

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 flight & 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 it 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)