

## Reason

And we high...

We grind for these mills.  
We sigh over thrills.  
But we fly over them.  
Yeah, we cry over then.  
So we try over fail,  
and we might just prevail.  
And we high...

She pry 'cause she scared,  
and he lie 'cause he bare,  
and he steal 'cause it's there,  
and we cheat 'cause it's fair,  
and be real we don't care  
'cause each day is a stair.  
They don't teach how to climb,  
so sit back, free your mind,  
and get high.

'Scuse me got me a question lady:  
Do you got a man, or baby?  
'Cause your aura drive me crazy.  
Drippin' when you dress, that's gravy;  
stripping for the press, that's gravy.  
Gettin' out the mess, that's wavy,  
but this beach can't make you clean.  
Pupils soaked with what you seen,  
iris silked with all that filth,  
retinas hold all that guilt.  
No, you ain't do nothing wrong;  
you just need a brand new song.  
Play this one with nothing on.  
All day long you sing along.  
Makes you feel like we belong.  
Make me feel like we this strong

for these mills,  
and we die over bills,  
but we fly over them.  
Yeah, we cry over then,  
so we try over fail,  
and we might just prevail,  
and we high.

You been rollin' down the block to clear your history,  
making circles out of blocks like that shit is for free.  
They gon' hate you, they wan' break you; they gon' think you're weak.  
They gon' thank you, they gon' praise you so you keep your peace.  
They gon' roll down the same block to clear their history.  
When they hit you up for blocks, just say the circles free.

You been scrollin' down timelines to clear your history.  
Running circles round the block like that shit is for free.  
They gon' hate you, they wan' break you; they gon' think your weak.  
They gon' thank you, they gon' praise you so you keep your peace.  
They gon' scroll down the same timeline for they history.  
When they want you run in circles, say the block for free.

We pry 'cause we scared,  
and we lie 'cause we bare,  
and we steal 'cause it's there,  
and we cheat 'cause it's fair,  
and be real, we don't care  
'cause each day is a stair.  
So sit back, free your mind,  
and get high.

We grind for these mills,  
and we die over bills,  
but we fly over them.  
Yeah, we cry over then.  
So we try over fail,  
and we might just prevail,  
and stay high...

We pry 'cause we scared,  
and we lie, so beware.  
And we steal just to share,  
and we cheat 'cause it's fair.  
If it's real, we don't care  
'cause each day is a stair.  
So sit back, free your mind,  
and get high.  
So sit back, free your mind  
And get high x?

## **Shine**

Looking for new faces I've seen before.

Looting for blue faces, I've seen the score.  
Pardon the jargon; I'm carvin' the core,  
bringing the world to KrOöks' O.T.C. store.  
Jesus for president!  
'cause KrOöks got robbed.  
These ones been schemin' to see Rel Heart sob;  
heathens been peeved 'cause they can't get the F.O.B.  
Keys in the sleeve of En Gedi's hijab.  
Breathe when you feed. Every face points to God.  
Bleed for belief like that shit was his job.  
Clean up the cast, then put that on the pod.  
Cash overcast, like when BoJack left Todd, or when Phil had A. Rod, or when Potter paid  
Dob.  
Light paper jets, then fly off in the SAAB.  
Sippin' the syrup, girls gulpin' the grog.  
Fiends run to money, I watch these bucks jog.  
Pace it, don't waste it, then face it, like fog.  
Clouds on the ground, that's why Niko stay high.  
Pounds on the ground, Rel Heart call that a tithe.  
V Check pop Shmurda, then Zay split the prize.  
Fiends fake cry: *Murder! These free people guys took all the dimes, and they lefts us with  
fives!*  
Meemo and Caine put 3 Gs on each eye,  
Swizzy got 4, so know we see the signs.  
Bitches be trickin' and tryna divide.  
Ladies be crazy, tryna get a ride.  
DJFM put 'em all in a line.  
Love every size. Lame fucks bite, like incise.  
We never heard of these fake hip-hop guys.  
It's been 3 years, and we still droppin' bombs.  
Blow up the pen 'til they free that bol Quan.  
Ink on ya think, and ya think on ya sink if you ignore this link.  
If you think this the brink, then you knotted like kink,  
I mean nutty like Pink!  
All this ice like a rink.  
Dimes in den from one wink,  
vit 'em in, call that zinc.  
Put the regal in mink,  
and the vegans in pink.  
That's a secret. Don't tell.  
Collect grants like we Pell.  
Not enough for Terrel,  
so know if that boy fail, then its packs in the mail.

