Knight

Olga Scotland

[Verse 1: Domo Genesis]
Guess with a few exceptions, yeah, I'm living honest
Except I promised my momma that I would finish college
Started chasing profit, sorry ma, I ain't forgot about it
But if money evil, I'm hoping that you could see through the drama
And watch me get these dollars, and my ambition burn so hot
It's like I'm bleeding lava, haters be pleading me to stop but I don't even bother
Though my approach is seeming awkward, I could see it proper
See success and I just see the fact that I don't need a father
Doms hotter than the drop of Harry Potter shit
Pedal to the metal, high-level, full throttle shit
Still searching for a reason why niggas ain't acknowledge this
I'm lost in an era where real shit does not exist
I hate the sway of things, I'm everyday cooling it
I'm getting blazed and laughing at the way they overdoing shit
I'm just a old soul sticking to a newer script
I guess I got to prove this shit, I'm truly too legit to quit[Verse 2: Earl Sweatshirt]
I'd like to send a shout to the fathers that didn't raise us
To every ho who hated, now unable to say much
To critics doing dirty with comments and nigga paid for an apartment
Yesterday of some songs I haven't yet made up
Black Cressida, pay up
Bars going hard as the ashtray where I place guts
Shouts to the eses who paid pesos to play us, riding in the barrio
Huff and puff blowing kush in Huf clothing articles,
Kenny rolling blunts, got us stuck like a barnacle
To the bottom of your shit, ironic cause the audios as nautical as ships
Look momma, look momma, your product is legit
I promise, honest, Karma got me balling up my fist
'Til I demolish your clique, pardon the clips
I am honestly as bomb as it gets
Regardless of who talking, I'm farming, harvesting hits
Just me and Domo and lit marijuana to split between two of us
Rocking boxes easy as warming some ramen noodles up
So, searching for a way to state it right
Young, black, and jaded, vision hazy strolling through the night

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