

Do Your Homework

Don't look at my wrist.
Just look at this flick.

Ex stream gettin' extreme. It's like Gunther turned to Ross.
Gimme mother-daughter talent; I call that Diana, Tracey Ross.
Mental must be dental- they think all I do is floss.
Pinto and a rental because Rel the fuckin' boss.
Jet stream gettin' wet cream. He wit models takin' off.
Messy if you test B. Hits so sickening, make 'em cough-
that's congestion,
this confession.
Pray 'cause every day a blessin'.
You just suited for the mucous.
KrOöKs got looted just to do this.
Wealthy, healthy, rudest student,
study toon scripts to stay prudent,
huskin' toothpicks for the Jewish,
and hit Blue pens for the newest.
Like the testaments got gummy
just so new niggas could chew it;
like the rest of it got gully
just so true niggas could do it.
All that's horse shit, like gelato,
but I'm vegan. KrOöKs the motto.
Throwin' back Haribo when I should be eatin' Mambo,
I mean Mamba. I like salsa.
I'ma eat after the dance.
I been stackin' all these chips, just to dip it in her pants.
We been workin' through the hurtin',
KrOöKs been churchin' through the dirtin',
and they diggin' for a piddlin' 'cause this guy control the curtains.

Don't look at my wrist.
Just look at this flick.
Don't look at my wrist.
Each hook is a lick.
Don't look at my wrist. Don't look at my wrist.
Don't look at my wrist.
Just look at this flick.
Think you get the gist.
Just look at this flick. Just look at this flick.
Don't look at my wrist.

Grindin', like that Clipse beat,
stackin' up to 6 feet.
Fresher than the grocer, 'cause I ShopRite.
Mannequins can't get in 'cause they shop light,
talk heavy.

A real friend told me I fell off in the club,
meanwhile cougs and cubs all around me showin' love.
Never thought it'd be my peeps workin' to maintain a buzz;
buyin' flights, greetin' groupies, rollin' nugs, gettin' hugs.
Before, that had me shamed, had to keep it under rugs,
but I guess that's just what Q-X-O-T-C does.
This stuff got easy, we got harder.
Ball like Starters, but we smarter.
This like Weezy met the Carter 'fore he went all kamikaze 'cause his girlie tossed
her garter.
Private party in the lobby so they see the vision.
Radiate like had tsunami, they can't stop the wave.
Hiroki told me I should calm all that shit down a smidgeon.
Team say we still be gettin' paid beyond the grave.

Goin'

And on and on and on...
I'm goin'-
I'm goin' up.
KrOöKs blowin' up.
We glowin' up.
She all the way down.

KrOöKs buy up the city,
the litty committee.
Buy up the bar, and put that in a ditty,
sprinkling cream like ma's titties was gritty,
move around Philly with bitties that's witty.
If ya shit itty, you don't get no pity.
Know KrOöKs is hot, 'cause they steam like they shitty.
These niggas bold, treatin' pot like it's gold.
Haters can't stand that they know they won't fold.
Millionaire lifestyle with no records sold.
Laugh 'cause they love me when they used to grill me.
Tatt on my wrist, so appendage stay chilly.
They didn't feel me, so they tried to kill me.
They couldn't kill me, so they tried to bill me.

I don't go no time for fools actin' silly.
Sex on the medi, like wet nurses heal me.
Merry-go-medical, roundin' these billi's.

They goin' up.
I'm goin up.
KrOöKs blowin' up.
We glowin' up.
We all the way down.
I got the keys and the cards. She got the keys to the car.

Drank in my cup,
blue What-The-Fucks,
molly on brain,
shame that you sane.
I ain't the same,
got out the game.
Hotter than flame,
colder than berg.
They get true art,
they know the Word,
or sing my songs-
call that the brand.
Tatt that on wrist.
KrOöKs getting bricks,
spend it on this,
save it on that,
then get it back.
We never lose.
Must been confused.
I got a 'tude,
she got a dude,
club actin' prude
'til we got rude.
They in the mood,
tender the bar,
muse on the Tsar,
load up the car,
open the jar,
load up the piece,
turn on the brief,
hear the police,
tires might squeal,
we never will.

