

Hope

Jaden Smith

Baby girl I just hope
When I grow up I can know the ropes
I'm never selling my soul
Guess we won't know until we know
So all I can do is hope, hope, hope
All I can do is hope
When I die leave a note
Until then I just hope, hope

I'm about to switch it on you all
My shoes are bleeding with the blood of Martin Luther King
These ain't no Louboutin, this is for Tuff Gong
This is for activists riding in Teflon with a bulletproof vest on
This is for MSFTS who know that I'm serious
This is for all the delirious kids
Who can live inside a prison pyramid
There's kids in prison, are you hearing this?
Believe me, this not a conspiracy
I don't label myself a conspiracist, I need a therapist
Look, Fahrenheit 451
Building Seven wasn't hit and there's more shit to come
The Pentagon is on a run
I just hope I go to Heaven when this shit is done
Business is business, I get it
I'm just wishing all these prisons was not independent
Lobbyists are in the senate, lobbying to make it obvious
Innocent people are prosecuted for a living
I talked to Juda in my vision, your bullshit is done
I'll be Martin Luther in a minute
Once all the products in the kitchen
Why do you even get passionate when you be spitting?
You know they don't even listen
They care about YSL and putting lean up in their fridges
And wearing crosses like they're Christian
When playing chess and I'm the bishop
I've just ran out of ammunition baby but I'm still on a mission
Your verses sound like dirty dishes and that's just a joke

Well baby all I do is hope
Baby all I do is hope
I'm never selling my soul
Yeah we won't know until we know
Baby all I do is hope, hope, hope
Baby all I do is hope
When I crawl, my body knows the ropes
And I'm never selling my soul, no, no, no, no, no, no
And I'm never selling my soul, no, no, no, no, no, no
No, no, no, no, no, no
Selling my soul, no, no, no, no, no, no
No, no, no, no, no, no, ay, ay
I'm never selling my soul, no
Never, selling my soul, no, no, no

Gloomy, gloomy days in Calabasas
City's on the maps and now it's hella ratchets
MSFTS soldier with my stripes and badges
Shouldn't plug the clique, but that's just automatic

Got her number there, well what's her name?
Never hit her up, but I'm so glad to have it
In case a lonely day she'll fall upon me
I can make a call and we can share some magic
Got a psychopathic flow, I'm scared of snapping
Hit them in the back and they don't know what happened
So subliminal that they didn't know
Smooth Criminal, call me Michael Jackson
I would die for this, a suicidal passion
You and I were simply too aloud to have had it
Girl, my ego had to die, ego had to fly
I'm just really glad this room is padded
Because I'm going harder than a runningback
Once I get it all, I ain't coming back
Girl I guess we'll never talk again
Well I didn't know that you wanted that
Could've left you with them other kids
Would've helped us with a lot of suffering
Now I'm hanging out with mutual friends
And they just do a lot of wandering
You want the comma, comma, comma, comma
I ain't want the drama, drama, drama, drama
Take you anywhere in the world you wanna go
Baby you're my pseudo baby mama
Me and you a gang, gang, gang, gang
No bandana, that's no problem
Feeling cooler than a fanna'
Run through where you wanna baby

Fur slips through the lobby
I can feel your body
Laying right beside me
Fur slips through the lobby
Girl I swear you got me
I can feel your body
I can feel your real side of you
I feel your soul
Kiss me through the grills
Go where we go we know, we know
Know, we know, we know

Hey, Syre, who is she?
So, do you party much?