

No Grease

Swoope

Some 90's

Please

Yeah

Please

I got mouths that I got to feed

I can't stop, they countin' on me

To make a way that's with out [?]

So I makes waves, that's without no grease

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To make a way that's without [?]

So I makes waves, that's without no grease

I dropped out, I ain't got degrees

I found out they were not for me

College might be the thing for y'all

But "College Dropout" taught me way more (Heh)

That's '04

I sim all the time, I made up my mind, dark no more

Never could ask for any more time in those dorms

My alma mater was taught by Marshall Mathers

And Sean Professor Carter and Kanye West for starters

And Tribe Called Quest, and Common, and Nas, André 3000

Three stacks for short loop, if he ask, he'll talk all about food and liquor

I took what I learned from the words and I filtered it through the Scriptures

I'm spittin' the heat, but literally, I didn't have any idea

The lyrics all rhyme, so whether the line would become my career

The prose that I wrote were movin' Seoul like Korea

And make-believers, I still make it home for Sophia, Nayima

My daughters, my sons and my spouse

I'm just runnin' my name, y'all just runnin' your mouth

Never catch me cappin' in raps, I really only two places

I'm in the lab or my back, seekin' the Father my hardest

So I don't get caught up in all the kind of drama that's common

When you just rhyming for dollars and tryin' to shine like medallions

That's an impostor, that's pocket-to-pocket all of the comments

And try to hide that they comin', forgot to honor the proverbs

For me, the only option's to follow the Bible

Let my Provider decide how to honor my grindin'

Uh, so it's a method to my madness

Tryna' flip a bag, get my daughters in gymnastics

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