

Just some thoughts I been thinking  
Known to be random but nah I ain't drinking  
I'm just saying

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This shit I write could raise the dead  
Niggas reaching out to me I ain't seen in years  
Fairweather season friends, October's back  
Like I reunite with the pen  
I'm like Tip in sense  
Welcome home T.I., things have changed some since  
Your little brother K.R.I.T been holdin' it down during your pinch  
In the South, out West, Kendrick, Pac would be proud no doubt  
I been tryna bring my own reign to the house  
B.I.G. you should see your boy Jay these days  
Best rapper alive, bring it back, Timberland suede  
Nigga nasty, still rockin' the same old fade  
And Mike how you feel 'bout the NBA  
Stacking teams - what, niggas can't hold their weight?  
Had a dream about me, L Boogie, Jean, Lyte  
Latifah and Rah Digga going for broke on the mic  
And I wonder if they'll ever see us in the same light  
Probably not, I wonder what Bambaataa think of hip hop  
From now to when he recorded Planet Rock  
I know some older one's that diggin' it, some older ones not  
And I'm thinking about programs they got  
And all they doing, shit Dilla would probably go ham in his spot  
I do, wish I could've worked with him too  
Welcome home Prodigy, I'm glad you're back in the booth  
When it's coming back we need them hard Mobb Deep tunes  
Heard he's coming back with them black-ass Timberland boots  
I used to rock back early in my childhood roots  
Just the thoughts that I had, I let my brain let loose  
Like I wonder where Ninth a been if he hadn't seen Juice  
Or Phonte if he hadn't a had that Source maggie in school  
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Just thinking of the future and history  
And how that without music that my life would be misery  
I'm Kathy Bates  
With no you, you wouldn't know me  
'Cause we bonded over things like Mos and Kweli  
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This shit I write could touch a sister  
Like drunk old niggas in clubs fucking with us  
I'm Levi denim, I'm coming back, they're wearing me out  
Beside Pro Era, older niggas, yo New York in a drought  
I wonder how even still them niggas hate on the South  
They can't do it  
I want [?] to prove it  
I used to wonder how I'd feel the one day meeting an influence  
I did it Saturday  
Black Dante and Badu  
Nas, I wonder if they could all see through the coolness  
Besides the fan in me wanted to do an Indian move  
Smoke dance 'cause it hit me like pow-wow France  
I want a tour Europe, Tokyo and Japan  
And make enough money to take my parents from plans  
'Cause her hands hurt and my daddy's retired  
But he's still working overtime, graveyard eyes  
And my youngest niece two, while the other one five  
And the oldest one ten, she got dreams in her eyes  
And I wonder if mine prove what she dream what she 'lize  
She can be  
And if Kobe he had come to NC  
Would he of had even more now than them six gold rings?  
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