And I'm ridin' round, lookin' for a 9.  
PECO cut the lights, I'm tryna shine.

Samuel steady talking 'bout a fine.  
Tell your fuckin' uncle we'll be fine.

Blame all that shit on the moon, like this Star Wars.  
Blame all the loud on the neighbors on our floor.  
This not for free, but made this for free people.  
Rent lobbies with Jourdan and SiSi on Cecil,  
turn out the party; next day like a sequel.  
Rae and her bae got the church on a steeple.  
They made KrOöks the shit as if niggas was fecal.  
All you fake artists be like: like, like, like.  
If she my type, then I hit that on sight.  
Rel Heart the next Jay. He Roc nations on sites.  
If I'm 'Ye, she Bey. Ne-Yo, like to the right.  
I'm like Yasiin, she bae, so she like *to the right*.  
And no he not gay, but he hittin' that pipe,  
breakin' down sticky.  
She be fine; I'm picky.  
Say he fine, like Mickey.  
Dancin', she prancing; I call that chick Vicky.

But all of that's a secret. Don't tell.  
Busy givin' grants, like we Pell.  
Hope we got enough for the bail.  
If that boy fail, then its packs in the mail.

And I'm ridin' round, lookin' for the 9.  
People catching up and doing time.  
Weed plug said he quit; he catching fines.  
Long as we ain't catching time, then we'll be fine.

### **Retrograde**

I don't really member how it go.  
Watching as this blow flood down the road.  
No one really tell you how it flow.  
Asking all these questions you don't know.  
Talkin' turn to walkin' won't you show.  
You ain't down to ride, I ain't gon' tow.  
Moving like the reaper, won't you sow.  
Tree gon' turn to paper, let it grow.

KrOöks don't really need you fam.  
King Kid, Rel Heart biggest fan.  
Cook up competition. Call it pan.  
His work harder than a skillet.  
Eat your heart out. You gon' feel it.

Fame like liq, so we gon' we chill it.  
Put them plastics on the ice.  
Keep the cavemen in the 'Burgh.  
Know Geico ain't playin' nice;  
said they won't insure these birds.  
No matter, we pay the price.  
Lose the matter, keep your word.

I don't really member how it go.  
Watching all this blow flood down the road.  
No one really tell you how it flow.  
Asking all these questions; you don't know.

Said I never been around the world,  
this is new to me.  
My bros super. We gon' smash that.  
Fuck the world, and leave 'em lookin' like our lab rats.

Swear a nigga been around the world,  
ain't shit new to me.  
My bros super- we gon' smash that.  
Fuck the world, and leave 'em lookin' like our lab rats.

My whole life, I been waiting for you.  
Whole time, I been living for two.  
Maybe, one day, we can make it three.  
Started catchin' up to dreams.  
Living them is harder than it seems-  
money tighter than my Levi jeans.  
Watch the socket clock my pocket.  
Credit longer than that Nestle cream.  
I'ma spin it, I'ma win it.  
I'ma get it. I won't spend it.  
Overdraft my bank account,  
never pay back the amount,  
put that money in my mouth.  
Sound like I bought up the South.  
Dirty nigga, angel clout.  
Fuck your doubt. I'm getting out.

I don't really member how it go.  
No one really tell you how it flow.  
Talkin' turn to walkin'. Won't you show.  
Tree gon' turn to paper let it grow.

Call the super. We done smashed that;

fucked the world until she told us where the cash at.

