

Left Turn Slow

Nic D

A bunch of wannabes that wanna be dope
Know that I'm gonna blow, and they wanna be close
I guess we'll see how this summer unfolds
Now I can't walk around my town cause my cover is blown
They finding all your shortcomings to rub in your nose
But I been okay with those so they got nothing to show
Always title my poems like how I butter my toast
Smooth, since we talkin' titles, I'll bring another one home
Jon said pretending I'm not dope just another way to be arrogant
So is pretending you don't care it's embarrassing
Said I'm the man, son, like Marilyn
They think I'm arrogant for postin' my hair again
I'm over here trying to figure out what you're staring at
I know I'm making noise, you pretend you ain't hearin' 'em
Not acknowledging 'em just another way to be darin' 'em
The only thing that ever holds me up is the chair I'm in

We know
We know what's golden
What's golden

They don't need us they just keep us to the side
I just tee up then I drive, now I'm free
I got trouble freein' up some time
Actin' like you gonna change if you just see another sign
Yeah okay, take my left turn slow
If you know then you know
Everybody know they role
Vision clear, you could telescope
Like the [?]
Ain't no problems houston
I'm like Russell with all these triple doubles
Watch 'em miss and then we get another year
Talking shh with the lips you use to kiss your mother
You ain't hurtin' me, it's Dwayne that you livin' under
Yuh, Johnson, common courtesy is getting more common
Lucky 7's then I double like I'm [?]
This a warm up like the climate
I'm just stretchin', what's the word? The word is spreadin'
They can shoot then disappear like etch-a-sketches
Time is precious, yeah