

Confetti (Freestyle)

Wrekonize

Yeah

Might have lost count again

Is this is it 20?

Coming back to run up on the track with a vengeance

It's that under the ground governor

Dubbing the sound that's been popping up in your mentions

I see so much in these reflections

I see the memories of past tense friends from my progressions

I'm still moving but sometimes I hit them dead ends

I feel lonely even though it seems that I fit in

I don't know where the fuck I'm going sometimes

But I keep on driving just hoping for no Collisions

I slid in to this body in 8 3

My vantage was HD my language was hasty

They spammed us with Hate Speech

And damned us to make leave

This ain't your neighborhood

We don't care what your race be

Don't care what you dream about

Don't care if you make beats

Don't care if you bleeding out don't care if you make peace

But I just wanna sing momma

They blocking doors and they don't wanna let me in momma

Shit I Keep on trekking like I'm Sarah in the Labyrinth

And I don't give a fuck if they out here trying to be savage

They trying to keep from my babies with all of these these habits

Or the threat of cabbage and what happens if I don't have it

What a world I'm hanging up the noose on all you bastards

I think I've seen enough to call the bluff on all these facists

Racism basically making the patients debate if

We're equal or if we should be put in classes

My pirate ship is cruising through your city fast

On stage for 30 minutes ripping then we dip and dash

Sick in fact I need medicine for spitting brash

I kick it back with a sip of liquor fill the flask

Gimme that in the lounge dim the flicker flash

Lemme coast up on this highway to hell and back

I came out here to make this look good

So Rolling through your hood

Is what we should do like the Men in Black

Breaking through the barriers like it ain't thick

Stab me if you feel we family I'll show you Clegane shit

Pulling the blade from my face like is that yo hit?

Is that how you were planning to come and be so legit

I just wanna be me

But they keep telling me I can't only settle for peace

Sometimes you need to beast

So I cover up the real me suppress the British

And put the mensch out on the bench I'm talking war no yiddish

It only takes a sane man to truly know his limits

And then a man who lets it all go to press his image

These things that happen off the stage you can't even get it

The politics we swallow shit you couldn't even sip it

Break it on down my grounds they pound the sound

It feels like every cynic just wants to kill it

I'll just be here doing what I'm meant to innit

You should come out and rock with me sometime it's been a minute

Number 20

Almost to the halfway mark

Let's go