## **Invasion**

If all these rappers clowns, then I must be Allen Walker.  
Crown Clown on you puppets. I'm like Henson, and you wokka.  
Flocka flames in the Fozzie;  
bearing arms like the coppies.  
We won't constitute the do-not-shoot;  
I think we need amendments.  
I think there's been a typo.  
They say Rel sound like Michael.  
King Kid say he the gyno.  
Best pussy doctor I know.  
He horny, call that rhino.  
She ol'head, call that dino.  
I put in all that I own.  
Bitch, what the fuck you whine for?  
This paper what I pine for,  
survival what I dine for.  
They say that Rel Heart mind gone,  
like, what the fuck he climb for?  
Why did they choose crime for?  
Why he can't do the time for?  
What he be reading signs for?  
That might be what he rhyme for.  
People stuck in rat race traps, asking me where my head's at.  
I got out to turn around, and make sure that I give it back.  
People wan' ignore the heat. They fucking up yo thermostat.  
Whiteys say that I ain't Black 'cause I won't wear a backwards cap.  
Brownies say that I'm the gat.  
His punchlines go *brrat dat dat*.  
Townies got the frownies. Rel Heart moved to Where The Fuck Is That?  
Get girls out they gownies, but he rarely where the tuxes at.  
They don't know where he was 'fo he was where the free lunches at.  
Gave my fam the project pat, 'cause my girl knocked her scrunchie back.  
Then my sis got in the pit, and put her where the zombies at.  
Keep my cousins in the know. They run you down, then run it back.  
Keep my cuh shit on the low, 'cause they be where the plug live at.

And really, gotta say that all these breakups kinda sad.  
Summer come, and couples run 'cause they already had.  
Singles sprinkled all around. Pick one way: this or that.  
That's T-Pain. I think we pained 'cause we won't forgive our dads.  
Might not know yo pappy, but I know about forefathers.  
Could've put the isms in, but I won't even bother.  
Call up Shirley Chisholm feed the bigots to the slaughtered.

Prudent student young like toony; no old fool or dodder.  
Weak ones teeter-totter, pretend this song is a nodder.  
Automatic assault 'cause his songs sound like the soddered.  
All that gun talk, we think King Kid keep it in his joggers.

Since divine was crucified, King Kid has been the Pater.  
If divine is crucified, then King Kid is the martyr.

Hate spray like the Milky Way. Rel Heart must be a fuckin' star.  
I can't lie. I do not drive, but bitch get in the fuckin' car.  
Put that whip out on the strip, then stack the coin up in the jar.  
Move them bricks out to the sticks; think he a monster. Call him Lars.  
Gangs won't claim him. Bloody-blue; that's messy like the mural marred.  
Pay him ruples. Y'all his pupils, neutral like a sandy bar.  
Stores kick doors into the floor. These families can't afford to starve.  
Poorer war for life and more; make 3 meals out a candy bar.

### **Bust**

Cocaine rushing to your tweeter.  
No game. KrOöks stay in ya speaker.  
Streets like lava, melt ya sneakers.  
Keep that java on the heater.  
Double cupped in the two seater.  
I won't drive, won't buy gas neither.  
If you wan' buy, know my gas ether.  
Pump the Potter, call that Seeker.  
She play Quidditch, then we sweep her.  
Like T: she lie; fool, I pity her.  
Like tea: she Honest, then I drink her,  
and if she go then I'ma keep her.

My songs sick, like septic fever.  
I'm the shit, like septic lever.  
Flush the industry like Lever;  
like 2000 bars on soap.  
Dick too friendly, like Wal-Mart greeter.  
My girl sex-stressed, she relieve her.  
Pussy hot like wear wife beaters,  
so know Rel do not believe her.  
This life a hoe, that's how I treat her.  
And if she get any better I'ma bust.

Cocaine rushing through your tweeters.  
No game. KrOöks stay in ya speakers.  
This life a hoe, that's how I treat her;

and if she get any better, I'ma bust.

