

New School

Ty Brasel

Grinding takes timing
Pressure makes diamonds
Diamonds, diamonds
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Diamonds, diamonds
Oh yeah, aye aye

Grinding take timing
Pressure make diamonds
Foundation solid
God in my conscience
Came up in them streets of Memphis
Where them bloods, crips, vice running
This is Murder country
All I ever wanted
Was a chain and a Porsche
Drug dealer father figure taught me
What's important dope, women, power, money
OG put the game all up on me
Magic Johnson swear I should've died
Mercy covered me a 100 times
Walking through the valley
Evil all around me demons plotting
Got me fearing for my life
Looking over my shoulder
The enemy Approaching
I'm in dangerous territory
Adversary heavy on me
Feeling the paranoia
I can't stress that, I'm cool tho
God had his hand on me
Say it twice, God got his hand on
God got a plan for me, yeah
Recipe to destiny and
Heaven be the melody I ever sing
Dance on the devil never cross
A God's Chosen I'ma ride til it's over
Job, Joseph, Moses
Tryna lead my people to the promise
Ain't no blood ganging
But the blood bought us aw yeah

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Bless the young scholar

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We the leaders of the new school
Give a heck who you follow
Put me in a room with you role model
Bet his soul hollow
Hallowed be the name of the God man
Bitter pill swallow sinners always
Want to sip with me, get your own bottle
Give me my respect, cut another check
Missing to the creed
I'll never be another dumb
Rapping over beats
Lying over dumb
I never did, bragging over deeds
That I've never done, never be the King
They be out here with that
Playing stuff tryna play it off
You will never get a ring
Really about this thing
I was in streets, ain't no glory in it
Ain't nobody living dreams out here just Promethazine, mix it with the lemon
lime
And I bet it make you lean
I was blind but the pressure
Made fine wine out of me
Demons circling, hard times
Got my mind right
Take a look at the regime

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