# Unorthodox

## Joey Bada$$

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

We done came up
Everybody love 'em
On the regularLookin' at popular colored faces
Observing what my brothers faces in all races
Lost in generations before hatred
See with your eyes dilated for the sake of the Gs
But keep it sacred G, fuck a rat race, we take the cheese
Jack cheddar from the make believe
Break the trees on they eighth CD
Rocking the red and black lumberjack faithfully
I'm a Brooklyn nigga, basically I grind with the grimiest
Learn how to eat in the jungle full of hyenas
And vultures, don't worry what a verse will cost ya
From the young scorcher, just remember who taught ya
I'm gonna spark it off unorthodox
Won't sign to no major if no wager
Less than a 3 million offer off the top
I'll be in a box with my coughin' drops
Why settle for a office spot?
Niggas don't always make it off the block
Unless they extort rocks or support the cops
They still snitchin' let me guess, that's your mannequin?
Leave 'em shook while you're standing and quit the shenanigans
Have you panicking, induce damages 'til you're vanishing
Words are told properly, resort top sea examinin'
This is for my real hip hop fans and 'em
I dispose for 'em, leave fake MC's in the post mortemCause money ain't a thing if I got it I won't spend
All I got is my Pros, I don't need no friends
Feel like this glory road is coming to an end
The only soul that won't sin
No he won't give in
Yo this world is bone chillin'

Make meals in hell's kitchen with these dishes
Properly delivered drop trees in my swisher
And bring that back to my property wit yaIt ain't easy being this royal
When you got this much going for you
It ain't hard to be disloyal
Comin' straight from the soil with lines that never coil
Start to think pretty off new career with this spoil
The kid is that sick so expect more coffins
I'm the chosen one so you can expect more offerings
I be sonning niggas so expect less orphans
Best rapper alive hear that line used less often
Word to God I'm the best offering
BMX like Hoffman, BMF like Ross man
Young boss, man, got Jimmy Fallon endorsements
From porches, to Porsches, getting portions of fortune
They said next up so I stepped up
Fly like I dressed up
Bitches try to hang like left nuts
Like orangutans in the west of
Of the motherland, but I've got the swank of no other man
Brother man
They can't understand
Pro Era boys pop rubber bandCause money ain't a thing if I got it I won't spend
All I got is my Pros, I don't need no friends
Feel like this glory road is coming to an end
The only soul that won't sin
No he won't give in
Yo this world is bone chillin'
Make meals in hell's kitchen with these dishes
Properly delivered drop trees in my swisher
And bring that back to my property wit yaEverybody love 'em
We done came up
I'ma spark it off unorthodox
They don't feel the name, but they say the music dope though
I'ma spark it off unorthodox
On the regular

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