What the fuck is going on?  
Brand new phone, and brand new zones.  
Brand new bud packed in the cones.  
Brand new lovers got the jones.  
Brand new soul strapped to these bones.  
Can the bill pay, defer loans.  
Put KrOöks in the superdome.  
Rel Heart gone, but King Kid home.  
Don't know what to do today:  
Pack a bag and hit the A;  
bake at the bay, like Frito-Lay;  
salt my chips in MIA;  
shit the bricks, like in LA  
'cause stars don't get walks in PA.  
Tell U of A to pave my name.  
Move where I get paid to stay.  
Godsend got arrangements made.  
Setup Washington like Jake,  
lose your shit like Training Day.  
That's Denzel.  
My name Rel.  
Fuck King Kid.  
He leave skids,  
he put marks on the chart,  
he leave tricks with the shits.  
Marc ass trick. Stupid bitch.  
Here's a tip: Suck this dick.  
Got my shit on ya lips,  
got my tic on my wrist.  
Flick my Bic on these jits.  
Can't get in. Where to sit?  
How to stand?  
Be a man  
in Japan, and Sudan  
and remain 'merican.  
That's too conscience.  
Hype the nonsense.  
We forgive, don't forget.  
We go big. Won't regret.  
Got the shiv on the jet.  
Count the vig, cash the check.  
Die to live. Fuck is debt?  
Y'all my kids. Y'all my pets.  
Y'all the bibs. I'm the tech.

Y'all get paid to neglect.  
QXotc own all the nets.  
Fuck your change. Want respect.  
Dropping gib for the Met,  
dodging gigs for my rep.  
Destiny down. Love my set,  
so I slid, 'cause she wet,  
and if she get any better, I'ma...

My songs sick, like septic fever;  
I'm the shit, like septic lever.  
Flush the industry like Lever.  
Like 2000 bars on soap.  
Dick too friendly like Wal-Mart greeter.  
When she sex-stressed, she relieve her.  
Hoe pussy hot, like wear wife beaters,  
so know Rel do not believe her.

### **Beer-Sheeva**

I'm so thirsty, she so wet, it's perfect. Get this girl a ring.  
Chocolate Hershey's ain't as good 'cause my females the sweetest thing.  
I might have to pawn everything but the kitchen sink.  
I might have a shot or three to help me think, but I'ont drink.  
How'd we meet? Amazing feat. I found her looking down the well.  
Said this rudely: 'scuse me, cutie. Like you, and my name Terrel.  
Open-hearted, love uncharted. Build you up, and will not sell.  
If indecent, gimme secrets. Swear to God I will not tell.  
I don't have no rap or melody for old girls in my phone.  
They ain't have no rap for me when I was broke and had no phone.  
They went mad and clapped at me like graduates when I moved on.  
Tracking clap and packing smack; some sluts like drugs. Left both alone.  
Anyway, I'm in the way. I'm tryna see what you been on.  
I would never call you bitch, but can I give a dog a bone?  
Treat the cat like favorite hat. It might be wear my head belong.  
Treat the lips like favorite dish. Taste test them while Food Network on.  
I talk all this shit then write it down, and put it in a song.  
I'ma take you to the sky if I get one peek of that thong.  
I'ma teach you how to fly if you give me that superdome.  
Swear I'm not obsessed with sex. Sometimes I'm intellectual.  
Know that my absorption in you isn't strictly sexual.  
I want you addicted. Make this dick the only one you on.  
I want you in every way; it make my body moan and groan.  
Bid old homes good riddens, 'cause this heart the only one you own.  
Give out dreams and put down jobs, just so I can get a loan,  
just so I can put you on,  
so we leave the past alone.

I never imagined I would find someone as real as you.  
Faith in dragons, but believe in love what people will not do.  
I am not critiquing. I'm the culprit and the victim, too;  
but I threw out all the doubt around the time that I found you.  
Said this before: swear I must've met you in a dream before,  
'cause you bring them all to life and washed the nightmares down the shore.  
I don't want for much, but right now I simply just must implore:  
you so dope, the only thing I'd dare to ask of you is more.

