

Litt 15

Wiki

Go out on my roof
Take in the sunshine, my lungs lined
With smoke and the rum rides
Passed it to my tummy, thought it got me free
But it got me confined, I can't see
Son's mind like a bum knee
Mine's number one, he left you tongue tied
One time

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I sit around, sip brew, say that I'm busy
Pissing off the kids that live with me
I live in a town, well I'd say it's a city
That's got everything to give to me
I do get down, pray, say that I'm silly
I don't want the bullshit to get to me
I don't want the bullshit to get to me

Yeah, told me this was improbable
Given two options, either job or school
Said hold up, kept making these cold cuts
Ain't wanna be like that fool Abdul
Rather live like the mobsters with the gabagool
'Bout to start a horn section on the low
Got sopranos, I ain't talkin' bout the show
And baritone sax, sippin' cognacs
I see four plat in the future off a these tracks, we got the ammo
Thought I was dying like, let my Cameron go
Came out with a fire flow and a slamming show
Letting this hammer blow, still write rhymes like
They gon get heard by Sean P and Yambo
Bro, I could be on the other side of the globe
Close my eyes for a second and I'm in the store
On the final leg in Ireland, 'bout to finish tour
Breaking world records while the Guinness pour
This was meant for, old droog, the resident mentor
Went from hanging in stores to doing in stores
Performing outsider music in indoor stadiums
Is this the end or will I endure?

Young Simba practicing his roar

Young contender catching an applause
But I'm don't know on my roof
It's just the train passing that's all
What, I like to get gassed when I'm bored
Imagine being wrapped in velour
Feel like this shit has happened before
I'm seeing things
I'm high, putting meanings to things that don't mean a thing
I see four empty 40s on my floor, I need more
Fiend for roaches when the weed's all hocus pocus
I see y'all smoked it, noticed
So it's off to the store, I see Gill there
He work there, Junior just chill there
His whole life he's still there (Eighty years)
Nelson's saucy
In the corner brewin' his coffee
Mutters to himself about some quandary
He got himself in
But no one really understands him
Wondering when
That'll be me with that wondering grin
Deli just wondering in

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