

## W.W.S.D.

Ab-Soul

More than a man, I been died and rose again, yeah  
Fast life, slow motion - {These Days}

Well I've been out walking  
I don't do that much talking {These Days} (I gotta stop smokin' cigarettes)  
{These Daaaaays} (yep)  
{These Days} I seem to think a lot  
about the things that I forgot to doooo, for you (man)  
And all the times I had the chance to

(Yo, how the fuck my new girl got me jealous of other girls?)  
(I think I live in another world) And I had a lover (fuck!)  
But it's so hard to risk another {These Days} (These Days)  
{These Daaaaays}  
(Ay, he wrote this shit when he was 16 he said)  
(This is, I'm 27, this is like my whole life)  
Now if I seem to be afraid (like this second, yeah)  
To live the life, that I have made in soooooong  
(You know all I like to do is keep it real - Soulo, hoe)  
Well it's just that I have been losing, soooooo long  
(Can I win one time? Yeah, yeah this that pain you was talkin' about)  
(Can I win one time? Uh, uh)

So many pills I should have slipped already (yeah)  
My lungs the same color as my lips already (yeah)  
Expensive clothes and sufficient funds  
Me and my bros switchin' hoes just for fun (yeah)  
The money and bitches is all we care about  
Very far from home if you worried about my whereabouts  
Chasin' the light at the end of the fuckin' tunnel  
Pray for Sydney, send Tia a text, tell her I love you (I love you)  
The devil is a lie, never let him persevere  
God took my angel and left me here, it's Heaven here

Well I'll keep on moving, moving on (yeah)  
Things are bound to be improving {These Days} (it's Longterm, this shit real  
)  
I love These Daaaaays (it'll all make sense one day, my nigga)  
(I've even been on songs with Common, it's crazy)  
{These Days} I'll sit on corner stones (can't stop me my nigga, yeah)  
And count the time in quarter tones to teeeen, my friend (uh, yeah)  
Don't confront me with my failures (can't achieve success without failure, b  
aby!)  
I have not forgotten them

Diggin' for gold in these codeine bottles  
Trying to picture potential in these Instagram models (like)  
Information racing around the Internet  
Before the iPad was invented, I had a pad of writtens  
Smokin' a cig on the side of the house tryin' to figure it out  
The axe didn't cut it, moms told me cut it out  
Clem told me always take pride in my work  
I clutch the mic with blessed hands at all my concerts  
Why his name Soulo? How is he so smart?  
We can see his four footprints in the sand when he walk (Black Lip Bastard)  
I like to refer to myself in third person from the third person (3's)  
That's a out-of-body experience of self (yeah)

So I can see me for me and no one else  
Don't need to see a Emmy, award or no jail (Soul)  
I'm at them like a cell, I just want to be free  
All this chatter from the chattel nigga, I don't speak sheep (yeah)  
This TDE and nothin' beyond that (infinite)  
Told Du-Dog I don't even need to read the contract (hahaha)  
Yeah, as if some legal documents can stop me  
Legalize, legal lies, legal eyes so I see  
I did it while you were sitting wishin', ask my nigga DZA  
All my verses hearses leavin' {Church's}, not the cheap chicken (yeah!)  
And I love the beast coast but what about the best one?  
What's your life without a soul? A dead one

(Yeah Mac, you ain't got bars like that Mac!)