### **New Passport**

So much money that my hands knotted.  
Kinda funny, 'cause my mans thotted.  
Big Putty, 'cause them grams potted.  
Kid Cudi, keep the jams rockin'.  
That's like a bad guy moonwalkin' in Jays.  
Roadhouse, like my name was Patrick Swayze.  
Two shooters said they hit you in the grey.  
So much hate, a nigga in the hall of fame.  
Niggas wanna be we, pussies want us in 'em.  
I'm these niggas daddies, they moms want me in them.  
Been in Benz and Caddies; I don't fuckin' get 'em.  
Niggas suckin' fatties just to get up in 'em.  
Used to be on Addys, but I had to split 'em.  
Used to keep them Xannies; you could say I spit 'em.  
Pez bars. Every track, burn a brand on it.  
Fez bars. Any track, turn a grand on it.  
Flame bars. Pussies quaking 'cause its trans on it.  
Shake scars. Envy make 'em put a can on it.

Even Peter had a lil' hate.  
Even Jeter had to deal with fate.  
Streets say, *we know he gon' be great.*  
Cuz and me, we got a label date.

I'm the man with the plan, call that blueprint.  
This whole land in my hand, like I'm Jewish.

So much money that my hands knotted.  
Kinda funny 'cause my mans thotted.

Blowin' ya reggie with my man Reggie.  
Too much name droppin', that's whattup to Fetti.  
Ridin' with Letty, and she actin' petty.  
Purchase the telly give her wet knee; broken levees.  
World be too heavy, why we toke medi.

Dem boys steady, treat Topangas like En Gedi.  
I'm too ready with Nurse Betty in the Chevy.  
Run through gas like a nigga stuck at the Getty,  
but buy jetties, ride waves.  
Preach Samuel, like Graves.  
Till minus 'til phase,  
and the Flo go like Nase.  
We don't mean Nassau.  
That might mean NASA,  
and high-key add up.

Game like no words, please, just bang on a beat.  
Fame like no verbs, please, and stay off the streets.  
Babe like no blame, please, the pain was on me.  
Gabe like no veins, but they easy to see.  
Tracks on a angel, or crack with a halo.  
Call my girl Shawty, she stay Lo like *Dey Know*.  
*Dunn Dunn* it all. KrOöks don't play, but we ball.  
Spend it summer, returns double each fall.

It's in the air I can hear it. That's Seigel.  
Pay off this debt, then peel off in the Regal.  
She stay in shape, like all she do is kegels.  
Hold so much power foes wail, like this legal?  
Broads throwin' bonds for that bail, like free people!  
Pourin' out Pino for niggas in penal.  
Countin' you doubting I'm hittin' these C-notes.  
Floutin'. You poutin', I'm gettin' these C Notes.  
And I'm feelin' kinda constipated.  
Shit on everyone who hated.

We the realest.  
Whole squad, we the realest.  
Her whole squad want the digits.

Game like no words, please, just bang on a beat.  
Fame like no verbs, please, and stay off the streets.  
Babe like no blame, please, the pain was on me.

### **Ball & Chain**

People be speaking without any knowledge.  
Sound like a doctorate dropped outta college.  
Her pussy freeway, 'cause he put on mileage.  
He call her spit shine, 'cause she like to polish.  
Fuckin' her throat so her nagging on silent,

