

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 t
hat matters
That's coming from one who in acquiring skills saw his words would eventuall
y 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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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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