

## 2 AM

## Rapsody

Backrubs on backbones and black booty  
Ain't nothing else popping out here at 2AM  
If it ain't good intentions niggas out looking for food  
Or end up in intensive, down in county zoos

I couldn't count on you yesterday nigga, where you was?  
Everybody ain't family just because they call you cause  
I know a few used to beens and some that never was  
And I ain't have to grow up in streets, I know it well enough  
Growin' up with homies that grew up in it, fell for some  
Sometime after whoop, there it is for some  
Just learning to hoop some, look son ain't no unsinging  
I mean I'll never be an unsung  
My uncle had bad lungs and I hope my brother learned something  
And he just tell me we gon' die from something anyway  
But my motto ain't no need to speed it up none  
But my niggas like anyway

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You know the freaks come out at night  
How am I so bright but my eyes so sensitive to the light  
That's a balance you'll never understand in your life  
It's like you never play Jenga or Life in your life  
Or like you never met a nigga that got life in your life  
I'm sacrilegious making sacrifices, ain't I Christ?  
I tried to tell Lo God, everybody got talent it's just what you do with it that matters  
That's coming from one who in acquiring skills saw his words would eventually cut deeper than Skilsaws  
See music is the king of all professions, that's partially  
Cause even at crossroads it can bring Bone-Thugz-N-Harmony  
Hip is to be intelligent, hop is for the movement  
In other words if you ain't riding you stupid  
We spreading like germs all over the whole earth  
I propose to you a purpose for your own birth  
To let your soul glow all over the universe y'all  
Get it? We united by verses, all  
Protons, neutrons, and electron, that's all

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I know a few used to beens and some that never was  
And I ain't have to grow up in streets, I know it well enough  
Marcus Mariota, came in with wings on my shoulder  
Where I'm standing the grass the same green all over  
Ain't gotta throw the skin cause the lines don't flinch  
Heartless in this department, I ain't changed a cent  
I don't count on y'all the same, math problems

The more I add, the more I lose, math problems  
If my lane ain't like Problem's with all diamonds  
I know the pressure gon' bust more than water columns  
Y'all blow pipes like Whitney out this motherfucker  
Singing my business to my other nigga's other niggas  
Imagine if Ricky had a gun out this motherfucker  
There woulda been a lot less blood in the street, get it?  
I heard a ho nigga a ho nigga that talk, nigga  
Like he know niggas, no no nigga, I know niggas  
I know common niggas act common, but I know Common  
This bitch in you well all see, yea I'm so honest  
Come around talking big game, you ain't Torry homie  
I don't drive pickup but I do dodge rams  
This really all wolves all clothed as lambs  
I'm really superhuman, y'all just pose like Cam  
Putting broads on the 'Gram get out my business, damn nigga  
Don't like pigs, my mouth ain't even ham nigga  
Know how to handle y'all, call me Shammgod nigga  
Know the game and when and how to bounce quick  
Cause I don't stick with those I suppose I don't trust  
Mama taught me right from wrong, be aware of your clique  
So I guess I gotta switch up my faculty quick  
I see error in your ways, ain't no future with it

2AM the whole block up  
Wanna be alone tonight, I pray no one no pop up  
Chillin', some days I don't feel like comin' out my taco, shell  
I know niggas who got goals like soccer who ain't doin' well  
Living through me yellin' "throw the Roc up!"  
Instead of watching news, the days events, they never shock us  
Know niggas around my way playing tata and chocolate droppas  
Your feelings spillin' over, hope there's someone there to mop up  
Wanna let me ego go on you niggas  
I'll be modest, I'll be hottest, I won't hide it  
Call the kettle what the pot is, I'm black and proudest of that  
Yea I made it from the bottom  
Like I stood in line for hours for Jordans and they ain't got 'em  
I been disappointed  
Took it and this the point  
Some of you rappers corny  
I know we all just fornicating there's no debating my rating  
Should be way up there with Lauryn's  
If you colour me bad make sure the colour you use is orange  
I'm a Frank Ocean; a realist  
Only rock with the people that got that real in 'em  
Carolina, what up? You know I'm still with 'em  
If they ain't rockin' like this then we don't deal with 'em  
Hey, uh  
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