We write the bills.
He gettin' mills,
she gettin' heels.
They got a deal.
They got the pills.
Rel got these nouns.
What have you found?

You goin' up.
He goin' up.
She goin' up.
KrOöKs all the way down.
We put the bars to the keys,
we got the keys at the bar.

I'm goin' up.
We goin' up.
KrOöKs goin' up.
We all the way down.
Who got the cards and the keys?
We got the keys and the cars.
Who got the bars for the keys?
Rel got the keys to the bars.

I Wanna [Apollo Gs]

I'ma drank when I wanna,
bang when I wanna,
hit the dank when I wanna,
smang when when I wanna,
hang how I wanna,
bank how I wanna,
sang how I wanna,
change how I wanna.
Yeah I'ma stunna girl.

Two rangs how I wanna,
no chains how I wanna,
no pain how I'm gonna.
Glass stained like the sun up.
Last saint, like the son of.
Mask shame like Cain brother,
spit flames like I'm Stunna,
they wane like they Gudda,

drained like they gutters.
Fake pray while they mutter,
too saved- call that stutter,
deep-rave like it's butter.
Buy plains like it's Sutter.
Home plays like no putter,
'cause I swang how she wanna.
Yeah I'ma stunna girl.

I'ma drank when I wanna
bang when I wanna,
hit the dank when I wanna,
smang when when I wanna,
hang how I wanna,
bank how I wanna,
sang how I wanna,
change how I wanna
Yeah I'ma stunna girl.

:

Don't know, but I'm gonna.
No hoe, I don't wanna,
too focused on hunnads.
New poems to make fun of.
Repo, get ya puns up,
depot, put ya guns up,
Debo when we run up.
Swing dro 'til he come up.
New clothes we gon' cut up.
New holes in the Buttas.
New holes from the gunna.
True prose they won't shut up.
Two goals and the 1 up:
Move tones like we hung up,
ship codes like they rung up,
J. Cole how they blow up.

I'ma drank when I wanna,
bang when I wanna,
hit the dank when I wanna,
smang when when I wanna,
hang how I wanna,
bank how I wanna,
sang how I wanna,

change like a stunna would.
When you wanna,
how you wanna,
why you wanna,
what you wanna,
who you wanna.

I'ma live like a martyr,
won't die, that's the barter.
Get thighs for the garter,
then buy her a charter.
Rap sport, call up Starter,
tell 'em Rel Heart go harder-
he like both of the Carters
been endorsed by the Tartars.
Call him Khan but he smarter.
He with Turks in the harbor,
getting' tips from Kickstarter,
eatin' scrimp with no tartar,
while he fishin' for darter,
yo birds kiss him with ardor,
he take them to the arbor,
bring the trees to the parlor,
feel the turkey on mama-
yeah that's my darter.
Yeah that's yo daughter.
I'ma drank when I wanna,
bang when I wanna,
hit the dank when I wanna,
smang when when I wanna,
hang how I wanna,
bank how I wanna,
sang how I wanna,
change like a stunna would.
When you wanna,
how you wanna,
why you wanna,
what you wanna,
who you wanna.

Lullabye (YaYah)

Riding round with that dirty.
Riding round in the dirty.

Pretty girl with me droppin' thirties.
Hope she keep them shits perky.
I'm coming back.
I'm goin' back.
She throw it back.
She goin' bad.
You on ya back.

