

Know Yourself (Outro)

Taylor Bennett

We all on the same team, we all want the same things
We all got our own dreams, so dog do your own thing
I hate when the phone rings 'cause they wanted a home ring
I'm doin' my own thing, I'm doin' the grown thing
I'm tired of speculations, let's take it back to the basics
Before Complex was my contact
For reachin' masses on paper
Really, I spit hot shit but them fuckboys, they jack the paper
Tidal said Chance the Rapper's lil' brother debut, Speed Racer
When the commenters say I'm jocking, but my views are skyrocketing
And I like every comic that said, "lil bro, man, I fuck with this"
After that had withdrawals, man I need that shit more
Came back with Herbo, Louie, and Spenzo with Rockie, dawg
Sold out shows just to top it off
Now lil shorties that top me off
I drink Hennessy not the Voss
We live young and take every loss
Hit the streets and break all the laws
That we draw from all of our parts
And hit chase with a fake ass call

Do not act like this shit is out of character boy
You never been black in America
I am the terrorist, fuck any evidence
Ignorant negligence, part of my heritage
Using this money for jewelry and fetishes
I'm on some better shit, that be the etiquette
My life's a movie can't edit it
I do this shit with no effort, bitch
I took your girl with these predicates
I'm on my horse, and it's pegasus
Y'all don't be rapping this evident
Y'all be singing, boy, do better bitch
I should be rapping on other shit, huh
That new shit ain't sounding much better, it's dumb

Aw, aw, ay
Search for what is yours
You gotta know yourself
You gotta know yourself

I spend my aching moments in closets watching for business
I feel as different, make me feel distance from any ceilings
This steeper feeling was in prison buster had his vision
I used to think something was wrong with me, that's awful, isn't it
Not in America, my grandma told me, "you're a Christian"
I know God loves me, but does my pastor know the fucking difference
I struggle often to offer myself some motivation
And even speaking to myself, I changed the conversation
I somehow kept doing this shit through all my graduations
Sold out shows and magazines across the nation
To be black's to be different, to be gay is to be hidden
To be both is to go missing, fuck the mass, I'm much different
Let me ask you this question, are you passive aggressive
Do your cousins, auntie, nieces, and nephews know all the answers
When it comes down to your skin, do you rate yourself off complexion
Buy Gucci, Louis and Prada, physically count your blessings

When you cop that swag, does that make you better than next one
If it does, that's your answer, don't ever ask me this question
I'm tired of America assassinating my character
Who am I to embarrass the racist's injustice and prejudice
Rape this corrupt and arrogant broken mirror inflicting
Reflecting that buried 'em, America, sweet America

I told y'all, I'm back on my bullshit!
I'm back on my bullshit
I just got a new pape, but still got a forklift
My bitch will be Pippen, but I don't fuck with these no more
Stay at the club with like three of my hoes
Living depressed in these suicide doors
Drop the top, now there's more levels to go
Baby, don't hug me, just open the door
In the studio stirring up, cooking the dope
I was into the bit, now I'm into some more
Niggas gon test me, I'm never gon fold
I got my block on my arm, on my soul
I got my blow on my wrist, that's my blood, ya
We got it straight out the mud
Niggas be soft with the judge
Thank God, I really been judged
I just confronted the judge
I cannot make this shit up
Know yourself, know yourself, know yourself (learn, learn)
Be yourself, be yourself, be yourself (lessons, learn)

And you hope you'll find when it's all about
Fallin' down on friends
And it all goes down, but you're falling out
Falling out on heads
You hope you'll find when it's all about
Fallin' down on friends