

Red

Wax

Got beans in the pot, hot dogs on the griddle
Five dollar merlot, we call it Merliddle
Man, I spend time tripping when I'm red wine sipping, B
Me? I think I came to an epiphany
Got beans in the pot, hot dogs on the griddle
Five dollar merlot, we call it Merliddle
Man , I spend time tripping when I'm red wine sipping
Red tint got things looking different, check it
My future's never been bright nor clear
So I don't wear shades, I just buy more beer
Every January first I say this is your year
As I stare at the medicine cabinet door mirror
But this year, the face looking out
Had a little smile on the side of its crooked mouth
And I knew it just as soon as I had seen it
That this time this motherfucker really did mean it
So I took it to heart and played my part
And made the right moves for the forward progression of my art
So now without no shame
This time next year I'll be a household name
I'm serious, I'm about to travel around the world spitting
Getting nastier than having an***** while the girl's shitting
You just pictured that visual? Didn't you?
Isn't that proof that what I spit was true?
I take your brain further than it ever thought of going
Mixing a Christopher Nolan vision with the art of flowing
I never thought of blowing up overnight
I sit at home and write with a smoking pipe just to cope with life
So don't ask me why I ain't got signed yet
Ask yourself if you've opened up your mind yet
Ask Apple if they've invented the iPhone 9 yet
Ask Stephen Hawking to explain why we haven't traveled time yet
The future's wide open, a fact that combats any suicidal notion
The Rap Book for Dummies? I just threw inside the ocean
And replaced it with the basic rules of making music
Strictly by the most internal, instincts I got
Compose things verbal that my circle within thinks are hot
Besides music ain't much more that I got
That's why I'm writing and recording a lot
Man, cuz I don't know how my life's gonna end, brah
Probably sipping Svedka in a Sentra
I don't pretend to be something I ain't
Til the picture of myself is a saint
Ain't a picture that I paint
The red dripping down the leg of an artists's easel
The blood flowing through the brains of the smartest people
The apple Eve bit from that started evil
A darker hue of the fish guts for the sharks and seagulls
In the haystack, I'm the sharpest needle
You were left way back, we are far from equal
Attaboy, you're kindergarten repeating
I'm Adam, boy, I'm in the Garden of Eden
So tell the devil that the apple ain't enough
Unless he puts something in there to get me really fucked up
MDMA in the core of it
And I be fucking Eve til she can't take no more of it
First time for everything, every single orifice

And she be trying to keep the noise like there's an ordinance
Set the coordinates, hit the gas, punk
We ain't gonna stop unless the order is from NASA
It's like me and Herbs filled out a form to get the cash, brah
Money for knowledge, you would of sworn it was FAFSA
Get your student loan believe
We at a level most humans won't achieve
We doing shit that people do in only dreams
And I ain't talking bout the pretty shit on the screens
I'm talking about actual self-fulfillment
Dreams you imagined manifested into real shit
Dreams you feel with the core of your soul
Dreams you've had since you were four years old
Dreams you've had that kept you warm when it was cold
That one glimmer of hope that good fortune's down the road
My father wanted an abortion I was told
All he left me was this dream and I've morphed it into gold
There ain't a fucking thing in life that I can't accomplish
There ain't a fucking mind on earth that I can't astonish
The promised land is not really a land that's promised
To get there you got to bear hug anacondas
Swim through a pool full of sharks and piranhas
We get there? We gon' bubble on some Scantron ish
To summarize what I've said
Self-doubt's only something in your head
So when it's all over and I'm dead
Write my epitaph in red