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 to 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 chedddar 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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