

2020

Sol

(Uhh) Killing the game, feeling like I'm huntin' safari
You got that Jesus on your chain while you do nothing but party
I got my weed, I got my drink, but I'm focused, Gandhi
I feel the focus, homie, so I'm taking over shortly
Money on my mind but only because it's king
Obama dollar sign, my president is green
Run up in your residence, rip apart everything
Generation don't give a fuck about anything
Never wanted to be an astronaut
I was just an outcast who would rap a lot
Behind music, pussy was an afterthought
Who'da knew I'd be here or even half as hot?
And so I wait while you sleep, train while you eat
Bite the bullet, you can see the stains on my teeth
Treat the beat like the battlefield, call me Kubla Khan
I'm on the sun, I don't know what planet you've been on
She my moon, I'm her stars, hold me down while I'm gone
She's at peace, I'm at war, together we make hip hop
Up while the city sleeps, I don't need to peep watch
Tick-tock, count down to when the beat drop
It's just us now, cut the loose strings
Turn the lights down and let your mood swing
Heart race to the finish as we shed clothes
Let go of the ego, makin' your head grow

Whoa, I'm too hot
I'm so cold
They told me don't stop
Keep going

You're so full of yourself, right? (Right)
Only think of yourself, right? (Right)
All you need is yourself, right? (Right)
You're truly the definition of I
So take it off, off, take it all off
The naked body is part of who we all are
So take it all of, break it all off
The naked body is part of who we are

So we dance in the rain, drop all things
Put our hands to the stars like we just won the ball game
But we ain't playin' for the fortune, we ain't playin' for the fame
Matter of fact, we ain't even playing the game
Life is what you make it, you can give it you can take it
You can't waste it chasin' bitches or listen to what I'm saying
20/20 vision isn't a given when you was raised in
A system full of the prisons and shitty education, I'm out
Let me re-up, what we need's love
What we need's home cooking and good bud
Let's have a pow-wow, and make some music
You can play the drums, while I Langston Hughes it
It's classic, this rap shit is tired, it lacks passion
Fuck your world star mind frame, my lane's way past it
Just imagine, all the places we could go
So drop the make-up and take off your clothes

Whoa, uhh

Really though
Sometimes we just gotta let it all go
Uhh, yeah

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