

# On The Radar Freestyle (Chicago Edition)

SABA

It's so nice, just look-  
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It's so nice, just look-  
It's-it's-it's so nice  
Yeah

To the ones know my real life  
Every verse is like a document in real time  
Everything was grey, I know I deserve a clear sky  
Ran out of juice in my tear duct  
I made everything real off sheer drive  
Separate myself, made it clear cut, then I'm Timberland cut  
Walkin' outside now, lookin' like a Pinterest board  
Mainly 'cause some of this shit's gettin' borin'  
Dogs chasin' they tails, we ain't goin'  
Had to learn what was for me and ain't for me  
A thin line between growin' and playin' corporate  
I had to stay the course, my homies would make corpses  
Stand on what we need, then split the remainin' portions  
What else can you do when the world runs dry  
Gotta find new H2O sources  
Been through everything and still I remained  
Aura intact to win big, that's the greatest get back  
Less TikTok, more Tic Tac, breath of fresh air, we all did that  
Look at the Westside's impact, they rappin' like us now  
I hear it, I just spit that, of course I need new flows  
Niggas doin' they best Pivot impersonation, we influential  
List of colleges we just spoke at  
Still go to my grandma crib in tip toe pass  
Wee hours of the night, I resemble light from the city sky  
I intend to write books 'bout the stories, you can not make this shit up  
Yeah, my pops gave me his iPod, had beats by Dilla  
Yeah, now I go to the shows to headline when the seats start fill up  
Fresh packed gas like an S-Class fill up  
Water's on the way, shout the members of my village  
Everybody tribe with me, everybody Pivot  
Everybody tribe with me, every-

It's been a blur  
Whatever events occurred, I don't remember  
Too focused on the big picture  
But I ain't thinkin' of things to stay  
I would rather be the change  
See, comin' with me to space  
But we can't stay in one place

Back and forth, [?]  
And the course is the clear drive, Westside, out the source  
So we back and forth, and I'm torn  
And the course is the clear drive, that's the Westside  
Yeah, back and forth, and I'm torn  
And the course is the clear drive, Westside, out the source  
So we back and forth, yeah, and I'm torn, uh, the Westside

Yeah, Tommy Skillfinger on the beat, No I.D. on the beat  
Long live my uncle Tommy, let's do it

To the ones called me Malachi  
Who spirit lives on long past Saba dyin'  
Flickin' through the channels, waitin' on the world to change  
And say the revolution wasn't televised  
Now I'm on my second life  
And my umpteenth but I promise that I'm very nice  
You can't keep count of everybody keepin' count  
I'm like a herd dog runnin' when the sheep come out  
Still on my way, I took the scenic route  
What I gotta rush for?  
I'm the young nigga that's trainin' for Mount Rushmores  
Only way you gon' get heard if you shut up more  
Only one with a No I.D. tape since 4:44  
I been spendin' years establishing' great rapport  
'Fore you see me win, know I been grateful for it  
Yeah, yeah

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Young Sabastian back in office  
Long live Tommy Skillfinger the Westside legend  
The motherfuckin' saga continues  
Unc, we got you, let's do it