

Down (Z Dot UK Remix) [feat. Isaiah Dreads]

Run The Jewels

I hope (I hope)
I hope with the highest of hopes
That I never have to go back to the trap
And my days of dealing with dope
So I, I always spit fire and dope
So later on you can go quote
My lines to your people and folk
And they say damn (damn)
That boy be spitting that pressure (pressure)
And he be smoking that pressure (pressure)
And he smart as a professor (yessir)
25 lighters on dresser, pound of that pressure
Sittin right next to (next to)
Next to a book and a gun
Ballot or bullet, you better use one
One time for the freedom of speeches (speech)
Two time for the right to hold heaters (heaters)
Just give to the fifth and the cops in the house
Close your mouth and pray to your Jesus
Ask why cause the Devil a lie (lie)
So I stay holy and high (high)
May never get rich, but I never bitch
'Cause I made it here by and by
My, my, y'all
I coulda died, y'all
A couple times, I took my eyes off the prize, y'all
I know a few people pray for my demise, y'all
But like cream, I had to rise, I had to rise, y'all
Oh my, y'all
I coulda died, y'all
A couple times, I took my eyes off the prize, y'all
I know a couple people pray for my demise, y'all
But even birds with broken wings want to fly, y'all
RTJ!
Ya gonna need a bigger boat, boys, you're in trouble
(Eh) Gonna need a little hope, boys, on the double
(Eh) You muckin' with a G here, here see talk to me
Or maybe listen to the man that barely dodged his own lobotomy
Pop the tape in baby, we got shit we wrote for you

Came from feeling what a pure absence of hope can do
Only to leap through flaming rings and break the nose of crews
Still in their wings'll be them darling's of hope they've broken you
(Yeah, they better hope that) I'm a full force full and a cold fact
See the cold floor, where I licked dirt when the dough dried and pride died
Had a bud max, had to shop right
Gimme two meals and the lights on
Imma do right, get a new crew
Make a new life, never boo hoo
Never lose sight, I'm true dude
With a burst heart from a old soul
Better stop drop when the squad's hot, we don't stop a lot
We don't talk a lot about it, we just pop it off a lot
I'm high, man, I'm a cosmonaut
Scream, "Fuck 'em," 'til they lop our bloody noggins off
I promise y'all My, my, y'all
I coulda died, y'all
A couple times, I took my eyes off the prize, y'all
I know a few people pray for my demise, y'all
But like cream, I had to rise, I had to rise, y'all
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Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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