

Yeah, yeah

I guess you've learned a whole heap of nothing  
Suppose you living with your demons, fuck it  
Thunder rolling with the punches that ain't touch 'em  
Living life without a substance  
I'm rushing such a feeling with the urgency of justice  
All these fluctuating customs, it's all or nothing  
Shit get shaky as your moral compass  
Life is but a series of adjustments  
Was ill-equipped smoking spliffs, too redundant  
Been there, done that  
Mapuche Indian and Huguenot blood in his veins but his son's black  
Running from it just to come back and make amends  
The story bending at my will  
I fill a void that only some lack  
The beat looping with my vocal, fuck a drum track  
My brother from a city where they poke you like a thumb tack, nigga, Westside  
And watch how you speak about the land 'cause I'm from that  
Fuck 'em if it's problems, primo sliding on some Rodney Mullen  
Flip the script, ain't sorry for who I'm becoming  
Me and mine winning, cheek to cheek grinning  
Steel Royal Oak with the moon phase in it  
That's some fly shit init, this a live nigga clinic  
You standing on business while I float above limits  
You niggas sour as a lemon, squeeze down, I found my feet  
It's power in the venom, can't kill me  
Filthy in denial, where you men is  
A menace to society, it's ire in his image  
My aim is to inspire putting out that fire in you  
Aim and hold the iron, let it fly and see what sin do  
I'ma keep it simple, anchovies out the tin  
Two hundred thousand fleeting thoughts I'm choosing not to tend to  
I'm standing ten toes, you gotta weigh the cons when you sense pros  
The bloody thorn on a red rose