

Motion Picture

Omen

Let me take another sip, another sip, another sip...

[Verse One]

Populate my flow with concentrated growth
Hear my verses, hear my beats, you know I dominate at both
Got my nickname up in high school from this girl named Winta
Those was my early days, when I didn't have concern for figures
But times change...
I'm over-thinking everything, mind games...
Feel like it's feeding on my brain, now
I'm second guessing every effort, every sentence
Does my breath need less inflection, am I being too reflective?
Is such and such really better? Is my message even clever?
I'm apprehended by this pressure, but shall I surrender?
I look at my own team like, damn, I wish they would help me more
That's no diss, just being honest, already pressed record
So can't take it back, and plus I know my destiny's in my hand
Shit man, I be stressin', maybe I should be more aggressive
I really got some demons I'm embarrassed bout'
Watch this verse become a motion picture, but what's Paramount was my fear
Was out in LA, man I'm sittin' here with a living legend
A living legend, the same one that made Resurrection
No I.D., but they all just called him "Dion"
And meanwhile I'm just overthinking, "should I play him 'Beyond'?"
Should I play him "Mama Told Me" and all my other classics?"
But same old Damon, I just sat there being passive
I never said a word, never shared a verse
Then came back to Chicago acting like it never occurred

[Hook]

There's a million words hiding in my silence
There's a graveyard hiding in my closet
Can't be that same dude chillin' on the corner
So what you waiting on, tell me do you want it?
Look through my eyes maybe you can see the riot
Have you ever heard a storm that was quiet?
Can't be the same dude chillin' on the corner
So what you waiting on, tell me do you want it?

[Verse Two]

Sipping on that Templeton
Money short, no dividends
Bank account ain't got no zeros, yet I still be zeroed in
Got no time for simpletons
Bumping Andre Benjamin
In the crib, hit the shuffle now it starts that Eminem
'said you only get one shot,' only get one shot
I hope that ain't true, cause' I still got my gun cocked
Its 12:59, I'm in the club probably 'Shrine'
Sometimes it's lacking but tonight I see the hottest dimes
Yellow dress up in the corner red nails I think I want her
Hair braided to the side, nose ring, prima donna
God damn girl you're killing triple murder
Tell the judge tell your honor
Like a goddess from some folklore, oh lord
My god, swear I couldn't stop staring
I think I need another drink so I can get more daring

One shot, two shots, three shots, now I'm ready
Going for the gold, hang my banner, spray that confetti
Truthfully I got no game
But when that liquor hit me I be feeling vain
Told her my name, I swore our conversation was like magic
Now we dancing to some classic shit
Should I grab that ass, Damon don't be so passive
Had her laughing, we exchanged digits
I met my wife, I wonder if she had that same vision
Well let's see, that next morning had to text her
I told her she got me under
Sorry I don't remember who you are and lose my number

[Hook]