Gotta call Saladin. King Kid the Paladin.
Think he invalid, then please get ya ballads in.
KrOöks picked up art and they can't put it down again.
En Gedi the ticket, so please get ya ballots in.
Offed office life so that we will not frown again
Called sacrifice when Rel bring it around again.
Offer the branch just to see what we drowning in.
Live from Mt. Olive like Jesus came down again.
Hoodlums in corporate like Rel please be down again.
Hood ones report it then torch it like please don't leave town again.
You got the crown again,
you need your land.
Niggas ain't never seen oasis expand.
What you gon' do with a mill in your hand?
What you gon' do with two bill on your brand?
What you gon' do when your backyard all sand?
What you gon' say when your front yard all farm?
Stay by the ocean so Pisces'll swarm.
Don't live by clichés, but net all the fish,
so I might make this Leo chick my bitch,
and that would make her a mermaid I guess.
Rel be the genie, he get every wish.
Heard that song Langston Huge what she request,
write as if Langston Hughes was frequent guest,
eat like a shark when that girl be the dish.
This life a test. We can't treat it like jest,
but we gon' laugh when it's gold on the crest.
What's in his chest?
Must be the weed.
I meant the trunk.
That one for Speed.
Don't got a bike,
but he gon' ride for his family for life.
Too close to Torah, must be a kike.
Jonesin' as if Norah was his ex-wife.
Like New Edition put sheep in the sheets.

Man these traditions gon' put us to sleep.
Like YaYaYah.

Few months, they know En Gedi what they grounded in.
Take that fake shit to the pit that you found it in.
Rel Heart was lost but he found again.
King Kid was lost, lost but he found again.
Bring out them pounds again,
and the Olanzapine-
I mean Klonopins.
We on good ground again.
They out they gowns again.
Shame that the good ones keep turnin' to hoes.
Stay and she might turn in the final throes,
swear that she loyal then fuck all your foes.
Paid for the pedi, and you kissed her toes.
Material serial, time gon' be gone,
so it's spring water in my holy bong.
Smoke so much dank my Herr's chips taste like cookies.
Ain't been this hard since King Kid was a rookie.
Tower, Apollo and Fox wouldn't book me,
lit up the theatre to pay off the bookie.
Surviving stars guess you could call that Wookie
bring real to the shores, this fool coulda cuffed Snooki.

Hand behind my back, 'cause I'm countin' blessings.
Praise God in heaven, bout to buy a seven.
Kneadin' all this bread, then break it down unleavened.
Buying blueberry flights like blue Skyy was his bedding.
Know my weed stink good, sexy shower pussy.
Losers couldn't push me, so they tried to shush me.
What is this, nap time?

Riding round with that dirty.
Riding round in the dirty.
Pretty girl with me poppin' thirties.
Hope she keep them shits perky.
I'm coming back -
I'm goin' back.
She throw it back.
She goin' bad.
You on ya back.

Messiah's Interlude

You said that you'd carry it all.
Think about it-
you ain't have to do me that way.

Don't fret, but think I hate talkin' to you.
Cold sweats at midnight, like *what did I do?*
I'm bout to choke, think my spirit is leakin'.
Tryna stay woke, my eyes tired of peepin'.
All my friends sleeping,
I think my girl creeping,
growing through miracles painful like teething.
I ain't no baby, but I need a reason.
I'ma inquire 'til you change these seasons.
I'm being chased like I'm David in Psalms.
I put out beacons, like Mavis did songs
Still all my followers left me alone.
I sacrificed, must have done something wrong.

And you told them you'd carry it all.
You ain't have to do me that way.
You said that you'd carry it all.
Think about us-
you ain't have to do me that way.

Art from a sermon. This god is determined.
Don't know if I'm really Hebrew or German.
In a time loop, wrapped the loot in a turban,
left it with mom's, told her keep the J burnin'.
Where's my mistake? Why I am I on a stake?
They forgot heaven, I opened the gates.
Stakes on unleavened and Alfredo paste.
Seal up a seven, put blacks in a crate,
then to the stu just to say KrOöks is great.
Know this a plan just don't know why you wait.

You said that you'd carry it all.
Think about it-
you ain't have to do me that way.

