

# This Too Shall Pass

Statik Selektah

Love was made just for the birds in the sky (Shout out to big homie Bun B, tuned in, Statik Selektah)  
Let's them feel so good (It's a family thing), flyin' up so high (Here we go)

Heart of the city, a martyr, they'll miss me  
Broke up a pizzy on your CD and called it a frisbee  
I'm honored by many, collide up in Bentley  
Finna cop my own boat and call it "The Jenny"  
Many articles how I slaughtered them beats into particles  
Like all of them, I thought of them, then Lil Wayne Cartered 'em  
Memory racks, I'm mentally trapped  
'Cause once you take it too far you can never go back  
Like pullin' a trigger back, givin' toe tags  
Most humble, but I rumble with this notepad  
And I'll cut your hands off if you throw jabs  
Have your lil' girls growin' up with no dad, damn  
Destined for glory, a excellent story  
In Roman times, they woulda sent a messenger for me  
Got a mean shot, baby, I'm as nice as Cory  
Got enough ice and jewelry that I can entice a jury  
It's me

Ooh, ooh, this too shall pass (Uh)  
Ooh, ooh, this too shall pass (Yeah)  
Ooh, ooh, this too shall pass (Statik, Term, get up)  
Ooh, ooh, this too shall pass (Uh, brr, ayy, ayy, my name Grafh, ho)

I don't give a fuck who I beef  
But I went to war with a nigga that knew my secrets  
Ooh, I seen it, if I said it, then you knew I mean it  
My brick whiter than the picture of the blue-eyed Jesus  
The Grim Reaper, that's who I sleep with, the Crypt Keeper  
That's who I'ma leave with, y'all niggas knew my allegiance  
I spit ether, supply the swine flu by the speaker  
The virus corona, then I supply brew by the liter  
You tried rhyming, got booed by the leader  
You try and buy fried food while I supply food by the freezer, nigga  
Bada-bing, bada-boom by the heaters  
Dirty money got groomed by the cleaners  
Ironically, there's no broom by the sweepers  
Take a room full of dreamers and I'll move 'em to Venus  
Excuse me, I'm speedin', I gotta make room for the demons  
And the crack babies off dope in the womb, intravenous  
Ain't no room for the squeamish  
The mind is a weapon, so make a tomb for the genius  
Boo-yow, stupid (Brr), uh

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