

## 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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