And I got my mind on the money.
I want it. I own it,
and though I'm puttin' right over every,

I'd like some direction.
Choose between the flight or the ferry.
This flood is a blessin'.
This stressin' a lesson.
I need it,
I'm fienin'.
I'm pleadin',
I mean it.

And I got my mind on the money.
I want it. I own it,
and though I'm puttin' right over every,
I'd like some direction.
Choose between the whiskey or water
This stressin' a lesson.
I need it,
I'm fienin'.
I'm pleadin',
I mean it.
I need it,
I'm fienin'.
I'm pleadin',
I need it.

MFA (STF U)

100 bottles think the bar gon' flood.
100 models with me showin' love.
100 pounds, let's break 'em down in dubs.
100 pounds get raked up in the club.
Singing woah, just keep this up.

'Cause look at what I'm faced with:
Got this need to give, so it's like a brother can't quit.
Burning down this system built to make us all complacent.
Think I might retire, hit the spa with ma, get facelifts.

But maybe I'm too patient,
or maybe lately too concerned with where all of those days went.
I met this girl, and took her home and based it on her fragrance.
Shoulda known. I learned at home the pretty ones get flagrant.

So maybe I should wait.
But waiting only gives me time and space to contemplate

the weight I used to carry, or the waist she used to bury,
and in real life ain't nobody staying for nobody scary, so

I'ma move.

I promise, I'ma move something.

I just pray it's worth the world and won't amount to nothing.

I'm just praying what I gain won't replace my soul.

I just pray 'cause I abstained, I get my weight in gold.

And all these secrets that I never told,

I know God prolly got 'em down in bold.

Singing woah, just keep this up.

Keep hearing woah, shut the fuck up.

She singing woah, just keep this up.

What profit lowly man to gain the world
when he break 'cause every single girl
got his mind stuck, all wrapped in her pearls,
and his gaze glued, all wrapped in her curls.

Love this girl Gaia, but she make him hurl.

His stinkin' guts go round on tiltawhirl.

Stomach empty, watch his body retch

'cause her culture set labeled him a wretch.

He used to worry, now he's gettin' older,

and she still cry for the bullshit he over,

and he too high to care or lend his shoulder,

and he wish he never told her.

Popped a molly, now I'm sober.

Dropped a molly, need some closure.

Beat the bush like a bird catcher,

keep the kush, let the herd catch her.

MiC (Tommy)

I'm in a five star

freight car.

Foreign jars,

gold cigar,

Four bars,

man in charge-

Bitch, I look like Tommy.

Gotta whole flight,

own site,
bright lights,
gold pipe,
all night
fuckin' right.
Bitch I feel like Tommy.

From ol' girl to ogre-
lady this ain't Shrek.
When you told her it's over,
she cashed in that check.
Runnin' up that credit,
ordered shit, you ain't get it;
causing strokes, you need medics,
ran out of gas, you unleaded.
She whisper sexy shit to get you hard and get your card,
deliver stress and shit, she got your cardis filled with lard.
You breathin' like you greivin', bleedin' 'cause she broke your guard.
You seethin' when she leaving, feinin'. She like au revoir!

I need a ill trigger,
bill figures,
meal getter,
lil' sitter ass naked in Hilfiger,
bitch, I feel like Tommy.

I'm with no snobs,
good grog,
babe bods,
main mods.
Your prob:
no job.
Bitch you look like Tommy.

I'm with ill figures.
Meal getter,
lil' sitter ass naked in Hilfiger,
bitch, I feel like Tommy.

I'm with mad snobs,
good grog,
babe bods,
main mods.
Your prob:

no job.
Bitch you look like Tommy.

