

I'm beyond bars, or at least outside, under the eye of the overseer

I'm piped up like the club drugs consumed by all my peers

I'm out here living young and unrepentant

A perpetual piece of every problem that I ain't wearing like a pendant

But if I'm moving loud to pay my student loans

I'm still a dependent, so

Am I poppin'?

Am I really even poppin'?

Re-up, can't get fucked up enough

Why pay to pipe the drug and not get paid to play the plug?

Success and stomach acid sting a nigga tongue the same

You sell 4oz in 1 day, you can tell me that crime don't pay

Don't tell me you'll change someday

And, in the meantime, act the same way

Don't fix your mouth to lie to my face

To try to force me out of feeling played

Actions get explained away

So I'm gonna shut the fuck up, just in case

There's a benefit gig for nobody

Raising residue of middle class money

Could we send those stacks back to the past in neat packs

And put them underneath the feet of everybody lynched so they can catch their breath at last?

They swing in my mind

Singing out across time

Sounding off like windchimes

Our bloodlines hung from pines

Burning brighter than the fires

Behind the bluest eye

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