

SEARCHING

Tobe Nwigwe

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Yeah Yeah Yeah

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Look

I grew up a lil booty scratcher named [?]
Son if he'll find me, he'll remind me to be prudent
In my studies cause' life get ugly when you ain't smart
And though I was chubby and pudgy I had hella heart
Yeah

But my soul was parched

When your skin, omen

Its calmin' to have fiery darts

Heave

Towards your head

Weave

Towards the bed where you can try to go to sleep and dream

The address of the run-

down section of the city that you stay in

Where tenants be flagrant can hopefully get some hydration

Adjacent, to the water that can drown a snake in

The grass, or make a couple rappers that are trash

Recyclable, but I suppose you'll never wake up

Cause' that level of [?] ain't given to us

You must, be woke and seek it

Get yo' ego, depleted

And if Lucy debo, a veto, you repeat it

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