

## Sedentary Moments

Wrekonize

Ain't nobody in this tank but me and my family  
I'm just anxiously tryin' to grab the lead  
It's the sedentary moments  
That got me thinking that I'm broken  
Ain't nobody in this tank but me and my family  
I'm just thankfully here to bank the breeze  
It's the sedentary moments  
That got me thinking that I'm broken

I used to sit and dream as a little buck, listening to Hit 'Em Up  
Not knowing how venomous it was, I would pick it up  
Sun-dried leaves on the sidewalk, crispy  
Mama never tripped when we would walk across 5th Street  
Hollywood teen, not the Hollywood you mean though  
Hollywood fiend, no amoeba on the east coast  
So when my pops moved to Oakland I would come back  
Double fist toting with my luggage overloaded  
Jack of all trades, big bro, lil' Jessica  
Any dude roll up on my sis' I'd wanna mess him up  
Non-confrontational, yes I'd rather back it up  
Avoided scraps this long, I'm pretty sure I'm passive bruh  
Ah, yeah I'm scanning the field now  
To see where I can make a mark and not like a field mouse  
I'm talking 'bout the kinda mark you leave with a steel plow  
Somebody get this fucking kid some kind of deal now  
Yeah, because he battled for props then  
Got a buzz, popping up, weighed out the options  
He was dropping stuff, locking fucks down like the Watchmen  
It was not a cup, stock with bucks, buddy want top ten

Yeah, he's in it for the honor and the legacy  
Try'na build a fort for his family supremacy  
I'm just looking back on the path, gotta let it be  
Had to keep it moving 'cause the music's never sedentary

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I used to sit and dream as a teen, I just wanted acceptance  
Didn't even need the gold, I'd take an honorable mention  
Benjamin's betting the bedding he made sense in  
Is ending was sentiments he can become friends with  
Yeah, I'm just a workaholic  
Obsessed with my craft, shit I don't know what to call it  
My school friends probably think I'm on some semi-toxic  
Obnoxious rapper shit, I'm really not that brolic  
I'm really just the same kid, well a lot more competent  
A bit more confident, I've seen more continents  
I still hate blasphemy, I'm still that optimist  
I'm jaded, have to be, from faded consequence  
Ah, this is a rugged world

I keep it moving, the illusion's that I'm clutching pearls  
I got contusions, but the rumor's that I'm fucking thorough  
They must be boozing, 'cause usually I'm like cut the plural  
But the mural's still sprayed out on the back of the bridge now  
I'm looking at the getup while I'm bumping the mix-down  
I'm try'na keep my head up, but still tryin' to get down  
Nobody feeling fed up, is it just me that's dead, how?

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