

# Gifted (Gladkill Remix)

N.A.S.A.

I'm known for running my mouth  
I will not be accountable for what comes out, uh  
I dunno, I might have said it  
I was kinda gone and light-headed  
And my jacket kinda fresh bright reded  
And as usual my pants tight-threaded.  
It seem like everybody dress tight now  
And I just want my credit.  
Don't get it twisted it or dreaded it  
I am the king and will not beheaded,  
To the mall no time soon, brethren  
Being broke made my head hurt  
So I need the bread or an Excedrin,  
That'll only get my engine revvin'.  
While y'all on ten, I'm on eleven.  
I'm a make the news, be on at seven.  
Matter fact I'm on this very second.  
I'm in first and y'all in second.  
And this verse only add to the freshness.  
Call the club, tell them add to the guest list.  
What you think? Way more bitches?  
I can never be too big for my britches.  
Y'all motherfuckas know who this is.  
I'm gifted,  
Merry Christmas  
Merry Christmas.I'm armed with pens, and I got my rhymes  
Whatever comes, I write it down  
So knock me out and shoot me down  
With mics in hand, we'll stand against the test of time You don't know my mind  
Like I said a thousand times  
I gotta stay ahead  
Know what I'm fighting for  
I leave you to your talk  
Never seen my kind before  
And you're all so thick-headed  
Follow and I know I let it  
Part of me won't let me quit  
Won't let me just not say shit  
So much is there to be bored with

Can't be still, I can't afford it  
Try to hold it in but it make me sick,  
So I spit it out say the hell with it  
I dream it and I build it tall  
Make a way for when it falls I'm armed with pens, and I got my rhymes  
Whatever comes, I write it down  
So knock me out and shoot me down  
With mics in hand, we'll stand against the test of time I'm armed with pens, and I got my rhymes  
Whatever comes, I write it down  
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So knock me out and shoot me down  
With mics in hand, we'll stand against the test of time

Songwriters

West, Kanye Omari / Zachrisson, Lykke Li Timotej / Spiegel, Sam / Gonzales, Ze / Kojak, Kool /  
Santogold, Published by

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