Aquarius

G.MacDermot

Yeah
Yeah
Nigga deep in the rhythm, experience speak
Some keepin' the wisdom, the life hustlers seek
I'm seeking it with 'em, I'm dope the streets need me to hit 'em
With some of that
Revolutionary blunted rap
My peoples want hits, I hit it from the back
Under the cherry moon, I hold notes and carry tunes
My guise pack heat enough to bury June, on my feet
I'm getting married soon, walking in the clouds like Mary Bethune
Fumes of a real nigga seep into your room
Or through fifth-teens of the your jeep that you boom
Son so many cats, they call me high noon
Offerings to Osun hoping war is over soon
Guard your grill like George Foreman
Time to build, as far as building I'm the doorman, opening doors
My blood I expose on the floors, tell them the game ain't only the score
Hold on to your life as I carry these styles
To have you tapping your head like Darius Miles
You ain't supposed to rhyme, better off with a clothing line
In this business of pimps, many hoes get signed
Opposed to shine so me holding the blinds
Mixing golden seal and wine, holding a nine
In the age of aquaruis
The water that arrives
To purify the world
Flying through the night
So watch out here he comes
Aquarius
Between churches and liquor stores, my mic leaks
With raps, all over your head like Tweet
Playing with yourself, thinking the game is just wealth
Hot for a minute, watch your name just melt
Same spot where it's joyous, where the pain is felt
As you build and destroy yo remain yourself
They say I'm slept on, now I'm bucking in dreams
And rhyme with the mind of a hustler scheme
Or the struggle of feinds, I flow over water thats as troubled as teens

For the love of the team, trying to double the dream
Be greatful like the church psalm my grandmother sings
I'm rubbing my rings across the domes of clones
Punchlines like Roy Jones with poems
While you and your dogs foam at the mouth
Thinking rap is the only way out
The black human genius will never play out
I take you way out, where you never been before
Been it since birth, sent to replish the Earth
That truck that you roll is like a miniature hearse
I deaded your shit before you finished a verse
From nigga to Gods from bitches to earths
From Nat to Truck Turner that lives in my verse
Realness is an act that you cannot rehearse
Holla back, but listen first, we in the age of aquarius
The water that arrives
To purify the world
Flying through the night
So watch out here he comes
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