

Mayday

Ab-Soul

This shit right here is like... Heh
This, this shit right here is like the calm before the storm
Like little kids playing in Japan before Hiroshima got bombed on
Yo

I'm sick of holding back, Jay told me go harder
How else am I gonna prove I'm the number one author?
Sometimes I wake up in the morning mourning for my father
And the more I think about it - the more I get stronger
It didn't kill me, it contributed to the growth
I take five dollars - contribute it to the smoke
I rather get high while I'm living at the bottom
But even when I ride you gon' see my red eyes
Like the last flight to the night
See I done soared through the air like fighting a knight
I've seen bad times and I cherish the good
My sentences give life, man, fly me a kite if you would
I'm so introspective
All it took was a pen and a little reflection
But what does it take to be number one?
Will one of you motherfuckers please answer the question
I'm starving out here, and I haven't prayed to God in so long
He'll probably try to charge me for a blessing, am I wrong?

Hold on, Mayday
Ab-Soul you driving them crazy
Ah ha, Fooled you
No matter how heavy the situation we pull through
Yeah, yeah I do it for the love
I do it for ya'll
I do it cause I'm the one
That's it, that's all

I never gave up, niggas want me to raise up
But I'm a kick it 'till my fucking flower bed's made up
Tear a fucking stage up every time we hit a venue
Eating all rappers - Vibe magazine is like a menu
Shall I continue? You said yes didn't you?
Seven star general, all for being liberal
Cause how is it that what I'm saying give you a visual?
I promise all competition candlelight rituals
Quite the individual, deliver the mayhem!
Like swine born in the springtime, I'm borderline psycho
When I come up with lines to bite your
Fucking face off, ya'll ain't trying to face off!
Ab-soul, divine with the rhymes
Bring sight to the deaf and sound to the blind
Ya'll do it for the light intertwined with lime
I do it cause on the mic ain't none of ya'll better
TopDawg, ya'll mice, taking all of ya'll cheddar
Am I right?
Fucking right, yeah

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Cause 2010 I'm trying to ball nigga
Like shooting jump shots in the mall nigga
Cause my skies are gray
You could say I'm a goose in a pond of some hard liquor
I tend to go overboard with the metaphors
Still walking in the shadow of my team
Jay Rock finna blow - 2010 fo sho
And K-Dot and C4, but what about me?
It's kind of hard to say you top notch
Parking your bucket in front of your mom's spot
Still getting dime bags on credit
Girl wanna go out, all you can afford is iHop
It's fucked up right? That's where I'm at with it
I'm finna crack like a egg hat, stand back

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And in the midst of the bullshit
I'm still nothing to fool with
The type of nigga bitches wanna get cool with
Primarily cause of my future in music
They seen me shake Nipsey Hussle's hand
I hear them whisper to themselves, "he's the fucking man"
I do one song with Glasses
And I'm the talk in all the high school classes
In the studio with Game
Just soaking up game like I'm standing in the rain
So when I'm in the booth (MAYDAY)
Better yet I'm finna make it my new AKA
Yea, Willie B what up?
Shit's hot sorta like a temperature nigga, keep it up
Uh, and please turn your speakers up
Cause Eric Wright couldn't make it look easier
Rest in peace my nigga
But since you've been gone I've been killing these niggas

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