

# 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]