Walk up in the jet, like muhfucker where my currency?
Tell the matron hurry 'fore my girlie fuckin' buries me.
Doubters try to out her. Truthfully she be who curries me.
Wasn't over brooms, she still might be the one who murries me.
This plane is getting' crowded; 'bout to get on my geometry.
Air out all the clones, like there won't be a you without a me.
Parachutes for pornstars, lesbo planet goin' down on me.
My girlfriend for the day say this my level, put the crown on me.
My points be metaphoric and extended like this Zane,
gettin' flat ladies in shape, make sure the curvy can't complain.
You never on my thoughts. I'm fliyin' high, you runnin' trains.
Hoes you tow just do not know, like what's that got to do with planes?
Guess KrOöks on a higher echelon,
tryna get us to get along.
Do not care what sets we on,
do not share what bets he on.
Ring off hook, like telethon.
Rel Heart like the demagogue.
King Kid the key, like negaton.
Y'all lookin' like replicons.

Gotta whole flight,
on site.
Own heights,
girl tight,
all night.
Fuckin' right.
Bitch, I feel like Tommy

I'm in five star
space cars,
mason jars,
dank cigar,
tank bars,
man in charge.
Bitch I look like Tommy.

O Mai

Hop up out the jag,
oh my.

Hop up out the bag,
oh my.
Hop up out the rags,
oh my.

Hop up out the crib,
flirtin' with my rib,
homies doin' bids,
phonies feedin' pigs,
but KrOöks on the grid,
'scuse me I mean map.
Got a new contract,
milli on my back,
poverty was wack.
Never goin' back.
Momma touchin' crack,
Daddy ain't a fact,
brother bought a gat,
sister sportin' tracks,
youngest wear my hat,
rootin' out the tap.
Wifey growin' grays,
buyin' me these Js,
gotta catch a plane,
keep 'em entertained,
cuffing maids who made,
gettin' out these chains.
Rel the doodoo, haters fufu. They see red but he ain't Pyru. Made these
youngbuls dogs lke roo roo and got girlies goin' goo-goo.
Rollin' true blue on my boo roof with my masseuse, getting' laid,
my sex therapist like, Rel Heart, then what's got you so dismayed?
I'm like 'cause they call me hero, but these heroes don't get paid.
Oh my.

Hop up out the whip,
oh my.
Hop out the jet,
oh my.
Hop up off the train,
oh my.

They say he can't sang,
all he say is swang.
Underdog like Fang,

racists call him Tang,
heard he in a gang.
No, he ain't a pain,
but he ain't the same.
He got all these names,
he be wearing rangs,
gave one to his main,
they be runnin' game
like they own the pit.
Girl think she the shit.
She be throwin' fits,
pissin' on these jits,
takin' bol on trips.
They mistress be lit.
Would be pussy whipped,
but they too legit.
Buyin' up the strip,
runnin' down the mall.
Haters be appalled
'cause they never fall
and they never call,
only answer cash.
Blow it all, then fast.
Get it back too fast,
so they blowin' past.
Some might call that weed.
Got this future steez,
get all that they need,
fill it to the reams,
spill it to they team.
They all gettin' cream
sellin' people dreams.
Don't know what that means?
Oh my.

Hop up out the cab,
oh my.
Hop up off the bus,
oh my.
Hop up off my swag,
oh my.

Here he go in class,
A's and acting crass.

Fingering his flask,
weed in the gas mask.
Put out hits, like Mass with that ass, Niko Sire, Fetti Cash. We seen him go from
rags to pullin' mags out of the bag.
He won't wear they flag,
had these pussies mad,
grads and undergrads
waitin' at his pad.
3 buns for each stag,
Bugs for every Babs,
'ford to 'gnore the tab,
once was all he had.
Fools still bummin' fags,
jewels roll up them zags,
you might call them zigs.
KrOöks collectin' vigs,
spend it on they digs,
look out for the kids.
If you sell 'em mid,
mark 'em like they skids.
Louder than the narcs,
highest on the charts,
dodge evils like dart,
pray before they part,
and if you don't respect they soul when you see it in they art, they gon' gouge
your eyes and heart out, leave you bleedin' in the dark.
Oh my.

