

Like, fuck them niggas they don't know our struggle
Like, fuck them niggas they don't know our struggle
Like, fuck them niggas, famo

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Just ginger ale for your hoes, I don't want they souls
Just ginger ale for your hoes, I don't want they souls
Thank God they prayed for a nigga
Thank God Rhonda prayed for a nigga
Lord, Lord, Lord, we never listen, do we?