Groundwork

Wrekonize

Let's go to church
You ever get that feeling
When you don't know exactly what to do with yourself?
Hm, yeah I get that too
The idle mind's the devil's playground
(Let's go!)

Split frame, quit pick this lane
Fork in the road as if there is a choice to skip pain
I never could see the irony before
We're programmed to shop before we even get inside the store
It's sheep skin, but focus on the task at hand
I'm on the beach, I could be living out in Kazakhstan
Trying to box with a shattered hand
But I've been doing this before Pit was out screaming "Dammit man"
Ok, see I been holding the music
Like my woman on the death bed, please pull through this
Can't pay the bills with my amusement
Shit I feel like B-Real, the way I see still through these illusions
At least I like the ride so far
I could be holding on the dear life with both arms like solo
Now let me stop, cause who knows the realest story
I let facts lead my acts, nobody does my feeling for me
Fame's a bitch, yeah, well infamy's a bleeding one
That gnaws upon your soul until you lose it and you speak in tongues
Still we chase it for the dough, when yet not squeezing one
Because props won't save my life the day I need a gun
Break habits and you might just even make classic
Create addicts out of listeners who hate rap, huh
Well wouldn't that be fudge Sunday
I'm trying to see the top tonight, so motherfuck some day
Stumbling 'round drunk on south beach
I'm feeling I could keep it on strong 'til the doubt cease
You catch me kicking downtown in my house cleats
And those who oppose catch Bose to the mouthpiece

Shake limits and take it to fake gimmicks
Even create image, shit do what you must to break ground
I'm in it for great living, the fanning and great giving
Man my kingdom was made to break ground
To break ground, to break ground, to break ground
To break ground, to break ground, to break ground

Ok, pass me a puff of the DMT
So I can hit it 'til I'm snapping like I'm TMZ
I do this shit here so easily
I'm ready to let go off the past now, who the fuck needs CD's?
I attended not a one day of college
But I got enough gray hair to match a master's mileage
You need sympathy, shit you're out of luck
I'm riding down the block, bumping Yelawolf
And feeling arrogant as fuck
I'm loving living this Miami life
And if I go back on my word, Jesus Christ you can damn me twice
This shit's a game show, it's rigged to kill the audience
And set so you're applauding it, because it's seen a lot of hits
Like anyone can blow from one round

And how the majors wanna act like all the artists now are unsigned
The end is near, I hear the punchline
You best get started it on your bucket list, believe that I've begun mine

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(What in the hell are they waiting for?)

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