

# The End Is Near (feat. Mac Miller)

## Ab-Soul

[Verse 1: Ab-Soul]

Right on my tongue, look  
Yo, check, my flow is unknown to man yet  
Dammit, keep running around like an annual banquet  
Made a withdrawal with your broad, she left the bank wet  
Rub her like a condom contemplating dangerous sex  
I'm unimpressed with your talent, skill still appeal  
A maestro on the mic though, I'm almost ill as Camille for real  
Ain't never runnin' from nothin', I'm fit to tread mills  
Name another movement makin' time stand still  
Hiiipower to the third degree  
Murder, we emerged and it was an emergency  
It's closed curtains for you worthless earthlings  
Hurtin' cause I rise like mercury in the burning heat  
Word on the street Soulo done done it again  
Look at me, I used to match a dub sack with my friends  
Now we smokin' by the O, like the letters P and N  
Ain't have to start watching CNN for you to see an end  
It's coming quicker than you think, don't mean to rub it in  
Like lubriderm, but you should learn that you could never fuck with him  
Ab's gettin' bigger, but I ain't do no sit-ups  
Got the hiccups cause I keep puffin' Ports without the filter  
Feel the vibe switch in every single room that I enter  
Told my bitch to make room for a tomb for her placenta, nigga  
I fuck her 'til she have a seizure in my leisure time  
She know I love her, also know I don't need her  
Cause I'm a king and I smoke a lot of weed  
That makes sense, it's about 33 ounces in a liter  
In layman's terms you lames had better pay respect  
Or you'll be sleepin', they'll be at your wake payin' their respects [Verse 2: Mac Miller]  
Said it's the soul cold wickedness  
Old folk killin' shit  
Most dope syndicate, the GoPros filmin' it  
Good coke sniffin' shit, broke no benefits  
Smack him in his face and then I'm blowin' smoke into it  
Obliterated on a big estate  
Shit, I figure fame is just a bitches game  
That's why there's raindrops drippin' off my windowpane  
And I was gettin' money far before the Fisker came

Official name's got plugs like a new strain does  
You may be hot inside your city, homie you ain't us  
You can't trust nothin' if it's comin' with a dollar sign  
It's genius comin' from out of my awkward mind  
Cross the line, it's just not the time  
And he ain't thinkin', put that red dot on his mind  
I'm Santana's bandana, against me you don't stand a chance  
Call you fancy pants cause when you're drunk you do the hammer dance  
If there's a random chance you're fuckin' up my Phantom plans  
I'mma go bananas and blam 'em into the ambulance  
My mother's sonogram was like a mission statement  
Cause I wasn't patient, left that pussy in a spaceship  
Y'all fools basic, your parents both racist  
I'm lawyering these hoes out here, beatin' cases  
She eatin' dick so she plead the fifth  
Yeah, it's Larry Fish, homie he's a myth  
You sunk my battleship, I'll be in Nazareth by where Jesus live  
And your homie with you, he's a bitch, some vagina shit  
Gettin' faded, go and sin in Vegas  
I'm just observent, man of different faces  
Some dick-licker want my kids in her  
She a switch-hitter, told her bring her bitch with her  
The dick split her like a swisher then I'm outty, outty  
Never eat the pussy if it's lousy, it's lousy  
I'm the prodigal son  
With ominous, Nostradamus anonymous visions  
Confidence, some Obama shit, in Mocassins they can  
In moccasins they can ante, alright

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

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