

Yours Truly

Sol

Yea, Uh, Sol, Aha, Yea, Uh
I write this song, for my family
For my fans, friends, and enemies
I want to tell this to you tell it, tell it to your face
But I speak so much better when the beat breaks
They used to make fun of my stutter like every day
So I got high to slow my mind and to levitate
Been writin' punch lines since I found an empty page
Fuck the rap game
More than an emcee mayne
Forget your bars, your boxes
This is hip hop, and not the non-sense
You only live once, as far as I can tell
So I break through this music like I'm out of jail
This is Huey
This is Bobby
This is Malcolm
This is Pac
This is you
This is me
This is us
This is God
This is so much more than sixteen bars
This is from me to you, stay true to who you are

Hey, ho, hey
You don't know me man
When I be on stage
All you see is fame
So you scream my name
But you don't know me man
Hey, ho, hey
You don't know me man
When you bump my songs
You like to judge them all
As if you knew me y'all
But you don't know me man

My homies want to smoke
These ladies want to fuck
And rappers want me to rap on every single cut
But I nip and tuck
Myself in the cut
I know you give me love, but I need to get in touch
See you could really see, see who is really me
23 deep
Yours truly Still incomplete
Soon as the beat cast me out your alley in the Philippines
Fila and Manila Rest in peace to the Billy Jean
Author, the king
He taught me everything
I was probably three feet tall Moon walking towards my dream
I'm a product of the 90's
Product of a black mama
White papa Clinton-Bush-Obama foreign policy
I took a time machine
To my birth date

Change my birth place
To the land of the earth quake
If my mama would've had me in Haiti this verse would say
Sak pase'
You don't know me man

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Rap is what I do
But not who I am
If you ever been judged by someone for something you understand
I'm a simple man
Not so different
Just cause I sing about women in my music doesn't mean I'm pimping them
I fell in love once
But I've tried many times
Lost the most beautiful girl Then spit lines and many dimes
But it's never quite the same
First night they give me brain
Then the next morning ask me if Sol's my real name
My man say 'find out who you are and be it'
We just happen to be in the public so you see it
That's why you think you know me
But you are not my homie
I used to be a stoner
Now I am just Mr. Lonely
We only on this cold world for a minute
That's why I treat the good like piano keys and hit it
I get it
Like it is supposed to be got
While on the rise I don't mind
If you know me or not
Suck up

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