

Prophecy

Pell

Yeah, this one's for the dreamers, Goals
This one's for the dreamers, I got you

I climbed out of bed with some vans and a message
Warmed up Ramen Noodles, watching HULU be my breakfast
Then I crossed the free time off my checklist
Got back to cooking dope about my freshness, then I rested
Dream in my music, grind on the dresser
Thousand more listens, I could own the whole semester
A thousand more fans, I could lift up all this pressure
We've been grinding so hard, we just wanna see better
Heart of a lion but my hustle can't be measured
Would have to span the universe just to fucking test it
Come back down to earth saying that I'm well respected
But they too busy tryna ball, they no Clyde Drexlers
No globe trotters, just some deadbeat fathers
Hating on my craft like it's Salem in the projects
Spider webbing concept, how I crept and then I got it
They know that I'm diverse so they watching where I frolic
Too many trials and tribulations they infiltrated
I flipped the script and then dipped and left the slackers hanging
Left the gangsters banging, let the haters hate
But tell the children keep changing as we all make it
Yeah as we all make it, Ahh, Ahh
I got these audio lessons about how we all can get it
Spitting crack records, its another dope lecture
It's another dope lecture, It's another dope lecture

I'mma save the assholes and pull the trigger on the ignorance
Engraved is the name of your excellence his nemesis
Another hearse from a verse left with no witnesses
Except the fans that are listening who are loyal as a dog German Shepards to my records
Barking at the fakeness till intruders learn the lesson
I know my haters mad, wish that I was contracepted
But my momma bared a giant, since the womb was dope lectures
Sweet nectar for the birds that be tweeting about my preachings
On how to get a goal and put my enemies beneath me
I ain't on the molly dog, but everything is peachy
They gonna have to get swab before they ever fucking reach me
I look up to my cell phone and the stars for the style that we are in your sister's IPOD

Blowing up like time bombs, nigga we on it
It's just a matter of time