Same Party

All my hoes at the same party.
All these be bitches be actin' naughty.
All these birds drink is Bacardi.
All my ladies' jewelry gaudy.
All my females freak the Audis.
All my plugs get down with Saudis.

All my hoes at the same parties.

Blow the whole bag and then do it again.
Bury the bottles with you and your friend.
Public say Rel Heart a ghoul with the pen.
Write Dem up righteous, then do it again.
Do it again. Do it again.

Write up them wrongs and then do it again.
Clubs to your temple; he prophet, or rabbi.
God like Egyptian, look like he got cat eyes,
He bring them Buddhist blunts into the bar.
Anoint your ears and play him in the car.
If gospel was livin', he think he the script.
So stop fossil diggin' 'cause this bol be it.
He hostile while givin'. It's bombs in his gift,
nukes in his lyrics,
warheads in his art.
Shootin' up Satan then remix the spirits,
bow to King Kid, and we kneel to Rel Heart.
I'm in the church and it feel like a harem.
Music so foolish that think God he'll spare him.
Students so useless, so I'm at the kickback.
Goonies so ruthless that mine had to get back.
I'm in old city w loosies and 6 packs.
Walk in the deli with whiskey, the twin pack.
Show her the rocks and then he take three twins back.
Runnin' the lotto, ask, where did he win that?
Where did he win that?
QXotc all on 'em, like where did he get that?
All these girls on 'em, you'd think he'd regret that 'cause
all my hoes at the same party.
All these be bitches be actin' naughty.
All these birds drink is Bacardi.
All my ladies' jewelry gaudy.
All my females freak the Audis.
All my plugs get down with Saudis.

Stuck on a trip like that man lost his passport.
You can't get a grip on the shit that he transport.
He backpacked and trapped that, but this is not JanSport.
He cocky like Rocky. The fuck he need fans for?
He humble like mumble. The fuck would he dance for?
Literally, yo, what the fuck would he dance for?
This guy do not give a fuck on the dance floor.
Vegan, no beefin', but fuck we need Chance for?
Crown not by luck. He put work in the Vic.
Nation to nation on thrones made of bricks.
Liars and slanderers won't make it stick.
You dander, he candor while holding ya bitch.
He pander to priss like the holiest pimp.

And I ain't go no worries.
Fall back on suckas like snow flurries.
Get fast money, cash so hurried.
Yo bitch choosin', you so worried.
His shit cold, like no curry.
She spicy, like hot sauce.
That's And 1, and A1, and Britain in a bitch.
Like Fam Guy from Road Isle, my Maine ones
in the Fritz.
Call that inaction, or maybe distraction.
Man, you don't have to go get so defensive.
Every time I'm in the club, I'm lookin' pensive 'cause
all my hoes at the same party.
All these be bitches be actin' naughty.
All these birds drink is Bacardi.
All my ladies' jewelry gaudy.
All my females freak the Audis.
All my plugs get down with Saudis.

Super

We got the key to every city we go.
It got me feelin' like a superhero.
Krooks get the keys from every foreign we know.
It got us feeling like a superhero.

I need a new stove
and some new clothes,
want some new hoes-
need bout two those.
Got that new prose
and a blue Rose
for my two beaus
and my boo knows
like a Blue Nose.
See you poo-pose
with no poop throne
'cause your boo chose.
Playing Who Knows
on her new phone,
knock like who goes
while this dude crows
and removes clothes
to her nude toes

and what she shows
puts you through throes.
Need to depose.
See, we explode
when she expose
'cause what she sews
make the seats go
and the heat flow.
Had like three snows
and no heat on.
En Gedi songs
on her ringtone.
We can't keep hoes,
but we free those,
and it keeps goin',
and it keeps goin'.

We got the plug in every city we go.
Bud got me feeling like a superhero.
We walk the skies of every city we go.
Shit got me feelin' like a superhero.

