

Reginald

Mick Jenkins

Aye, feeling like that nigga, these days my skin is much clearer
My woman's skin is much clearer, of course I'm drinking my water
Don't spend too much time in mirrors
Reflections will get you caught up
Connections will get you brought up in conversation
You basing everything you know about me from moments, I'm more a compilation
Of composition, it's complicated, I've contemplated so many perspectives
Accommodated my vices, exonerated emotions and I'm coping, Macaulay Culkin
I'm trapping my demons over Bohemian Rhapsody
They draw lines at our Widow's Peak, we don't peak at capacity
Casually giving no fucks about your two cents, we gon' clip the loose ends
We gon' clip the split ends, we gon' split ends, we gon' burn the noses
They tried to exclude us, they lied to include us
My tribe is of Judah, your kind is of Judas
I ordered the Caesar, no Brutus among us, uprootin' the fungus
These niggas is leeches, they learning down from us

Don't you get to counting up another nigga dough
Don't call me a hater just because I wasn't fucking with the flow
If it's Reggie, then I got to let you know
Keep it that real, niggas already know
Don't you get to counting up another nigga dough
Don't call me a hater just because I wasn't fucking with the flow
If it's Reggie, then I got to let you know (I got to let you know)
Keep that real, niggas already do

What you want to do about me telling the truth? I get it, you're sensitive
And I don't say that with malice, my intentions are pensive and poignant
Opinions annoying, as they are of often informant
I'm critically thinking I'm fixing my form
And my shooting percentage is rising
I worked on my vertical simply by switching horizons
Colliding my will with the wave, and niggas call me Poseidon
And just call me the plug, I'm providing the drugs
In small doses, we grind, and we roll, and we smoke
And we cook, and we eat, and refocus
Repeat, and repeat, and repeat, and repeat until it's polished
Acknowledge my genius, no college degree on me
Got a few G's with me, got an O-Z on me
It's some OG homie, don't you count that paper on me homie

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If it's Reggie, then I got to let you know (I got to let you know)
Keep that real, niggas already