

# 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 hellas 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?