

## Flow-ers

Joey Bada\$\$

Now

If I ain't know no better  
I could have been sucked right up into the setup  
But I kept my head up  
And every time I fell I would get up  
See I don't need no nines and Berettas  
I kill with the lines and the letters with the verbs and the nouns  
Just a kid trying get his sound heard around  
Jump into cyphers and keep the old timers astounded  
They said he was the best in the surroundance  
Cause everyone around him was drowinin'  
In the fair one, no one son could pound him  
With the lyrics, you pray you hear it  
They said it's bad hood credit, imagine good spirit  
And one day his mom and dad will be cheerin' to his grammy nomination  
And proclamation to his world domination  
Inauguration into greatness  
From making rations to cakin'  
2 AM and he be up like attic  
He's an addict, alarm clock pop, he back at it  
Barely got any sleep  
But, he gotta eat  
Cause ain't shit cheap and his soul/sole torned out of feet  
He got dreams, but don't plan on sleeping until he reach 'em  
Until you out feastin', paying houses where you sleep in  
Until his album ready and his fans get it leaking just for sneak peaks and  
Until then, his home is the booth  
He spittin' to the plaque it's poof off his tooth  
Like Hocus Pocus  
Or word he's too focused  
You should quote it  
His goal is the denial that he wrote it  
Flowin' like oceans and menstruals  
Ink from the pen, lies within my credentials  
They told me that I could be mental  
But mommma always said that I was special  
Haters tell me I should stop  
My enemies tryin' see me in the box  
So the streets tell me to cop a Glock and pop it  
But something down deep tells me I'm the next prophet  
Like the new Muhammad or the new Marcus Garvey  
Or probably, it makes sense why I'm so heavily guarded  
Wait, no, please restart it  
I'm heavenly guarded, it's the golden child and for a while  
God been looking down with a smile  
Watchin' me prosper  
Attackin' with the raps and then conquer  
The junior Frank Sinatra, rapping out the Opera  
You should spectate in the booth with a suit and binoculars  
Like nigga it's a honor, it's motherfuckin' honor