

Unabomber

The Acacia Strain

[Intro]Yeah

Fresh off the motherf-cking broadcast

And I'm here, fuego nigga

Yeah, hey, uh, it's happening fast

Yeah, uh

[Verse 1]I told niggas on the low, but they ain't hear it though

Boy that man in the mirror is a miracle

Hey wipe your face, momma told you no more tears would flow

We eating better than we was a few years ago

Send you Western Union on my pay day, a week later it's May day

So you returned the favor, we stayed afloat like some sailors

Bill collectors blowing us up, the couldn't fade us

Bitch I made straight A's, go 'head, try and degrade us, haters

But this one's funny: man one year later I was on them phones

Collecting money, a lesson for me: everybody's got a story dog

Unfortunately learned I can't do nothing for you dog

I'm trying to run the whole game like a morning jog

With hits like a porno blog

Not hopping out to shower to make ten dollars an hour

Ain't judging though, to each his own

You pay your bills and raise your kids inside a decent home

More power to you, but a message to you f-ck niggas

I hope your kids grow up and never wanna f-ck with you

This punk nigga knocked up two hoes at the same time

And told this nigga they was lying dog, they ain't mine

That's cold blooded but ain't nothing new

Same old, f-ck it though, what's up with you?

If you made it this far listening without skipping

Then I gotta show love, don't worry I'm just venting

The late night thoughts of a nigga on a mission

And I rock my girl to sleep in missionary position

Tuck that ass in and then I went and grabbed a pen

And now you have it, words flowing like magic, it's truly accurate

You niggas posing like some hoes up in a beauty pageant!

Nobody touching me, it's like I got the cooties rapping

Remember when we called niggas African booty scratchers?

Yeah that was random, but man, so is life

You grab your needle, grab your thread, and hope you sew it right

I find myself fiendin' for a spot to go at night
With the liquor flowing steady and the hoes polite
The fast lane makes me reminisce on slower life
The unabomber, bitch I'm blowing up over night (BOOM!)

[Outro]Hey, yo, it's happening fast

I say it's happening fast

All the drama that I had to get past

Will it last? Or will it pass?

Just as quick as it came

Hoes knowing my name

Dog, welcome to fame

I pray to God we don't change

But even if you don't

Most niggas look at you strange

But I guess I can't complain (Hey)

Hey man it's happening fast

I say it's happening fast

I say it's happening fast

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