

# Cruise Control

Sol

We be coolin' in the shade  
(Right)

You should try to respect  
The way I mic check  
When I'm rhyming on the shit  
Put the lighter to the spliff  
Life is just a [?], but it matters how you treat her  
Love her fuck her cut and leave her  
I need a lover who could be with me forever  
Even if I never eat her I'm too hungry for these beats yo  
I need more dough cause cash rule the globe  
And if you didn't know now you know (now you know)

I put my hands up, not for the local hip hop  
But to the ozone hoping I could find the gods  
Climbing to the top got me shining by the brow  
Sweat means you're working hard enough to feel the crowd  
Feel me now, hear me now  
I am really who I say I am  
Your biggest fan [?] and I'm not [?]  
And you're not Eminem this is hip hop  
B-bop, Jazz R&B, Rock n Roll black music

I found a way to control  
Where I go

I used to fly so high, I thought I'd never come down  
'Til one day I found out what it's really 'bout  
If you don't do it now it will never happen  
I used to think I was forever rappin' til I met a 'has-been'  
You lose some magic every time you use it  
So don't abuse it or you'll end up as a one-hit poof-then  
Who's him? No one knows  
Used to blaze flows, from the back of his throat but it's been years since w  
e've seen him glow  
Do you need the needle or do you fiend for the wax  
Me, I bleed on tracks, Sol, be a junkie for rap  
Fuck that other shit, never touch nothin' but the pen  
'Til the end, and if you see me again, my friend  
Know that nothin' ever changes but the weather and the trends  
And even them, they really mean nothing in the end  
What was it that I said before? Oh  
I found a way to control, if it's soul let me flow like

I found a way to control  
Where I go

See, no matter how high, I always find a way to ride... na'mean?

Yeah... yeah...  
Piano mane

It's like I only got a few more years to live  
Because the window in this game is small and it closes quick  
And on top of that I swear to God everybody raps  
But only a chosen few support the local cats

They cut my lights out last week I'm working like a factory  
A thousand CD's at a time I'm in these streets  
Begging for ears to hear my blood sweat and tears  
Took a couple years but in a second they dismiss  
Even when I flow sick "Sol's this  
What did you expect? The same kid?" Na I'm grown and shit  
And I'm better than ya'll now  
I'm fed up with ya'll now  
I'm goin to get my cheddar get the fuck up or stand down  
Tryna find a way to bring the corners from all around  
Hold together singing the same song and sing it loud  
Feel the sound from underground  
Harriet Tubman style  
Quit fuckin' around this is more than just a town  
Let's make this money now  
Control the market now  
Marcus Garvey style fuck the A and R on top will knock em down  
Search his pockets take my scrilla back  
Cause foreala we all killas when it come to the cash  
(Take control)