

Dear Listener

Lowkey

This is for my people that miss me, I know you needed this
Every single stroke of the pen is a stroke of genius
Other than my cd, you ain't heard a flow as deep as this
Every verse should be treated like the mona lisa is

And yeah you might have the upper hand, if we're speaking dope
And yeah I understand that you get a G for shows
But all you've ever done is boast, with your feeble flow
My music's touch more peoples souls than I could even know

My whole heart, that's what I give to my fans
A listener's tear is worth more than a mil in my hand
All you talk about is flipping grams and triggers that bang
Me, I consider lyricism, a privilege fam

When it comes to putting words together its certain that I'm better
Every verse you heard is like a personal letter
So when I die, my fans can say they all knew me
Lowkey, Double P, Yours Truly

(i feel, so hear)

This is for those praying through hell, till they're in paradise
I cry blood for the children of palestine
My life's left me so emotionally paralyzed
I couldn't even cry in a funeral where my nana died

My words are swords, have served their cause like a samurai
Cameras spy on the average guy weaving through traffic lights
These are savage times, expand your mind and analyze
Don't glamorize the gangster life, like these other rappers might

Haters stay around me like, satellites orbit
You don't want to see the pair of guys I strategize war with
Peoples army work it, you batty guys forfeit
Not jamaican but I'm eating with my akhi like saltfish

When it comes to putting words together its certain that I'm better
Every verse you heard is like a personal letter
So when I die, my fans can say they all knew me
Lowkey, people's army, yours truly

(I feel, So hear)

I told the world about my issues and the things I went through
In this game its undeniable I'm influential
The strength of my mental, is making other spitters tremble
All I needs a piece of paper, a pencil, and instrumental

I didn't settle till I took it to a different level
Gripping metal and flipping pebbles, you sided with the devil
I see you flossing in your video that looks a rental
That little bezel around your neck don't make you flippin' special

I'm quite high when I am writing my rhymes
Like I am mike tyson on a fight night in his prime
I'm like einstein, got it all precise in my mind
With the mic im like Ike in his most violent times

When it comes to putting words together its certain that I'm better
Every verse you heard is like a personal letter
So when I die, my fans can say they all knew me

Lowkey, Mongrel, Yours Truly