

"Livin' my life, expressin' my liberty
It gotta be done properly" "done properly"

My patterns is unmatched
I leave MC's hunchbacked with one rap
Guaranteed no comeback
I run laps around 'em, roll like Dunlap tires
Made a lot of niggas retire, I be ya highness
Sucka MC's might as well call me a sire
Just shootin' the breeze
Fuck a plane, I take you higher
This is rap for my niggas that pack, push packs
To the citizens, fakin' no jax and we militant
Straight up out the trenches
Young black and gifted
Slung sacks ridiculous, done that, you kiddin'?
160, but with a pen, I feel brolic
I can still knowledge, bang out hits like Phil Collins
Duck tail with the Starter cap, way before the rap
I was pullin' ho's, kickin' verses off the dome
Now I'm movin' up, I can't even front
Should be in the pen for all the shit I done did
But I'm livin' my life

Yeah, you are now about the witness the strength of street know
ledge
Give it to 'em
Knowledge increase it, college enroll
Captivity, leave it, keep dreamin', goals
Power, money, spend it with control
God, life, mind, body and soul
Reach one, teach one, young to the old
History's a mystery and lies were sold
Positive reality, luxury homes
Bentley, Ferrari, Jaguar, Rolls
Royce's, racism, royalty, gold
Conflict diamonds, the world is cold
Niggas, bitches, freedom, senses
CPS infants, the future, the children
Addiction, supplements, hustlin', pimpin'
Fame, jealousy, pain, redemption
Politics, bullshit, ignorant content
Conscious nonsense, the mind is complex
Progress, the president, the people, the projects
Progress, the president, the people, the projects