but she need her face beat. Her makeup look childish.  
He pay the bills, and for meals and the stylist,  
meanwhile she getting dicked down by 6 Zaoists.  
Got bitches hatin'. He always complainin'.  
Hit the blunt hard, 'cause this sister be drainin'.  
Time for the show, and she got fellas waitin'.  
Friends told bol they'd rather be masturbatin'.  
Hoes got him graying. Why I don't be datin'.  
Plus I'm tied down to the baddest Jamaican.  
Won't tell you who so they say that you fakin'.  
Look at you dickeat on my situation.  
Not in ya pussy so fuck is you hatin'?'  
Not in my wallet, so fuck is you payin'?'  
Not with my lady, so fuck is you slayin'?'  
That envy make you look real green, like Draymond.  
Cheese like Romano. Err'body love Raymond.  
Fiens out the grotto see me in my apron.  
Rob you or slob you for what I been bakin'.  
Dot you, then pop you for where they been stayin'.  
These faggots fault my bros locked in the state pen.  
These maggots fault we use that word for gay men.  
Please have a talk with the staff at the Days Inn.  
This telly triflin'. I'm gone to the Westin.  
Then get tats o'er at the mall in the West End,  
then buy a ounce to secure my investment  
'cause hoes melt ya gold befo' you learn ya lesson.  
My future wife fix up acid like Pepcid.  
My newest wife tell me she got me, don't stress it.  
My single wife hot, 'cause that child, coulda kept it.  
My newest life nice, prayed to God so He bless it.  
Mad at my fortune, see Hym to address it.  
Workin' three hard 'cause my plug got arrested.  
Livin' in Philly been like getting tested.  
Clean, but can't brag 'cause you know that might hex it.  
We in the lab, got the network. We Dex it.  
They say we Monkey, we fuckin' they Dee-Dees.  
Labels and moguls keep throwin' us freebies.  
We take them hurls, whirl them into a pearl,  
put it in work that'll make her toes curl.  
We takin' vacas all over the world,  
and all my mans do is complain 'bout his girl.

Songs of Solomon from the sons of solemn men.  
Breaking down walls, every column and  
give a fuck who really following.  
Mind getting lax, like OD'd on Olanzapine.

Forgot my girl, and then forgot the condom, then  
forgot the problems, and let them drip all down her chin.  
Forgot the point, so stuck back in her arms again.  
Swear they had pussy, my mans would be on Mars again.

## **Nine**

Knew back then right now, then I woulda.  
Listening to the wind like my last name To The.  
City make me grin like the last J shoulda.  
Say we gonna win. No room for the coulda.  
Don't believe in time, but I think it's almost nine.  
Don't ascribe to lies, but they said that they would ride.  
Can't wait to get home. I'ma tan my girlfriend hide.  
Put all of the bullshit on the other side aside.  
She cheat and he lie 'cause they both got too much pride.  
They been on the grind and got no one to confide.  
Nag like on the rag; lately all she do is chide.  
Living out of bags hoping he can change the tide.  
Stunting in his rags 'cause his nose was open wide.  
Gave her all he had on his person at the time.  
She wrinkle her nose like this nigga smell like brine.  
She fuck gigolos and he say that's it's all fine.  
He gon' get them hoes when he get her out his mind.  
He gon' find the one. All she gon' do is support.  
Even if that means she gon' smoke up all the 'Ports.  
Even if that means moving to another port.  
She won't have no ear for the negative reports.  
He won't have a need for the expletive retorts.  
She gon' look a bean in his t-shirt and his shorts.

Don't believe in time, but he think it's almost nine.  
Don't ascribe to lies, but they said that they would ride.  
Put all of the bullshit on the other side aside.  
Krooks been on the grind. Tell them others step aside.

Knew back then right now, then I woulda.  
Listening to the wind like my last name To The.  
City make me grin like the last J shoulda.  
Say we gonna win. No room for the coulda.

Packing up his bags. Letter say he gotta deal.  
Don't just wanna sing, but he tryna get a meal.  
Collect all this green ink; so wet he call it teal.  
Workplace suicide ain't how she supposed to feel.  
Fam won't have to hide when his brother pull the steel.

This girl gonna cry but he know them tears not real.  
Yeah he know them fears not real.

Don't believe in time, but I think it's almost nine.  
Don't ascribe to lies, but they said that they would ride.  
Put all of the bullshit on the other side aside.  
Krooks been on the grind. Tell them others step aside.

### **Busyness**

Lately things been crazy in my head.  
Can't keep money and these women out my bed.  
Maybe I should just go be a monk instead.  
That shit come and go.

