

Yeah, yeah, yeah
Yeah, yeah, yeah
Yeah, yeah, yeah

Bullet holes in my phone
And my dome, but that's from toking out the soul
This a note for every single verse I wrote
I keep it true and know the lessons will flow
Peasant in a bowl, but I'm president to most
I see my presence building stress inside your soul
My message is for growth
I'm stepping out of focus, pressure on my toes
It's better when we home, whenever you alone
You clever, you should know
I'm by your side 'til my thighs turn to bone
Look in the eyes, a surprise, turn to stone
My life been supplied, there's a prize to the poor
Double five on the floor
Trouble high but it's sly when the rise in the north
Time in the cold, but the fleece keep me warm
Christine on my arm
She like my moms, stay protecting me from harm
What a gwan? What's the problem with some strong?
Black boys just stay evading from the law
Where I'm going, yeah, I'm taking you along
At the top, that's where I'm saying you belong
Lot of water in my socks from taking snakes up out the farm
It's with a rake and not a charm
It's with a rake and not a charm

Yo, what's goodie, boy?
Um, I just had to make the time to hit your line real quick
Cause, uh, the last couple of days
Had some troubling experiences
And it came to my attention that through isolation
We, we lose touch with the ones that we care for the most
The ones we love the most
And this is a time when we can't
We can't afford to be away from one another
Whether it be physically, spiritually, and mentally
We need each other in every sense of the word (Hello?)
And I just had to give you this call to remind you that
I'm still here for you
And, that's just always what it's gon' to be, man
We need each other
(Ight man, um... Myrtle, Broadway)
(Uh, um)