

# The End Is Near

Ab-Soul

Yo, check □ my flow in unknown to man yet  
Damnit □ keep runnin' 'round like an annual banquet  
Made a withdrawal with your broad, she left the bank wet  
Rub her like a condom, contemplating dangerous sex  
I'm unimpressed with your talent, skills still appeal  
A maestro on the mic, though, I'm almost as ill as Camille, for real  
Ain't never runnin' from nothin', I'm fit to tread mills  
Name another movement making time stand still...  
High-powered to the third degree  
Murder, we emerged, and it was an emergency  
It's closed curtains for you worthless earthlings  
Hurtin' 'cause I rise like mercury in the burning heat  
Words on the streets, Solo done done it again  
Look at me, I used to match a dub sack with my friends  
No we smokin' by the O, like the letters P and N  
Ain't have to start watching CNN for you to see an in  
It's coming quicker than you think, don't mean to rub it in  
Like Lubriderm, but you should learn that you could never fuck with him  
Abs gettin' bigger, but I ain't do no sit-ups  
Got the hiccups, 'cause I keep puffin' 'Ports without the filter  
Feel the vibe switch in every single room that I enter  
Told my bitch to make room for a tomb for her placenta, nigga  
I'll fuck her 'til she have a seizure in my leisure time  
She know I love her, also know I don't need her  
'Cause I'm a king, and I smoke a lot of weed  
That makes sense, it's about 33 ounces in a litre  
In layman's terms, you lames had better pay respect  
Or you'll be sleepin', they'll be at your wake, payin' their respects

Said it's the soul cold wickedness □ old folk killin' shit  
Most Dope syndicate, the Go Pro's filming it  
Good coke, sniffin' shit □ broke, no benefits  
Smack him in his face and then I'm blowin' smoke into it  
Obliterated on a big estate, shit...  
I figure fame is just a bitch's game  
That's why there's raindrops drippin' off my windowpane  
And I was gettin' money far before the fiscal game  
Official names, got plugs like a new strain does  
You may be hot inside your city, but homie you ain't us  
You can't trust nothin' if it's comin' with a dollar sign  
It's genius coming from out of my awkward mind  
Cross the line? It's just not the time  
And he ain't thinkin', put that red dot on his mind  
I'm Satana's bandana, against me, you don't stand a chance  
Call you fancy pants, 'cause when you drunk, you do the hammer dance  
If there's a random chance you fuckin' up my Phantom plans  
I'mma go bananas and blam 'em until the ambulance  
My mother's sonogram was like a mission statement  
'Cause I wasn't patient, left that pussy in a spaceship  
Y'all fools basic, your parents both racist  
I'm lawyering these hoes out here, beating cases  
She eatin' dick, so she plead the Fifth  
Yeah, it's Larry Fish, homie, he's a myth  
You sunk my battleship, I be in Nazareth 'bout where Jesus lived  
And your homie with you, he's a bitch, some vagina shit  
Gettin' faded, go sing in Vegas  
I'm just observing, a man of different faces

Yup, some dick licker want my kids in her  
She a switch hitter, told her bring a bitch with her  
The dick split her like a Swisher then I'm outtie... outtie  
I never eat the pussy if it's lousy... lousy  
I'm the prodigal son, the ominous Nostradamus  
Anonymous visions, confidant, some Obama shit  
In moccasins, takin' Annie... alright...