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, 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

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