Bulletproof cape on my girl nape,
bulletproof vest on all the rest.
Spend it on Bape, spend it on vape.
Kissin' her chest, she say I'm the best.
When we leave town, we gon' leave ground,
flying past sound, wearing speed's crown.
She took light's gown, made it her dress,
took this guy down, gotta confess.
'Cause she keep warm, and she keep wet
and she stay tight, so I can't vet.
Used to dream up girls I can't get,
now I beam up, make them girls pets.
Build the queens up, but I can't sweat
these hungry jaws that I ain't met.
Keep a few beauties in my net,
babe treat new beauties like life threats
'cause the real ones always showed love.
Couldn't tell which, but I wore gloves,
and the fake girls always asked for-
didn't have much, but I gave more,
and it keep goin',
and it keep goin'.

We burn it down like every foreign we know.
We got 'em feelin' like they superheroes.
We burn it down for every foreign she know.
She say she feelin' like a superhero.

We get them pounds in every city we know.
We hold it down in every city we go.
We burn it down for every Creekboy we know.
Shit got me feelin' like a superhero.

And this shit go,
and it keep goin'.

We got the crown in every city we go.
The only sound on all of they stereos.
They say KrOöks brag too hard, and we like we know.
Hate got us feelin' like we super heroes.

She put it down like every foreign we know.
We walk the skies of every city we go.
We own the town in every city we go.
Got KrOöks feelin' like they superheroes.

Bless

I hope this counts for every time I didn't.
Bless.
Accountant count for every time I didn't.
Bless.
I hope this counts for every song they didn't.
I pray to God that everybody get it.
Bless.

I made this one for everyone who wit it.
You play KrOöks' songs, they get stuck in ya fitted.
They know King Kid the goat and won't admit it,
soft like mitted.
I wrote this song for every one to get out.
This shit is getting' crazy; call that flat out.
Workin' so hard, sometimes like we sleepwalking.
Call double X L, pull the nail out the coffin',
tell Em don't worry, real lyrics? Revived it.
Tell Nas that fake Hip-Hop shit, we survived it,

boiled it down, cooked it up, and reprised it,
fed and bred love, laid her babies inside it.
So drunk I lost my number, couldn't find it.
So high I lost my hunger, couldn't hide it.
I'm takin' over time 'cause I can't bide it.
Killings in Hip-Hop fashion like we tied it.
She say Rel Heart the wave, she wan' ride it.
KrOōks stockin' up on platinum just to share,
they pop up at the Plat and they bring they wares.
We hit ignore and these niggas don't care.
They droppin' art like shit. It's everywhere.

I pray this counts for every time I didn't.
Bless.
Accountant count for every time I didn't.
Bless.
I hope this counts for every thing they didn't.
I pray to God that everybody get it.
Bless.

We don't want no smoke, we don't want no problems.
We got all the smoke. That's how we solve 'em.
Click it back, reload, and then revolve 'em.
Renaissance like we was stuck in Harlem.
If weed my habit, boasting is my vice.
Ash Wednesday, did like 10 Hail Marys, twice.
Mom on my conscience, like please get a wife-
these hoes they know, and strings might save your life.
These crows and woes be bringing these things to light.
No point in being king when there's a blight.
We think there's been a major oversight.
You blowin' all that bread on a website.
The way you throw them loans, they wanna fight.
Build houses on the wing and then take flight.
I pray that there's a return on investment.
Each day it's one less life to be in debt wit.
Each second another bill turn to a death wish,
and you don't wanna get that mothafuckin' check picked.
Don't wanna be the nigga gettin' bested.
You don't wanna need them windows and them vests.
I'm not sure with whom your company's been vested,
but you sure you stay prepared in case they hexed it?
Like bitch, you guessed it.

