

Track Two

Ab-Soul

B-O, what up my nigga?
E3 I'm a get you on these backwoods last thing I do
nigga
Yeah
Oh shit nigga! Oh shit nigga!
These niggas done did it again
Tae Beast why you do that man?
Why the fuck you had to do that man?
This shit sound like a 100 birds under the Carson
Sheriff Station
I told Rizac I get off my stash
We really out here my nigga!

When I roll through the city it give me a rush
Yeah I'm high off life but I'm rolling blunts
And they couldn't wait for Soul to reappear
Click, boom. T.N.T., TDE, we in here
Mm, mm, mm! I can smell fear
From a mile away, you might as well get from round here
I run the town like Roc Nation, no exaggeration
Bet I rise like Lazarus, use your imagination
Fascinated by you faggots hating
Get an occupation
You in violation, provoke annihilation
Flow like the Nile river, yo it's now or never
You had a release date, but now it's never
Yeah, welcome to the Control System
I'm stimulating the hoes and educating my niggas
I wiggle through potholes, my destination is vivid
To the end of the road I'm driven
Y'all trippin'
Soulo

And we stunting like
Ab-Soul, abstract, asshole
Give the people what they need
Damn right, let 'em know
You got some kind of disease
I'm the illest in the business
If you ain't with the business, mind your business
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Like I ain't never had shit
Cause I never had shit
Same Chucks, two years straight, doing bad shit
Sick, twist two spliffs out my dime bag shit
Pissed, tryna get a good response out this bad bitch
Which one of you niggas wanna call my bluff?
Wish granted, call his ass granite, now he mopped up
Never been locked up but I keep a sentence

Winners win and sinners sin only to ask God forgiveness
In this world of luxury cars, illegal tender
Johnny want me like Wyclef Jean gone til' November
Pop my collar like I'm Don Juan, green to my slippers
Just remember that they don't want me to get ignorant
Sinister literature, given from this wicked minister
Witness your future diminish
No present from Saint Nicholas in particular
You're just a thing of the past
I'm a diamond ring in the trash
No reason to brag, it's Ab

What's your life about, enlighten me
Is you gon' live on your knees or die on your feet?
Can't lose, you niggas must admire defeat
You lying like Nala nigga, you know where to find a
nigga
Del Amo, Carson in the house
The View, The Village, Scottsdale and right back around
Can't forget about The Patch, matter fact
I got some homies off Grace Ave., we go way back
Been running round since L train cut up at our people
Rocket was my role model, Lil' Rocket my number one O-
migo
With fifteen in the back alley
Hop fences and skip school
Fellowship with the gang members, and goddammit I still
do
But just imagine if Einstein got high and sipped juice
Broke rules, got pussy, beat up rookies on Pro Tools
You probably call his ass Soul Brother #2
And I just took a number two
And ain't this track number two?