

Welcome To Innanet

Vic Mensa

Good morning Vietnam
I'd like to welcome everybody to the INNANET
Tune in, log on

I think I fell off the bed as a kid and I hit my head
Maybe was 'bout 10 first time that I tied Makayla up and they walked in
Welcome to INNANET, where to begin?
Might as well start at the tip top, give me a moment I'm runnin' from time
Seems like I'm tied to the clock as it tick-tocks
Tippin' the metropolitan axis in which I exist it's a trip to imagine
Imagine that which I inflict when I flip on the beat
I'm an artist, no need for a canvas
Campin' the van at the local campus
What do you mean he not there yet?
Hair-brained adolescent ass on the airwaves
Pullin' to your city with my niggas in the caravan, ridin'
Like do or die, ain't this some shit
Volume on 10 turn my shit up, they fist go pump like pistol grip
That Vic he stay up in some shit
Sometimes it's hard to let go of it
I be so high I be in orbit
She already courted me kinda cordially cornered me
So I stick her on the bumper like "coexist"
That's another one, give the drummer some
In this case I guess that's me
Who made the track? You can just ask me
I be on some next shit
Wonder why niggas still don't really respect it
When I spit that unexpected
Thoughts from the mind of the greater collective
Subconsciously copy me, niggas just can't help it
So many good ideas, why be selfish?
It seems like you can sing the blues all you want
But they don't really love you 'til you Elvis
Til the labels shelfin' your album, Lord help 'em
The hellbent one way train to fame with fake friends depends on the outcome
Pick it up quick, my shit too hot
What gets you hype what turns you odd?
Obviously optimism isn't really my business, I'll beg your pardon
Me and my niggas in the party and we get it started
I'll start the engine and the pendulum swings
I'm in a race of time to try and find a peace of mind of mine
A walking stan to the departed
Or hardly go and they don't know I think I wanna stop
It's somebody make a nigga wanna keep goin'
I'm goin' out of my head, I think I wanna die
I don't love myself, I bet the feds love me more
Had 'em and the minutes keep comin' with the reward
Let 'em get a village of the crack sinners and the black families that they
destroyed
Finna hit the backhand and tapped into the Internet intro
Can it be all so simple?
Seems my weed bag gettin' thin, my pocket hold no scratch
I ponder if apocalypse comin' to hold me back
But baby if you love me let me take you where it's ugly
To the place where no one comes, now we're standin' up and above me
My Lord, no no no no

I done seen demons

Tap into my frequency
Tap into my frequency
Tap into my frequency
Tap into my frequency
Tap into my frequency
Tap into my frequency
Tap into my frequency
Tap into my frequency