Elevators (Sway In The Morning Freestyle)

Raury

How would society be if-How would society be if 2Pac were alive today How many blacks would not have been shot if there was still MLK and How many people would have careers 4 to the zero 1ks If they were more focused on things more important, if Jordan a voided his games you see These are conclusions that I can come to When I'm stargazing to til I'm below the influence Inducing seducing hallucinate cuties they moving all groovy whe re shits like a movie Like how can I tell if it's real, how can I tell if it's fake? How can I tell if intelligence has any relevance when in a mell owest state? And we got sheisty bitches just rapping to get the paper I'm a 1996 East Atlanta originator Proliferator of hip hop Get your spray, your saviour's back Cracking the whip, mastering every bar is my slave I'm paving the way, against every rapper in the A now We're simply talking shit, like what you say now? I'm not hearing it, I'm not listening, I'm not fucking with you Toss my iPod in the fucking fireplace Because the fact that you rap, and rep the A is kind of my disg race Get out my face without delay Cause I refuse to feel out of place Talking strippers? Magic city? Molly's? You're in the trap? You mean to tell me that's rap? Mean to tell me that's just poppin'? Mean to tell me that's just jumpin'? That's got this bitch boppin'? That's why I- wait It's controlling your mind, it's controlling your mind And I ain't gotta say it six more times It's like I'm lost at sea Oftenly walking cautiously Constantly people bothering me Offering me hella prophecies Profiting off the prodigy Think I'm blinded but I can see These people full of off shit I'm just here to give a colostomy And like the doctors in the building Which is kind of an oxymoron because all the rappers I be killi n'

Which is kind of a big cliche because we've heard that phrase a million Times, rhymes is evil like sitting in wall street buildings