

# WILDLINGS

Tobe Nwigwe

Cory Mo  
Ooh, yeah  
Ooh, ooh, ooh, ooh, yeah yeah

This song is for the wildlings without a crown  
'Cause where we from you cannot come up till you get down  
You know when we see twelve we gon' get downed, so don't make a sound (silence)  
Now bring it back around

Look  
Flow sick hospital every time I bust a riddle  
You should feel like getting down (get down)  
Move ya feet just a little, get to acting like a pistol  
Started busting on the ground (get down)  
You know I'm straight up out the lief, better watch how you speak  
Real Gs don't chatter  
From Bissonnet to Club Creek, if you loose with ya teeth  
Glass jaws get shattered, ouch

But it don't matter, every hood the same  
It's all a platter of disaster made  
By hopeless bastards that been trapped in chains  
Who grew up backwards and attached to pain

Ooh, ouch  
But it's involuntary  
The root of evil ain't necessarily monetary  
My patnas tell me I'm blessed to carry the commentary  
Forward to the masses that never walk past the monastery, ooh  
Holy flow, but you know me though  
Always weary of the coons and the okie doke  
Shout out to modern luxury for editorials  
That show that we smashing the fashion, the bars, and the choreo, ooh

This song is for the wildlings without a crown (get down)  
'Cause where we from you cannot come up till you get down  
You know when we see twelve we gon' get downed, so don't make a sound (silence)  
Now bring it back around

They said they had enough, we doo too much  
Homie I say bring it back  
I used to keep the afro puffed but now it's tucked  
But really I should bring it back  
We, we was there black on black, shades and gats  
And homie I say bring it back  
'Cause when the crackers start creeping like a thief or a demon  
Like it's really hunting season, you'll be looking for the strap

I brought that back, now I bring it forward  
I'm young and I'm black and I feel enormous  
Like a dragon in a cave laying calm and dormant  
Tobe asked me for the fire, almost burnt the forest  
And from them ashes I saw greatness forming  
Like a new black Wall Street, great and gorgeous  
So keep your eyes open for the twelve informants

They gon' try to infiltrate but we gon' get it regardless  
And if it ain't big I don't comprehend  
Big and bold, baby, I don't blend  
Black is God, that ain't no trend  
You look for the answer, take a look at my skin  
On God

This song is for the wildlings without a crown (get down)  
'Cause where we from you cannot come up till you get down  
You know when we see twelve we gon' get downed, so don't make a sound (silence)  
Now bring it back around

Father, can You hear me?  
Gun shots rang while I'm down on my knees  
Couple bullets came near me  
Or did I pick a bad time, maybe I should call back  
Signal mighty busy  
Operator operating on caller number nine  
Can't stop the bleeding  
Oh man, what is y'all eating?  
Baby still teething  
Check ain't came in, job ain't call back  
So I'm back to thieving  
Stimulus bounced back, can't even count that  
I'ma hit a lick, one thing I achieve in  
I'ma get the A+, heard about the cash register  
Down the street, you and I, we can lean in  
That's some unity you and I can believe in  
You can hold the spray if it's foul get to squeezing  
Tickle of the trigger, let the thang get to sneezing  
Moment of silence, I think he stopped breathing

It ain't hard to do dirt  
When you fresh out the mud  
You know the devil gon' lurk  
Better keep a couple slugs  
It ain't hard to do dirt  
When you fresh out the mud  
You know the devil gon' lurk  
Better keep a couple slugs  
Look

We got problems, we got pain  
At the end of the day, it's all the same  
They say you go the farthest when you try your hardest  
Not to refrain (from getting down)

This song is for the wildlings without a crown (get down)  
'Cause where we from you cannot come up till you get down  
You know when we see twelve we gon' get downed, so don't make a sound (silence)  
Now bring it back around