

Float

Prof

I'm not an MC murderer, I just kill a lot
Ripped the spot, call me Mr. rips a lot, kill the block
Whether I am ill or not
Better tie your fill or not
By my chest 'cause you can't stop'em movin' cinderblock
With the loose lip, candy's round up pool sticks
Straight up stupid, eagles made of bruises
And my momma always told me I can do this
Chase my dreams, high beams, momma I can choose this
Who rips better than me, I'll let 'em enter the dream
And see what I breath and feel what I see
At the age of 15, a man in me, had to be born to protect my family
But now he's asking me, and now I'm askin' back
How we gonna put this fire out, ask 'em that
I'll be the first one there, my sister will be the next to show
Whose next to join the Lake and Cedar festival
So burn, baby, burn. We don't need no water, let the mother-fucker burn
And another mothers turn, to turn the other cheek
To learn by yourself and survive by the week
But I'm alive on the street where the talk is cheap
And sick of swimmin' bitch I float

Whoa, the days are bright
But when I sleep got the moon at night
And when I wake got another day
Whoa-oo-oooah
Learn from mistakes
I got pictures in my pockets
Got money for good causes
Ah la la la la la la la la la laaaaaaaaaah

So now my poppa's gone again
Gone like a lotta men
Still got family, but no house to put my problems in
And once again I'm a nomad
I hold that cold, vocab, and make cold raps
I hold that to myself
I sing a song of an eagle with his wings clipped
A man who has been stripped
Seven years welfare, single mother, four children, college, we don't need no
help here
Show me the definition of some hard work
I'll show you my mother livin' on this hard earth, but
Yes, What a success
Four kids raised in the best of the best
And Anastasia, you can count on me
Give you the strength that I have found in me
And probably I can be the man
That raised you and brought you up with his bare hands, but
Yes, You can rest in peace
I'm finally the strong man he meant me to be
And effortlessly, he taught a lesson to me
Nothin' in life is penalty free
And I've gladly paid my dues
I'm waiting for the sunshine to come around and shine my shoes

Whoa

The day's are bright
But when I sleep got the moon at night
And when I wake got another day
Whoa-o-oh, learn from mistakes
I got pictures in my pockets
Got money for good causes
Ah la la da da da da da da da da daaaaaah