

# Clean Up

Towkio

Aye bro, this shit!

Well I'll wait 'til my turn  
I create, this my world, you gon' learn  
It could end any day  
Body bags cover face, they zip up just like Bapes  
Well alright, I give 'em monkey bars, them bitches hold weight  
The game like Madden in '08, I swear it's fucked up  
It's so young but then them young boys die old age  
While I move moons, control waves, the world gon' rotate  
Like okay, I get it, get it, your friends did it, they're famous  
And you rap too, so when you gon' make it?  
I say, "Really it's patience, but really it's condensation  
And I can't wait to drop"  
Don't say a lot, that work talk but first off  
I don't ever pray a lot  
My mama raised me a prophet  
So therefore they're gon' have to leave me no option

I got my mind on money, got control of my mind  
And my mind on my vision, my mind on my mission  
But this shit, this shit

This shit, better turn your shit up  
This shit, better turn your shit up  
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Well I'll wait 'til my turn  
I create, this my world, put in work  
What's your worth? What's your motive, this shit'll split an ocean  
It split an atom, no I don't pray to God, I pray to Moses  
They do the most and they never learn some shit  
But see they've been quiet  
They don't make no noise, I turn their shit up  
So tell your mama, your daddy, your brother, your baby sister  
Then call the babysitter  
Someone need to watch this, I need a witness  
I'm 'bout to change it, in the places I'm 'bout to take it  
Work that I put in prolly'll save me a generation  
I'm makin' 'em conscious now I'll try, makin' some progress  
In need of a prophet like mothafuck a double entendre  
And I say, bitch I'm a problem, I say, bitch I'm a problem  
If they want it I got it, then they leave me no option

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