

## SS2

Sylvan LaCue

Piss smelling through the hallways  
I was tripping for a minute had to get it back together, that's what God say  
Crime'll get you 25 to life or in a pine box, what my mom say  
Dreams of fucking with Beyonce  
Dreams of daddy kicking dope & Bombjay  
Lil bro started rapping told him he gon own his masters, you ain't Kanye  
Ain't no disrespect Yeezy I just needed reference points to keep it greasy  
Back when I was 17 pushing CD's, MySpace glitching going Nefertiti  
Drake was on ascension, I was in detention, nigga stared skipping, muthafuck  
attendance, uh  
Back & forth like it's Aaliyah's prime  
My decisions, it could lead to crime  
Time is money but I need divine  
I put my trust in what my spirit says  
Eyes open, I don't fear the dead  
Vegetarian for two weeks, heard the veggies lead to clearer head (heard that  
shit keep you real regular, my nigga, for real)

These days I wake up & struggle with balance  
Cup runneth over, God flooded my chalice  
Temptation strikes I could lean into malice  
Assume I'm above it & succumb to fallacies  
Born into royalty I'm where the palace be  
Two story housing I feel inadequacy, huh  
Water water water drown liver  
25 I started brown liquor  
27 started smoking Kush  
'Til my third eye got a violent push  
Kundalini causing head pressure  
Better practices'll hold me down  
Isolated cause I lack trust  
Often I cry randomly I do not know why but act up  
And my my sensitive ways turn to mac trucks  
Dr. Jekyll Mr. LaCue  
Smiling faces turn to nigga fuck you's  
Pharaoh minded modern Timbuktu  
Niggas like Cue you ain't relevant  
I stopped for a moment, got hesitant

At first, like everybody else, I was insulted  
I'm 'post to feel about that  
But then I had to check myself a little bit and be like:  
"You know, you probably not as important as you think you are, man"

But reality strikes  
Mentality like  
That of a delicate man under strike  
Wanting his rights  
Afraid of heights  
But ready to fight  
Iron Mike tight  
Boxing my obstacles  
I'm not unstoppable  
Some shit being weighing so heavy it feel like my bed don't want me take fli  
ght & I'm like (Sheesh)  
What is the point of it all?  
God

Thank you for breaking my falls  
I now understand you were just looking out when I thought you were breaking  
my balls  
From the contracts to the slithery snakes who made it their right to involve  
I gave niggas more cause I thought they deserved it I had to be shown I was  
wrong  
Mmm  
Guess I could put it in songs  
Sometimes I wanna say fuck being calm meditation won't cut off this harm  
Back when betrayal would get you deceased or at least they would cut off ya  
arm  
Now niggas sit comfortably warm  
But who am I to say what's wrong or right?  
Karma karma gotta way of moving  
All I have is how I choose to do it  
My interactions leave a real impression  
If I don't seek the truth I'm truly ruined  
Back to where all of it started  
Source inner standing my problems  
Above it all I know God really got it  
(Above it all, I know God got it, man)