No news today. How you today?  
New you today. What's true today?  
New feel today. What's real today.  
She goin' away. What I'm supposed to say?

Lately things been crazy with my cash.  
Can't keep family and the feddies out my stash.  
Maybe I should just go spend it all on hash.  
That shit come and go.

No news today. How you today?  
New you today. What's true today?  
New feel today. What's real today?  
I'm goin' away. What I'm supposed to say?

Put the valuables in storage units.  
I don't know how you old fuckers do it.  
Tryna pace myself and catch up to it.  
Unemployment like they ain't gon' do it.  
EBT card empty. I can't chew it.  
Country robbin', me and I can't sue it.  
Gimme all the pieces. I can glue it.  
Make me Superfly, 'cause I can shoo it.  
Hate the main thing we exterminate.  
Love the main essence we germinate.  
But all that hippie shit get terminated  
when your presence perpetrated,  
and your modem go outdated,  
or your brain jus constipated.  
Rel the best. We won't debate it.  
That was a digressive statement.

This is a divergent year.  
Man, you say that every year.  
Yeah, but this year is our year.  
Swore to God and Eve and last year,  
took 10 pills and went to sleep.  
Woke up with a blunt in hand.  
Cable networks giving deets.  
Whiskey tail me on the stand,  
holy sneakers on my feet.  
Coverts want me join the band.  
I still don't know where I am.  
I still don't know who they are.  
Rich peers use self-drive or fly.  
I cant even 'Ford a car,  
but I can afford the bar.  
Blow them ad costs on a jar.  
Leave the domain doors ajar  
just to say fuck all that work.  
CEO a fuckin' jerk.  
COO a fuckin' nerd.  
CFO the fuckin' worst.  
Jokes' on me, 'cause I'm all three.  
Run yo shit, like LLC.  
Someone won't believe in me,  
so I do it all alone.  
Movie stu stay on my desk,  
music stu stay on my phone.  
Getting daps, designing apps.  
Like my pics, and run it back.  
KrOōks T-shirt, En Gedi hat.  
Oakland where they found me at.  
I was hooked on this and that,  
wrote like a chapter a day,  
just to keep the pain away,  
just to keep a nigga sane.  
Just in case my talent stray,  
send all my work to the state  
just so I can concentrate.

Lately things been crazy in my head.  
Can't keep money and these women out my bed.  
Maybe I should just go be a monk instead.  
Love it come and go.

No news today. How you today?  
New you today. What's true today?

New feel today. What's real today.  
I'm goin' away. What I'm supposed to say?

### **Used to be KrOöksday Cinco**

I don't want the fame, just want my name.  
I don't play the game, I own the lane.  
Dirty blunts on brain. I ain't the same.  
Rel Heart, all you write about is pain.  
King Kid why all your beats sound the same.  
Bitch KrOöks freed you out ya fuckin' chains.  
Take this tape and feed it down the drain,  
'cause I don't want the fame just want my name.

Never 'sposed to feel like this.  
Easier to swing them bricks.  
Simpler to bake them sticks.  
Every hit a swing and miss.  
Maybe 'cause I shook brain stems;  
maybe 'cause I cooked strain stems.  
It's too late for all that guilt.  
Wise if you not passing judgment.  
Acting like ya shit not pungent;  
acting like you follow budgets;  
act like you was there, you wasn't.  
Actin' like you blood fake cousin.  
Copping up the baker's dozen-  
extra. I need extra.  
Getting my twists Samson knotted by this stylist named Rebekah.  
He do not fall for Delilahs. Need a king, we think he next up.  
KrOöks numero uno. What you draw for? Stack your deck up, or prepare for bad ass  
bloodsuckers to come and fuck your neck up;  
come and fuck your sex up.  
How these hoes get in my queen?  
Bought that size for her and me.  
Don't mind a little company,  
but least make sure that girl is clean.  
On one side but I like Bis.  
Tryna make this pair a tri.  
All this porn talk. What the fuck?  
Say that's how you get a buck.  
Y'all quacks call that sitting duck.  
Y'all wack rappers seem real sus.  
Go ahead and look that up.  
Other lyricists like fairies. I'm the Urban Dictionary.  
Run the trap in my bleached Sperrys

while you eat your Ben & Jerry's.  
Where's my cream?  
Can't complain,  
but no ice on my chain,  
and uh...

