

The Truth

Mick Jenkins

Put that in your pipe and smoke it
Then tell me what you see when you inhale
Big box That will never be open
How the Fuck you stay free when you in jail
How the fuck you got pops that don't show up
When his kids just wanna hang like a pigtail
You gon always get props when you blow up
All your nigga get the range with the big wheels
Big deal, When the Pane hit a Fifth Wheel
Couple Strains just to cope with the Day to Day
Little nigga put the hand on the big steel
Couple [?] make the hope start to fade away
Coats feeling cold when the coke in they nose
She approached like you know who you fuckin with
Always been a scholar
Spit at your neck like, lipstick
On your collar
Best keep an eye on your checks in the mail
Cause the pyramids schemin
Gon get you no dollar
Best day I had
I had copped me a quarter
Don't ride around with that shit in your impalas
I learned that
Profound by the jakes, five young black men sitting on the brakes
From the blue blue grinder under the seat like, oops
"Sir, can you step out the car"
I can't go, seen to many blocks fall like jenga
If you let them off the chain like Django
You gonna have some nigga lookin for tapanga
But they won't get the sleep
If they ain't hoes, chain [?]
Got to look at all angles
You looking for your angel

Tell somebody bring the trees
This a different kind of Elevation
Ginger Ale on every occasion
No my nigga
That ain't marijuana that you tastin
I just let them hit the truth
I just let them hit the truth

Majesty, Kryptic Casualty
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Why you gotta talk in Fables
Fuck you mean?
I just gave you my thoughts and my critic
On Django
Read between the paradox
The skinny jeans and pair of Docks
I know I love the Martens too

Why you gotta talk in Fables
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