

# 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 hang  
ing  
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 Germa  
n 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 wer  
e are in your sister's IPOD

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