

# The Beat De'von Picked Flow

Tobe Nwigwe

Yeah

This is what happens when you make divine  
Picky, Get Twisted Sundays

Ay, look, flow's amazin', this a demonstration, at it for real  
Bomb in the sun like a raisin, word to Langston Hughes before t  
he quill

Was used to pen the poem of Harlem

I commune in Houston, word to Harden

There's no one immune to fruits of stardom

Especially if the seed is spruced inside the garden

Of Eden, southwest my region

I told the hood to lean on me; Morgan Freeman

I used to have that tree on me, more than vegans

Got uglier than Leon Spinks on the weekend

Before I deepen what I was thinking

That's why I was sinking, rise no more, eyes so sore

I feel like scripture implied folklore

But it didn't, I got aggravated, trash rap oversaturated

I'm non-violent, but my partners'll still put your cap in the a  
ir like you graduated

It's so crucial yet so truthful, bars are so fruitful

I think the picture clear, I don't doodle

That's why a lot of my books on my noodle

Ouu, ouu, ouu, ah, ah, ah

Can't get 'em off me, I'm so saucy

Plus I keep Elohim in my posse

Plus my skin the same color as coffee

With no dairy, it's scary, came a long way from those thotties

Word to Treach, my nature was naughty

'Till I felt like possibly I could be king Joffrey

Jovah, no sir, you can't get no closer

I need space to get my momma a new ponderosa

Tell your girl get out my DM, I don't want no chocha

I got friends that's black and white, lowkey like Sammy Sosa

Huh

Like Sammy Sosa

Hahaha

Like Sammy Sosa

Hahaha

Like Sammy Sosa

I'm gone