

Lights

SABA

I used to want to take the Earth over
And became universe over a verse
My vision grew and my growth spurt
Now I'm sixteen and just hit six feet
Big things, dream larger, for that you got to sleep more
Desire to run rap off principles
See more blinded eyelids, open up
See more coming up, got Rakeshe on my seesaw
We are destined for greatness
Heard hard work and dedication gets places
I've been nothing but dedicated
Facing 'em, finna rise up like facelifts
Fourth grader, scared in his own basement
I'm making beats, the class talking bout spaceships
Paper airplanes, beebee guns and guess
These are my days of recording on cassette
But now fubu's gone, and I got buku pumps
All my jerseys worn, in Jersey I performed
Not bad for a little nigga like myself though
I'm like a stalker, I just follow where success go
Set goals, make it happen
Best goal, make it rappin'
Nothing in my pockets but lint, I guess I'm fastin'
But they don't chant my name and they don't call me Hov
Like what good is being the best if people don't hardly notice
More than a song, I'm surrounded by wrong, right
And sometimes I feel like they don't feel what I write
Maybe the will they next day like a long night
Call it a hangover, 'bout to take the game over
Lights

It seems to me you're kind of an icon
For someone who
I don't really give a fuck, when you get right down to it
But the prosperity led to greed and possessiveness
For someone who can see the um bad things going on but not let
it sort of harden your heart
I don't care what happens to my um my species because I think t
his species has squandered great gifts
Namely, and especially, the gift of this mind
So I pulled away emotionally and I said you know what fuck 'em
Let 'em do what they want to do, I'm gonna enjoy this shit as a
spectator
The rise
The decline
Do you have any advice for people on how you can still stay eng
aged in the world and not just go insane with anger and resentm
ent