Never 'sposed to feel like this.  
Easier to swing them bricks.  
Simpler to bake them sticks.  
Every hit a swing and miss.  
Maybe 'cause I shook brain stems.  
Maybe 'cause I cooked strain stems.  
It's too late for all that guilt.  
Wise if you not passing judgment.  
Acting like ya shit not pungent.  
Acting like you follow budgets.  
Act like you was there you wasn't;  
actin' like you blood fake cousin.  
Copping up the baker's dozen.  
Extra. I need extra.

Wonder, why you feel like this?  
Wonder, why you swing them bricks?  
Wonder, why you bake them sticks?  
Wonder, why you swing and miss?  
Maybe need a new brain stem.  
Maybe smoke a new strain stem.  
Hope you not still holding guilt.  
Pray it's not you passing judgment.  
Acting like ya shit not pungent.  
Acting like you follow budgets.  
Act like you was there you wasn't.  
Acting like you blood, fake cousin.  
Copping up the baker's dozen-  
Extra. I need extra.

## **Melanin**

She been picturing which skin she's in.  
Hoarding insults from these Little Men.  
Like her spirit has been riddled in.  
Like her soul OD'd on Ritalin.  
She been wishin' they were kids again,  
when the mirror hid her differences;  
when she enjoyed using those makeup pens.  
Smiles, she didn't have to sketch them in.  
Worked so hard on her personality

before she woke up to reality.  
They wanna sell her sexuality,  
and her nudes lure in principalities.  
They don't care about the quality  
long as she bendin' how she gotta be.  
She wanna hide in the papaya trees.  
Keep her untied hair and ashy knees.

Living in shade,  
she's been afraid of the sun.

You might never take another pic.  
Photo need one filter, you use six.  
Just can't seem to get the perfect pitch.  
Your first impressions never stick,  
and your interviewers make you sick;  
won't take no one over 26.  
Won't take no one if their waist too thick.  
You so mad it make the baby kick.  
You gon' buy the watch, and make it tick.  
You gon' buy the draft and take your pick  
'fore you meltdown like the candle wick;  
before Creator give the seals a lick.  
You been anxious, so you moving quick.  
Couple Xans usually do the trick,  
but you lost your medication kit.  
Shoes getting' crowded, but you make 'em fit.  
Tonight, you gon' perform your latest bit.  
Then no more living off of hazy tips.

Living in shade,  
you been afraid of the sun.

I been keeping myself to myself.  
I been peeping I might need your help.  
Dreameed I'd be here since a little whelp.  
Use the website like a trophy shelf.  
Use the music like it's therapeutic.  
Make the visuals residual.  
Platform like encyclopedia,  
put my heart in all the media.  
One side think that I'ma workaholic,  
and the other don't know what to call it.  
Just wanna be where I can free ball it;  
make sure nobody can recall it.

Sick of the shade.  
I'm not afraid of the sun.  
Sick of the shade;  
Don't be afraid of the sun.

### **Pussy Milk**

I'll stay for you, my love.  
Wait for you, my love.  
'Cause I ache for you my love.  
Only you.

Stay for me, my love.  
Wait for me, my love.  
Ache for me, my love.  
Only me, my love.  
All for me.  
All for me, my love.

Taste of you  
smooth like silk.  
Sweet pussy milk  
all for me.

Sugar Water for my love.  
Trip and fall for you, my love.  
All and more for you, my love.  
Only you, my love.

All for you, my love.  
Only you, my love.

Stay for me.  
Wait for me.  
Ache for me.  
All for me.  
Only me.

I'll stay for you,  
wait for you.  
'Cause I ache for you,  
all for you my love.  
Only you.

Ache for me.  
Only me.