

Apostle's Warning (Freestyle)

Wrekonize

My minds pupil is comprised for the crucial
Not for their approval
I fly around the moon with moody blues it's quite usual
We used to cypher in the whips and quip scruples
But now some folks have flipped the line I'd rather stick neutral
I guess it's just a character flaw I'm easy going
Must really irritate the hate inside them still growing
But fuck it though I'm living my life I have sons now
See their faces in my mind I grind past the sun down
People complain about their troubles
But all leave out the part that's their fault they're in a bubble
I never understood that philosophy
It's so full of hypocrisy
They might as well be living in the odyssey
I keep it moving no denial and no illusion
It's for the movement we keep it growing like it's blooming
I am a mutant my track records more than proven
I want improvement until the day I'm in my tomb and
We grooming a bunch of students to speak it fluent
Listen to the Wreking crew the message here is prudent
This stupid fucker said that I bit Logic's flow
When I won on MTV Logic was like 12 years old
Ya see there's Trolls underneath the bridge
Sometimes Ya gotta feed em
Cuz otherwise you'll read 'em and soon enough believe em
Like saying who I can and can't have up on my records
That's quite foolish talking from behind the door we exit
Your whole perspective's a bunch of gossip you've collected
I'm on the ground my boots are down I see the whole objective
So get this that comment box you're eager to ink
Has got you confident that people give a fuck what you think
But they do not
My flows too hot it's part doo wop meets 2Pac mixed with mezcal two shots
Sip it up and let's look at the prospects ay man
My props turned Dadeland into project mayhem
So what the fuck you doing with your free time?
Besides complaining bout how life ain't ever given you a b line
I'll Remind you all that we been present here to refine
Bars that once were benign but now are super defined
I see fine you see mine fine I see your reclined
Bitching bout the G-rind I find that super feline
Rewind a couple times and still you miss the p line
Even when it rolls up on your nose like a sea lion
Bitch back up and decline cuz I'm in my P-rime
You're borderline peon no album no stream nah this here is a free rhyme
I drop it and scheme on
So get off my D huh
You bitches whiny like Larusso
On my Miami shit I'm grinding like an Uncle Luke show
New flow heading to South Africa to root low
Hold me down a minute when you know I'm in the booth though
Coming home you shoulda known that I was coming home
I'm here to hit em high while all them others running low
I'm running long others are run and gunning cold
Picking off innocents cowards ain't got no fucking soul
They in the cypher catch a bowl of wreck
It's man down now who dares to go next

I flow fresh and go flex yes
My soul knows depths
I'm in Control like Co Flow steps
And don't go less
I take it back like so so def
With no doz yep
It's awful hard for bozos breath
To show no stress
I organize confusion through the night into the morning take heed to the apostles warning
Word up