

Paint

Sol

If my songs go pop, pop, pop
What makes you think I'm not okay with that?
I took my backpack off, off, off
Ready to change the game and run the track
Y'all thinking I'mma fall off
I'm Thomas the engine
Two seconds, you get ya' rocks off
That's right, I said you're all soft
So I paint over the scene like I'm Bob Ross

I got weed songs if you smoke good
I got peace songs if you ain't so hood
That you can't kick it, get it, have a party
Oh shit, homie don't hurt nobody
Let your knees drop while the beat rock
Need ma-sheen schemes, something like Pete Rock
You got to hit the g spot, life's too short like an Ewok
Live it

Let your nerves shake while the earthquake
Do the bird like it's purple rain
Now say something stupid about girls and drinks
And slur your words and sip on Chardonnay
Now roll something up
What you waiting for? Roll something up
Eyes low if you roll like us
So when I say so, everybody jump
Jump
Jump
Aye

'Bout to turn a dream to a million
But we don't chase cream, so we feed it to the children
Paint new faces on the canvas
As I write classic poems like Sanskrit
Epic
Three letters, don't forget it
Pronounced Sol but I got soul in excess
The next best to the best
But the best ain't reign yet
So I guess we all kings, yes

A rising tide will raise all boats
But if you throw stones, nobody floats
Negativity brings nothing but ills
That's why I paint the perfect picture
With the team that I built
Say cheese and pose like a G
And some gold dookie ropes like Run DMC
Too many homies on my team
Made a whole fucking album with my family, ha

If you love life, don't ever let it waste, y'all
That's why you got to make love
Make peace, make noise, make art
Let me get a Sol clap
Can I get a Sol clap?

Let me get a Sol clap
Can I get a Sol clap?
Sol clap for me