

CHOSEN ONES

Silas

Enter on the mic like I'm the chosen one
I got Obi-Wan screaming what have you done?
Feeling like a God, Helios, I rose from the sun
I remember playing Modern Warfare 2 at the favela
Chopper raining down on you, you dancing like you Cinderella
Twenty-five kills dropping nukes with my fellas
You can never do it like I do
Because I everything I do I do it so stellar, huh

'Cause I'm the one, I'm the one, I'm the chosen one
I'm the one, I'm the one, I'm the chosen one
I'm the ones, we the ones, we the chosen ones
We the ones, we the ones, we the chosen ones

Uh-huh, uh-huh, I'm the chosen one
Knew it since I was a kid, only dream I have
Is putting myself up on the grid
Feeling like I came from outer space
Like the Saiyan race
I want this more than half the people tryna chase
You can see it in my face
Every time I lose I come back in a different head space
I hit home runs while y'all can't even first base
Your mind is in another place, you just think about fame
And saving face, I just care about making shit that go
Outlive my days and leave behind a trace of who I was
No matter what they say
A legacy that gon' get passed down the family tree
You can never dream to be who I will be
Got drive like a super bee
Fuck with me, I hit you with a burn talking third degree
Like Charizard I'm breathing fire, super effective
Got the multiplier, I spit on the mic like it's some gunfire
I call the shots like I'm, like I'm the umpire
Fuck anybody else, this is our time
Fuck anybody else, this is our world
You watching it unfurl, you watching it unfurl

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Man I really can't believe that we got it out the way
When we run it up we love it dog, I'm writing through the page
Similes and metaphors, they with me on the stage
If you really not fucking with us dog, you insane, I just
Bust a shot and then I'm working on my aim
Got a kill tech in my backpack, homie pray it's not my day
Got my two daughters and I'm working to get paid
We about to hit the airport, daddy bingo not today
We can run it back, run it back
We can get it back, get it back
Homie I'm a Mack, I attack like that shit
Homie I'm a Mack, I attack
Fuck you dumbass hoes starting drama in the comments
I'ma make it make sense, bring it back my sixth sense

Since a youngin made cents turn to dollars, we like yes, blessed
Tryna make ends till my ends pay rent
Tryna make bands to the end like yes
Alana Albertson crossing over to the left dog, to the left
Tryna get stressed dog, get stressed like, to the left

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