

## In The Bag

E-dubbe

[Hook x2:]

A'yo. It's in the bag. Look, it's in the bag  
Open up and peep what I brought back  
Nothing but the dopest shit. Straight filled  
To the brim. Just peep what's in my napsack

I make something out of nothing. Call me Jesus  
A tall proud heretic, damn behemoth  
And I stand in these jeans with creases  
Don't blame me; blame the god-damn Levi's genius  
These 501s are the uniform  
Keep me mythically invisible - a unicorn  
Nope you can't see me chilling on the deans list  
With the A.P. classes. Y'all still C.P  
To college preps I'm a graduate  
Put my diploma on a t-shirt to laugh a bit  
Bachelors in rap tactics. I mastered it  
Put on my seat belt and I fastened it  
Cause I ride that beat like a fucking big wheel  
Big deal. I throw back like a [?]  
Spinning all around like a fucking wind mill  
I'm conscious of the sickness. I know I've been ill

[Hook x2]

I'm no backpacker. More like a carpet bagger  
Peel off new constituents. Peep my swagger  
And I'm not talking Old Spice. This is my right  
To passage. Wreck mics till they call me average  
Meal ticket gets ripped and often [?]  
But I promise that day will never come to pass  
I can run too fast, and my pace is awkward  
You're a great white hommie? We're a pack of dolphins  
Stay tight nit like an emo sweater  
Don't need no beef. E' knows better  
Don't need your hype. Just need the mic  
Beefing with you is like riding on a seatless bike  
It's useless. My true fans boost my music  
So when you see me out just chuck the duces  
When you drink a jazzzer, go dumb, you doofus  
Till the line gets blurred and your dreams are lucid

[Hook x2]

Yeah  
I got diamonds on the soles of my shoes  
Okay they're rhinestones, but they look cool  
I am more fresh than Paul Simon  
I am so bent, yet I'm rhyming  
Freestyling to any beat that comes on  
Daft punk, James Brown. I don't give a fuck  
White boss speaks proper. Spit so fly  
Been waiting to talk shit since Ready To Die  
Since Ready To Die, I've been ready to fly  
Uncle Crips spits slick so I mimic the guy  
And I'm a Wallace myself, so I polish the ???  
Chasing the dream, so it seems that I follow the wealth

Yeah I diminish my health, but the vices keep me writing  
Drunk verses shock me, so I call my pen lightning  
Yack. Yes the lyrics get frightening  
Freddy Kruger letter head. Never sleep lightly

[Hook x2]