

Blah, blah, blah  
One, two, one, two, blah  
Blah, blah, blah, blah, blah, blah  
Check, one, yo

Fridays got the bread but Thursdays got the energy  
Particles move shit but waves got the energy  
Pinky can get it crackin' but Brain's got the memory  
(One, two, one, two)  
Fridays got the bread but Thursdays got the energy

I'm hatin' them turns in Laurel Canyon  
I'm stranded, which side is I'm on?  
Susan Sarandon is candid  
These brothers talk shit then they abandon, it's rancid  
And I'm still tryin' to get paid like Ed O'Bannon  
You would think that they fired me from a cannon  
I did the Triple Lindy then I landed  
I started rockin' simply then expanded  
This execution's iffy but I planned it  
I protect it if it gives me an advantage  
Still want to be the greatest MC on the planet  
Yeah, 'cause I'm immature  
If I can name my own sicknesses then it's cured  
I'm finished at high ninety-percent pure  
COVID makin' it impossible to finish tour

Rocket League addiction, need a brand new engine  
Team player, gotta perfect my speed boost, flip or stay now  
Move later, jump back into the river  
After makin' a whole big deal 'bout not swimmin'  
My folks from the 'Sip like K.R.I.T  
Memories of our solar summers from when I was a kid  
Might cop some land out there just to chase the feelin' again  
Caught on the hook, fill up the cooler with catfish  
Proceed to grill 'em with kin  
Now slow this beat to BPM twenty-four-a  
Grind my teeth down 'til the nerves are showin'  
Use to rap gibberish with Explora Dora  
At Grog Shop, Cleveland hope was damn vultures  
Spongebob in Miami, Knitting Factory had Alvin  
All the shows had energy, sound quality was ragged  
Used to shoplift belts from Morrisville's TJ Max  
That's a filler bar, yeah, this the end of my rap  
Eshu Tune

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My grudge is generational curse  
Swear on the books we bound  
My people generational first  
Ring like the hooks we found ourselves  
Repeating ourselves, repeating ourselves, repeating points  
Straight lines curve directly to hell

And back with gasoline drawls, my flaws are focused fact for principle  
My interest grows like giants from the miniscule  
Group think to individual  
I'm caught inside like prizes in the cereal  
If Mikey likes it life is immaterial  
The cloth we're cut from tailors to the criminal  
Smoother than the operator  
Hater from the genesis of Genesis, what, I can't dance?  
Who takes me home at the end of this? A fire starter  
Carrie holds the torch 'cause she's my daughter (Uh-huh, ayy)

I'm more official than a whistle-blow  
I tore a tissue with my grizzled nose  
Ignore the misuse of my little home  
A clean place to sleep and shit and store my brittle bones (Ayy)  
I seen Hakeem do the Dream Shake  
I seen Raheem make the mistake of trustin' Bishop  
I seen that Bishop had two pistols in his waistline  
Continuity mistakes make my brain go haywire  
Hey, I'm tryin' to concentrate  
My J, sincerely like to thank you  
Do therapists really say, "Hey, now that's a breakthrough"  
Or is that just some TV shit?  
When I grow up I want to be the shit  
Top cat close friends get to call him TC  
Knock back a couple stems and watch some olden TV  
Why are you grillin' me? Meltin' out the chill in me  
Santa tried to plant a camera deep inside the chimney  
But he ain't realize Rudolph is a spy, Blitzen's gettin' high  
Smoking mistletoe  
I'm more official than a whistle-blow