

Super High (Freestyle)

Wrekonize

Ma ma ma mayday music mother fucker
Yeah
I missed home
So let's go back to Miami for a second

I lost my voice in Kansas City I could care no less
I'm still going till they separate me from my flesh
Till the death do us in and then forget the rest
Me and these lyrics got a pact that just won't disconnect
Riding round the country in a bus that's made to cruise
Teamed us up with a crew that was never made to lose
Made a view that was suitable just for paying dues
But I been paying them so long I need the change reviewed
Sliding into cadences to try them on
Quick draw play a game of cat and mouse with Viacom
I'm fire on any beat you bring to my alarm
Grinding hard stacking up for something I can buy my moms
I miss humidity and palm trees
I miss home but can't return until the palms greased
Beyond schemes to get bigger on all seas
I long dream to pack up stadiums like ball teams
So
I kick these frees on a weekly basis
Doing meet and greets we've seen at least a thousand faces
I say a thousand but it's really probably close to 3
So If I don't remember when we met it's only me
Ha new Mayday shit is in the works
For everybody thinking that our deal had gone bezerk
I left the turf and then came to back to show 'em how to surf
They tell me women of this Earth don't know what their worth
Well I hope she realizes before we're gone
That every song has got a nod to everything she's on
She said I never wrote a song for her
I told my love that every song I do's for you see I put on for ya
Every bar is for the twins really hope they know it
Since their birth every word has been double as potent
I'm just trying to build it up and holy put it down
One day I hope to make them proud when they hold the crown
Morse code tripping on the lights of Rome
I see London right behind us used to call it home
Then they brought me to Miami in El Calderon
So it's Euro Born and US owned like Toblerone
If you Wrekonize then you can join The Wreking Crew
Cuz bringing lyrics back to wax is what we're set to do
I get the groove break it in and then I set the mood
Shed the blues I think we all could use a different hue
I know this summers been a lit affair
I been dancing round the steps like I'm Fred Astaire
Home ain't close but I see the map it's getting clear
Every day I wake up feeling extra debonair
So pray for me friends if you got a prayer
If you got some energy then let's exchange it fair
I'm on a mission to be ready and be so prepared
When opportunity comes knocking I can eat it rare
Week 23 I'm trying just to catch some air
You should really see the view we got from way up there
Looking out upon this world like I don't wanna share

I ride the snare until it's bare and she needs repair

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You know what it is