

## P's & Q's

Mick Jenkins

Still drinkin' water on y'all niggas, man

With perfect pitch I'm singing free my niggas  
Polished and purposeful he's producing pristine pictures  
Pay me, gimme plenty, the trees begat keys  
That's paper, so hold the pennies  
I'm pressed and like pests, I'm in every nook and cranny  
Your pantry, with some patience your panties  
I got patience, it's prevalent in the previous plannings  
I been on my P's and Q's, fuck is this? A Quiz?  
Peep this nigga passion, I'm not picking him to quit  
Watch him paint, and it quaint?  
All that presence in his pen, he be pearlin' all that wisdom, all that press  
ure be to sin  
A pearlescent silver lining through the questions I been quilting together  
Niggas quiver in the cold, are you equipped for the weather?  
When there's polar and it's piercing through your sweater to your chest  
How you persevere and press on through the quest?  
I been on my P's and Q's, can't you see I do not play?  
And I pack it full of quotes  
Pray you perceive it in the way that I intended  
I ain't preaching and I'm never that pretentious  
Not pretending, Quasimodo how my back is  
I've been bending, I've been lifting all the pounds  
Break it down, pass it around  
Politicking with my peoples' then my partner, then my round'  
Quality is what we seek, I'm not playing 'til we peak  
Quintessential to survival is the cunnin' to compete  
You picked defeat, if your efforts will only ever be passive aggressive  
Be my pleasure to let it fly like attached to propellers  
And compel all your people to say your prayer in your passin'  
Man fuck the gassin', I'm too persistent, and what could they tell us, huh?  
I been on my P's and Q's, quantum leaps ahead of my peers  
They not even in my peripheral, pray I keep it proper  
Cause they playin' so political, the petty is so pitiful  
Niggas Peter Pettigrew, I'm of a higher pedigree  
I'm peddling this penmanship, appreciate the pleasantries, but  
It's quiet for y'all niggas  
I mean, you know I've been on point with it  
Ain't even gotta smoke a joint  
I'm getting high off the feel, y'all just trying to make some coins with it  
Educate my loins  
You've been gifted like I pearled a couple poinsettias  
On my P's and Q's  
Quarantine the phrase, you could comprehend it better, bring phonetics into  
play, I'm no pharaoh  
Message never mystical  
Breath of antihistamine, I'm trying to heal the physical  
Requiring a pivotal stance  
For my mans niggas, know I'm not dolo  
Provide you with the proof, it's never quid pro quo tho  
It's Free Nation, please no photos  
Yeah, power to the people, middle finger to the popo