I'ma joy when inhaled

Poisoning the well Y'all gon' hear me, oh yeah You're on me, final days have only been going through Hell So drink it up with no filter I give you my drummer So if you don't get it, don't get it Well then you can't live it, I'm livin' See, I'm an old man as funky as my last, 'cause ..Don't blame my gifts, just fill your glass up Sincerely Man I love this music thing severely But it seems some don't wanna feel me clearly I'm the L in salmon, they can't hear me So I had to work up to not giving a fuck But the people thought I was evil I was brought up at the steeple but they trust it not But turn and tell a killa that he must kick rocks When he bust it lots and you will get a couple in ya muffin top Me popping will be they D-day 'Cause they can't say the shit he say Everyone don't have a tongue like a gun They not trying to be running no relay Sat in hell for a whole 'lot of years Bread and tales I got a whole lot of cheers Sold out shows, so bout those, foes doubt flows but bros oughta hear Change in the making, deep in the midwest something insane been a-baking They claiming a nation with brain innovation Surrounding everyone with Strange integration Poisoning the well Y'all gon' hear me, oh yeah You're on me, final days have only been going through Hell So drink it up with no filter I give you my drummer So if you don't get it, don't get it Well then you can't live it, I'm livin' See, I'm an old man as funky as my last, 'cause ..Don't blame my gifts, just fill your glass up Something strange in the agua When everybody sound like blah-blah Put the KOD in the pot and he nod But the God no more rides well Tecca Nina saga Someway the killa is getting twisted into the mainstream Gangrene sick of hits again I can flip from the rip come and sip the sin That's my dirty water worser than Flint, Michigan They don't wanna see my progress But you can't stop or tell it that's God blessed Over the years I showed 'em with my I guest To a handsome mansion and from the projects Wayne Minor, insane kinda, in the brain I'm a strange rhymer Always gonna change the game grinder Poison the well You can tell that, this boy's been in Hell

I'm the reason why everybody cheesin'
I got 'em even making noise in the jail
If everybody had to do what I do
They'd have flows coming out the wazoo
And let the god spew
Alaikumsalam warahmatullahi wabarakatuh

Poisoning the well
Y'all gon' hear me, oh yeah
You're on me, final days have only been going through Hell
So drink it up with no filter
I give you my drummer
So if you don't get it, don't get it
Well then you can't live it, I'm livin'
See, I'm an old man as funky as my last, 'cause
..Don't blame my gifts, just fill your glass up