

I Am He

Praise Ensemble

It's the D-I to the double G reppin' NY
jetsetters stay fly
spin king, lets go I know you've all been waiting patient
the game's been needing some stimulation
too much fakin' all the visual simulation
I'm all natural, y'all made from concentration
we are not adjacent
ladies say that I'm cute
haters say I'm a fluke
they try to ruffle my branches but never get to my roots
ugh, don't compare me to niggas that's in my age group
if anything compare me to people you're giving praise to
yawa, Jesus, y'all are all hateful
all the heat I gave you, y'all should be grateful
stop treating a nigga like I'm in grade school
spittin' like a post grad I don't need a notepad
no jeweler but I be dropping gems like a topaz
I hear 'em talking but I let em rant
'cause I'm a young baller coming up Kevin Durant
yeah I live with my parents but I bring revenue in
I don't curse but your favorite words are two shorts
lyrically, my aims to kill you lames like Newports
you can't get me cause I'm not even living
I'm dark matter, energy trapped in the phsyical prison
and my side you've been waiting for is finally risen
after the BET cypher now you finally listen
there's a few still hissing like an alley cat kitten
I'll have you scally wags bitten from my lyrical composition yeah
I Am He!
yeah, let that breath
the underrated, the underdog, underage, underestimated
but I will never be underpaid cause I oversee 'em
overpower overthrow 'em
had to run for a minute but now it's over for 'em
I can run with the best of 'em
shun the rest of 'em
oh thats your idol, watch me make you think less of 'em
I Am He
yeah let that breath...

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