I hope/pray this counts for every time I didn't.
Accountant count for every time I didn't.
She told me write En Gedi on her titty.
She sing this song, buy thongs before I hit it.
These haters say it's wrong, they lookin' livid.
You play along. He kong. C'mon, admit it.
Pray this counts for times that King Kid didn't .
Accountant count for every time he didn't
I hope this counts for every poem they didn't.
I pray to God that everybody get it.
Bless.

Kiss

Hold on,
you spazzin'.
What happened?
Four Trash Cans
and absinthe.
Hold on.
Who hurt you?
Who curved you?
Burnt you, don't deserve you.
And you been so strong.
Old friends think you bougie,
In-d-p, like Boosie.
Said it's been so long,
pendants and the Coogi
ain't worth how he bruise me.

Baby, look-
I can bring you in from the rain,
but I can't erase your pain.
Shower wash the shame from your frame,
but it won't erase those chains,
and it won't make you sane
if you gon' stay the same
like your hearts been maimed,
and I can't change those things.
Look at everything you gained.
Can't say all this was in vein.
Ever since this new bol came,
goin' hard on the cocaine,
swinging round his nut ass cane,

telling you you gon' be tamed,
you been walkin' round real drained,
pictures of your face tearstained,
like if you just kiss it...

Baby now hold on.
Don't think I got room for you.
Don't know if this lane for two.
Love the little things you do.
Know the things you say rang true.
Used to say we stuck like glue,
know that that can be removed.
Chasin' dreams is what I do.
I can't give that up for you.
Maybe we need something new.
Maybe all those fights were clues.
Maybe that's why we argue.
Baby this love like a zoo;
Feelin' like a chimp, ooo ooo.
Feeling like a simp- woo woo.
Gotta go but ionwan' leave you
'cause if you ain't gonna tend, then who?
But if you wan' come too...
Packin' up Winter 'fore dinner,
boxing up Summer 'fore Fall.
Wise man ain't gon' worry bout the weather,
but he gon' wait for your call.
And I ain't gon' stall-
You ya own, you can leave when you wanna.
Just know if you gonna be a runner,
ain't no way you can keep it all.
No relay, so it's no baton.
Goin' away, so it's no phone on.
3-way, she got no strings on,
keep replaying this got damn song.

Gabriel 2.0

Like, Rel, you need to stop drinking.
Really, you ain't even thinking.
Peep how long been blinking;
lose two days like every weekend, creepin'.
Your favorite rapper's favorite rapper,
somethin' like a natural disaster.

What the fuck we gon' do after?
Whole land mass mine, call me NAFTA.
Black light on the lies of the pastor.
Rhymes right, got the tones of a preacher.
Lines tight, got the prose of a teacher.
What the fuck we gon' do after?

I'm stacking all my Frito-Lay like MGK and UGK.
They say I'm on my Kanye, like please, Rel Heart, no more today.
All these chips go to these bricks, and for these bricks you cannot pay.
All them bricks go to this rent. I'm workin' like I do not play.
Cashed in my poem publishings so that I can create all day.
Hoes love HoloRobo. Tell these hobos that they in the way.
CEO at 23. What the fuck can you tell a nigga?
Try to take my LLC, then I'ma have to Kel a nigga.
I mean Keenan. Where's Good Burger?
I'ma bring that pussy murder.
Eat it right for life, that's Gerber.
Leadin' like I am a herder.

And what the fuck we gon' do after?
I can hear between the laughter.

King Kid grindin' with no reason for his peoples in the can,
and KrOöks do this for all people, give a fuck you straight or tran.
Website cannot get engagement like our content has been banned,
and they cancelled my engagements, hate because I am the man.
Turn on facial recognition for my loyals and the stans,
and we turnt out tradition, livin' royal, no pots or pans.
We got brave faced just to save face, case we gotta cook again.
Had to change pace. In the same place, but with fate we holdin' hands.
And fans will not understand until I sell 5 hundred grand,
so I'm standing on the landing with time's pieces in my hand.
Like what the fuck we gon' do after?
What the fuck we gon' do...