GPS (feat. Twista)

Saba

[Hook]
Where's your head?
Where's your soul your heart?
Where's your love your care?
Where's your life your scars?
You're lost[Verse 1]
Earth can be so lonely glad we're all in heaven
Bet he can count a dollar couldn't count a blessing
Where's your head? You neck-less for a fucking necklace
Put that shit on record bet they get the message
Just like after the beep, wear my rap on my sleeve
Wear my heart on my tongue
Where you think that I speak from its blood on my teeth
Like a opp nigga we opposed
I'm at the crib playing neosoul
Dropped out I don't need a loan
That same school booking me a show
Droppin college collect like an audit
I'm a artist problem what you call it
I'm a honest artist so they honor
Or We fighting fans like Ron Artest
I'm the coldest out I'm so arctic
And I'm from the same place the solids come frome and I run shit like sonic
With my songs and all of my sonnets signing
[Hook]
Where's your head?
Where's your soul your heart?
Where's your love your care?
Where's your life your scars?
You're lost[Verse 2]
Food can make you forget that we're all this famished
They on me like the new kid this my college campus
All these women want me like my name was Channing
Tatum, I don't even take em y'all can all still have em
Like I got my own, Greed kill man, man still will want more
Niggas spoon fed talkin bout they poor, niggas be broke talkin like they on
I don't Really care what oppers say though, they change they self for compensation
Last year I just had to lay low, now pass the torch like hot potato
Cause I'm on it, take the green line out west to Austin

Dropped the best project since the chronic
Like a nerd freshman how I'm locked in
I been off that dub a nigga then I don't rematch
Grind mode nigga I don't relax, ay, go head take it back
Sab[Hook x2]
Where's your head?
Where's your soul your heart?
Where's your love your care?
Where's your life your scars?
You're lost[Verse 3: Twista]
I tell em, pop that trunk cause sound deaf
Got kush to smoke that blunt cause I'm blessed
Flow with the funk then I'm fresh
And I got that cause I come from out west
I was raised around thugs and ballers
Something was always happening whenever i come through
Hangin with the gang or with the crew
Ain't just, just to show i could do
And though (?) when it got real dark
We gon take it to Garfield park
To the holy city, yeah K-town
No go downtown so I can show em that I'm real sharp
Ain't nobody fuckin with us
(?)
On my mama Saba when he got the og on me homie no wait we don't want nothin
Breakin atoms if we causin destruction
Makin patterns if we causin eruptions
Second thoughts if you see us in the functions
Smokin weed if you see us into somethin
Do ya thang and make ya money stack ya paper
Go ahead represent ya crew
As long as you respect the west side of Chi' do what the fuck you wanna do
Twista[Hook]
Where's your head?
Where's your soul your heart?
Where's your love your care?
Where's your life your scars?
You're lost[Skit]
Comin from one of them avenue babies, hailin from the west side, nigga tryna make it to the grammys, at least somewhere. Somewhere more than a mothafucka been. Bucket list means something like, ya know you ever set up and dream and dreamed a dream and that dream done came true? Ha ha ha ha ha

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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