

2010

Ty Brasel

Yeah

I got this feeling like 2010, and I'm riding through Memphis on MendeHall
808 Mafia spinning instrumentals on the new 12's in the trunk
I'm beating through the city limits, freestyling and plotting on millions
And spitting written classics, tapping with the magic
Hunger and the passion, passing the streetlights
And I'm daydreaming, flying international
Now I'm tapping with the supernatural
And I'm supercalifragilistic, the SPL of dope
Come and get the smoke, fresh up off the boat
Roll up to the show, fresher than the Pope
God spoke, I awoke, I arose from the concrete
From the dirt streets, ball like D-Rose
Might catch a recall, the way I'm killing beasts
And serving audio code (What?)
And it's fresh off the boat (Why?)
And I'm fresh off the—, ah, I feel like Nicola Yoke
I ain't missing in the post, on my post
From the moment the sun rolls, 'til the sun goes down
Exile the evil, I show up and show out
It's a showdown, I brought the angels 'round (I brought the angels 'round)
Mm, put the cup down, you need activation
Put the pill down, you need aspiration
Put my crown down at the altar
Our Father in Heaven, they're talking abomination
I got something to say though
But I know it won be popular with the population
But it's history in the making

(Let's sing the glory and all of Your power)
(We gave You that grace, we're singing Your praise)
(We gave a worship unto the Father)
(We give You that praise)

I got this feeling like 2015, I'm riding through Memphis on Riverdale
I'm just trying to make some jump
Mixtapes and a trunk, new merch in the front
Talk come in like the first of the month
They were asleep, I was up through the early morning
And started recording in the court
Mama, I'ma make it just like we discussed
Feel the adrenaline, got me in a rush

Never know when I be sent back to the dust
So I'm making the days count
And I'm counting the days down
'Til I'm on the tour bus

Now I'm on the tour bus
Trying not to be a first round bus
Trying to figure out who that I can trust in the mix
But it's missing real ones
Really one of them ones
One to one, never could be a one and done
For sure
I don't care about being cool with the cool kids

I just kick it with my dawgs, they pit bulls
I hit a home run, go back to the bullpen
I'm writing timeless, outside finest
God's finest, God's finest

(Let's sing the glory and all of Your power)
(We gave You that grace, we're singing Your praise)
(We gave a worship unto the Father)
(We give You that praise)