

Peg Cuffs & Pocket Tees

Mick Jenkins

Peg cuff the denim so the socks showing
Nigga 'bout to
Flood 'em with the flow
I rock those
Loafers as smooth as
Butter with the toast
Let me paint the scene
Organic papers we don't taint the green
Fleeting conversations couple niggas getting quaint with queens
Couple sinners with a saints regime
Do this while their collective is clueless
More concerned with the beef
And the salad that make you Caesar
We on the lookout for Brutus
The FREE is always awake
A trait related to Buddhas
Couldn't pimp us for no silver
I ain't related to Judas
Never kiss and tell
Throwing pennies in the wishing well
Screaming "Free my niggas!"
Hope it get you well quicker
Hope it do like granny saltines and ginger ale nigga
Ooh
They be like "Who?"
I be like "Nigga, I thought you knew!"
And just like that my nigga
Just like your neck
I'll be like "Nigga, I'm at your crew!"
Fuck is you gon' do
I'm too cold
And damn near Manute Bol
When I maneuver through the blocks
I'm talking writers block and 63rd

Southside repper
Granny was a stepper
I've been used to moving through it with no effort
Tell my peoples we riding
And we rolling
And we vibing
Niggas got Sachs like Goldman
On that BS like Rodman
All my peoples is rolling
And they screaming out
Fuck with me famo!
Fuck with me famo!
Fuck with me famo!
Fuck with me famo!

Tucked the pocket tee
That's just to show some class
Lamb leather belts
Keep the Selvedge denim off my ass
Momma taught me well
Cause we been taught to fail
But we been on the grind

Get a whiff of that coffee smell
Ain't seen the phoenix sun, we barkley still
Get with it in the paint
Thoughts get smokey but it's vivid with the dank
Put you pinkies in the air for that swank shit
Put them motherfuckers high
Tell your haters they ain't shit
Like no school
Gotta have some logic before you start with the pro tools
We no fools
Since Biggie wrote them 10 coke rules
My spirit been Goku'd
And lyrics just super sayings
Hope you play 'em
Recite 'em and tell your peoples
We put the pressure on pussies
That's out here flexing they Kegel
We Buick through all the bullshit
No disrespecting my Regal
I don't care about your taste
Fuck around and catch a cup of ginger ale in your face
Then I walk away clean
You locked in boxes and I free you
My team
Check the regime

I'm a Southside repper
Granny was a stepper
I've been used to moving through it with no effort
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And we rolling
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