

Oh, oh, oh
Oh oh oh
Oh, oh
Oh...

Where's your head?
Where's your soul? Your heart?
Where's your love? Your care?
Where's your life? Your scars?
You're lost

Ah, ah, ah, look
Earth can be so lonely, glad we're all in heaven
Bet he can count a dollar couldn't count a blessing
Where's your head? You neck-less for a fucking necklace
Oo, put that shit on record bet they get the message
Just like after the beep, wear my rap on my sleeve
Wear my heart on my tongue
Where you think that I speak from its blood on my teeth
Like a opp nigga, we opposed
I'm at the crib playing neo-soul
Dropped out, I don't need a loan
That same school booking me a show
Droppin college collect like an audit
I'm a artist problem what you call it
I'm a honest artist so they honor
Or we fighting fans like Ron Artest
I'm the coldest out I'm so arctic
And I'm from the same place the solids come from and I run shit like Sonic
With my songs and all of my sonnets signing

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Oo, oo
Food can make you forget that the world is famished
They on me like the new kid, this my college campus
All these women want me like my name was Channing
Tatum, I don't even take em y'all can all still have em
Like I got my own, greed kill man, man still'll want more
Niggas spoon fed, talkin bout they poor, niggas be broke talkin like they on
I don't really care what oppers say though, they change they self for compen
sation
Last year I just had to lay low, now pass the torch like hot potato, aheh
'Cause I'm on it, take the green line out west to Austin
Dropped the best project since The Chronic
Like a nerd freshman how I'm locked in
I been, aheh, off that... dub, a nigga then I don't rematch
Grind mode nigga I don't relax, ay, go 'head play this back
Sab

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I tell em pop that trunk cause sound deaf
Got kush and I smoke that blunt cause I'm blessed
Flow with the funk then I'm fresh
And I got that cause I come from out west
I was raised around thugs and ballers
Something was happening whenever I come through
Hangin with the gang or with the crew
Anxious just to show I could do
And though the gas will spark when it got real dark
We were gon take it to Garfield park
To the holy city, yeah K-
Town, and go downtown so I can show em that I'm real sharp
Ain't nobody fuckin' with us
Circumstances hurt your chances when you see how we comin'
On my mama Saba when he got the OG on me homie no wait we don't want nothin'
Breakin atoms if we causin' destruction
Makin patterns if we causin' eruptions
Second thoughts if you see us in the functions
Smokin weed if you see us into somethin'
Do ya thang and make ya money stack ya paper
Go ahead represent ya crew
As long as you respect the west side of Chi' do what the fuck you wanna do
Twista

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Comin from one of them avenue babies, hailin from the west side, nigga tryna
make it to the grammys, at least somewhere. Somewhere more than where a mot
hafucka been. Bucket list means something like, ya know you ever set up and
dream and dreamed a dream and that dream done came true? Ha ha ha ha ha... c
huuuuuuch