

## Caprice

## The Underachievers

Since my soul entered this armor  
Recollect my ancient karma  
While you attached to material aspects  
My brainwaives extend way farther  
Frequent progress thats the motto  
For immorials you unloyal  
To the scriptures in the soil nigga (uh uh)  
Elevate you mind nigga play your part  
Don't waste no time cultivated by dark  
See the wisdom leads to marks from chains from the heart  
But the man with control we were chained from the start  
So i spit hard flows to the natives  
Woke up from a dream and I chose to create it  
When you smoke outdoor when we on top floors  
Top shelf blowing feeling like we made it  
Niggas always saying that you ain't gon be shit  
Now you all can eat dick but at least get a tip  
Beacuse I came up from the bottom and proceeded to uplift  
Niggas hardly get a chance to see it like this  
Gotta make a shift if you're trying to make a difference  
All up to? is a better way of living  
Unlock the vault you're a God nigga listen  
Praise up the lord though  
Y'all know getting higher every minute  
And the goal from beginning gotta glow in a minute  
Yeah I'm stoned but I'm winning  
Flow will diminish any foe in the business?  
Put your soul on my hit list and you're gone in an instant  
Rep the Beastcoast till I die  
Model clean clothtes when I ride  
Puffin' green smoke in the sky  
My team Supreme I speak no lies.

Know if they say that you winning  
Young lord nigga cut down my sinnin  
I still count figures and I still love women  
And I still bust a heathen head open if you trippin'  
I'll knock 'em x6  
I said knock 'em x6  
Let's go, let's go.

Sar Ayu, shooting stars, blue moons  
In the pyramid of Giza theres a mark for a few  
I'm marked from the beast and the crossbearer too  
But the light shine bright in the dark of the moon  
Open up apetite I've been starving for food  
Move silent in the night ain't to mark in my moves  
I don't fuck with the Christians, give a pardon to Jews  
Rep the new age in the garden of fruits  
Adam told Eve don't eat that crop  
She ain's listen now were dealing with a conscious drop  
Zeus told Pandora don't open that box  
She ain't listen now we roll to the top  
Prisoner of the time got bars, feared mind  
Raised up in the gutter niggas hunting for your shine  
But my shine in my mind, let me see you take mine  
Eat a nigga up mm good, lunch time

Dry a nigga up like shores of the Nile  
Kemet carnate reassuring you're alive  
Showin' young lords of the gold that's insinde  
Motherfuck one slice I'ma slaughter the pie  
Came for the light but maneuver the night  
Angels and demons they all just alike  
Heaven or hell got it all your sight  
But you don't know balance so you lost in the fight  
Live on the left think on the right  
See with your ears hear with your sight  
Sun bring morning and the moon bring night  
When you standin' the middle nigga balanced life  
New day only blow loud, touche  
Issa in the cut smoking blunts rolling doobies  
Clean a nigga top with these bars no toupee  
Break a lord up bringing light to a screwface.

Know if they say that you winning  
Young lord nigga cut down my sinnin  
I still count figures and I still love women  
And I still bust a heathen head open if you trippin'  
I'll knock 'em x6  
I said knock 'em x6  
Let's go, let's go.