

# Almost There (feat. Mr Hudson)

## Vic Mensa

This for all my fans that say they want that old Vic  
I've grown too much to ever be the old Vic  
I'm new and improve call me Vic 2.0  
Still making two points every time I move an O  
That's the hustle talk for ya, I'm rapping like a Google Home the way talk to ya  
I gave my all to ya, you can judge it as you may  
I know life's a bitch, but every dog has its day, hey  
When I get low this is how I fly away  
You thank me, no thank you, you the reason I'm alive today  
That's no exaggeration, I'm just glad you're listening  
Me and Dion got more soul than your Grandma kitchen, and we been cooking up  
This for little Vic, that 12-year-old kid that only wanna hear that real shit  
This is thank you letter to all my fans for coming along for the ride with me, we almost there I feel it coming  
I'm almost there, I'm almost there  
It's so close, I can taste it  
It's in the air, it's in the air  
They judge you by your past and try to predict your future  
But I got kings in my bloodline, I'm Mensa Musa  
My dad came from Africa, he was the first to leave  
From humble beginnings in that village to the birth of me  
Birth of a Nation, shout out to Nate Parker  
They take the spotlight off you if you a shade darker  
But we made our own American on this cotton field til we got a black millionaire for every Emmett Till  
I'm representing, I'm representing, I'm representing  
To my piece of American pie is never ending  
You know pi, never ending, that's a slick line  
This the type of flow that made them fuck with me the first time  
But this ain't my first time like that J. Cole song  
I'ma put the pressure on 'em all, I make coal turn into diamonds  
I ride and die for my team  
If I was Lebron I'd never to the Miami Heat  
It's too much loyalty in me, I'm royalty, no Prince Hakeem  
So when I'm coming, make sure the royal penis is clean  
Call me your highness, I just put a mink on my queen, she married a king  
She deserve some Alexander McQueen  
And I been ballin' out like I deserve a championship ring  
I'm still a skater boy, I'm flipping out like Avril Lavigne  
I tweaking every little thing, that's why it took me so long, but the album is coming  
It's done for you niggas, hold on

I set the mode for 'em, who was hot in the Chi' before I, nigga  
N/A, I do not know nah nigga  
Luke Cage, I'm a motherfucking fly nigga and I'm still alive  
I am not afraid to die nigga  
I feel it coming  
I'm almost there, I'm almost there  
It's so close, I can taste it  
It's in the air, it's in the air Deep down, everyone's a rockstar  
Right now, I'm the only one to take it this far  
Take it this far  
Up high in a glass elevator  
Look down on my city see ya later  
I, I always take it too far  
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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