

Miracle

E-dubble

[Hook:]

I'm a fuckin' miracle, I should be in a museum
People should study my body to figure out what I am
A fuckin' miracle
I had to say it again, give me a pat on the back
You're lucky just being my friend
A fuckin' miracle

I had to write a little song just to get my Kanye on
Cooler than a cold day with the shade drawn
Some days you gotta feel your oats
And when the self esteem is low, really gloat
I really float my tracks are clouds
I'm like a care bear flippin' when I'm spittin' moving packs of crowds
I haven't done it in a minute, but I'm back for good
So excited and delighted that I'm packing wood
Held my tongue for too long
Need some new songs
Middle school rappers back your bag and move on
The summer is gone and hip-hop's alive
I feel invigorated like when big pop arrived
Sloppy rhymes have got me pissed off
Now grown folks are convinced hip-hop is this soft
Respect your elders, read a book
Stop thinking speaking English is being shook
I'm hip-hop to death, but I rock so hard that I shock the left
And the right side, same time popping shit
'till my tongue turns brown can't hold my breath

[Hook]

The modern day j. cash all I wear is black
And blue jeans, new things don't compare me to that
No addictions cept for spittin' and comparing the facts
Socratic method when I question why you fallin' for that
Monotheistic, simplistic, thoughts get shifted
Pushed to the back for rhetoric that's uplifting
Sift through the text for some shit that you like
Then trash all the rest cause the left can't be right
I know it's hard, know your god
Ponzi scheme the oppressive new fraud
Depression is a human way to test your will
So you grip upon your bible and ingest that pill
I'd be a hypocrit for shittin' on some substance abuse
Man we love the abuse, mix the vodka with juice
Stay sippin' inhibitions stop grippin' the noose
'till you toe up and throw up from bending the truth
But your keel stays even from the demons that you fight
From your yin to your yang its the reason your right
With a fist in the air, and your ear to the tracks
Keep your eyes open knowing you ain't falling for that

[Hook]

No chips on my shoulder as I get older
But real life keeps telling me to just fold up
And shelve my hope, like my shit's past due

But fuck it I spill ink, let it bleed right through
The paper, clinched teeth 'till the verse is spit
26 years of shit is why I'm merciless on the mic
A clown in real life the strong silent type
That's why I sit back and chill 'till the time is right
And right now, I'm up in this mic booth
With my foot jammed up in an aircast boot
Turn tragedy to triumph, I can't spit it through the wire
But I'll beast a fucking taxi cab and its rolling tires
I hold back to speak when my thoughts are lucid
Tryin' not to get addicted to this oxy bullshit
But shit I've been spittin' real satirically lately
Pat yourself on the back, you're a miracle baby

[Hook]