Cobra Scale

Papoose

My last name Mackie, bro
Switchblades, bell-bottoms and nappy 'fros
The sky scraper condos, went from ashy to classy, doe
Eating vegan, fresh fruit, cashews and pistachios
Overlooked the city, a nice view from my patio
Cleveland fitted hat with an Indian had Navajo
Spring collection, a whole mad show
Straight from the fashion show
Bumping Stetsasonic, Frukwan, Prince Paul and Daddy O
Or Busta Rhymes, A Tribe Called Quest, what's the scenario?
Loaded magazine mounted on top of the calico
Bulletproof panelling built inside of the caddy
Dope pianos out the ghetto, move more keys than Casio
Harlem work copper who re-up in El Baddio
Spitfire like king Cooper, Luigi Mario
Arithmetic lyricist harmonizing a nasty flow
There and then a red Converse, sagging my khakis low
Thinking like a West coast nigga, just drop an addi hoe
Hood version of Bart Simpson, let the Maggie blow
Hating on me still I rise, Maya Angelou

Just like suns and like moons
With the certainty of tides
Just like hopes springing high
Still I'll rise
Did you want to see me broken?
Bowed head and lowered eyes?
Shoulders falling down like teardrops
Weakened by my soulful cries?
But just like life, I'll rise

My flow excels, the weak-minded thinker who will rebel
Street graduate of the ghetto Harvard, ain't gone to Yale
All black frames with clear lenses, they're all gazelles
Heavy rope chains with a red Kangol, I'm uncle L
Keep my daughter with me, we're best friends; Oprah, Gayle
Batman and Robin, we're bonded like we was posting bail
They promote the image of gangsters and then pose it well
But you can smell a pussy a mile away when you know the smell
Everybody say they're a demon
When you throw them shells, they start screaming for Jesus
None of them wanna go to hell
Like David to Goliath, I'll drop a giant although I'm frail
Stories of the Bible, I studied David with no Chapelle
Never heard of Uber, I weigh my work on a broken scale
Only had a [?], I got dope to sell
Rolling loud, no car [?]
When I roll a L, I lick the blood
Like I lick the envelope when I close the mail
Teach the young men to be stronger than us, mold them well
My masculinity is evolving and I don't know Pharrell
She get her nails all over just 'cause she broke a nail
Snakeskin boots, my lady covered in cobra scale

As if cause I have gold mines
Diggin' in my own back yard
You may shoot me with your words

You may cut me with your eyes
You may kill me with your hatefulness
But just like life, I'll rise

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