

# Jazz (prod by OnGaud)

## Mick Jenkins

Drink more water... or you might die  
Seven Nine, King Drive, you can picture me rollin'  
Bendin' corners we was headed to the Rasta  
Nigga been blessed but a nigga been sick  
And a nigga been stressed so, fuck it I'm a doctor  
Self medicated, ginger ale in the champagne flutes  
And I ain't celebratin', shookin' up crack  
Where presentation's everything, tell 'em wait 'til I'm plated  
Patience, I'm faded  
like outdated denim  
Hearin' it like this about as rare as a cadence  
The boy got some Miles Davis in him  
Talkin' all that jazz  
Tellin' all that truth, nigga talk your shit  
Better watch your mouth, better watch your back  
Better choose the right way on some fork in the road shit  
And of course the path less traveled  
Fuck I look like followin' your footsteps?  
Don't fumble cause this ain't Sunday football  
I ain't at home with a footrest  
In fact I'm in front of the back of your head  
But I'm comin' from behind, better look left  
Look left like where the fuck is he?  
You got time on your head boy  
You got time on your head like you wearing buck fifty  
Do it so clean but it's still so filthy, fuck with me  
Cause you already know you fuck niggas really can't really talk with me  
Talking all that jazz, talking all that jazz  
Telling all that truth, nigga talk your shit  
Nigga talk your shit  
Talking all that jazz, talking all that jazz  
Telling all that truth, nigga talk your shit  
Nigga talk your shit  
Talking all that jazz, talking all that jazz  
Telling all that truth, nigga talk your shit  
Nigga talk your shit  
Talking all that jazz might get you popped  
But I ain't gonna stop don't A-S-K  
Until I'm in a white drop top with a smile on my face

And a hand in the air like JFK  
Wait, all in your steam better known as a hotbox  
Crack rocks in a square, better known as block  
Impaired tryna move that's hopscotch  
Unfair one leg is a hell of a cock block  
My nigga what an anomaly  
My nigga look at the world, my nigga what a monopoly  
Drop tops in the hood, and they sitting on 22's  
Nigga still on section 8 though  
Tricking on the low for a ho nigga  
Momma at the crib tryna stretch a couple pesos  
Couldn't paint a pretty picture with the tears and her makeup  
Better get MAACO, makeovers help niggas make money  
But I'm a always talk that James Moody  
Most rappers these days is actors  
And I can't keep watching the same movie  
These niggas keep sharing the same models  
And these models act like they ain't groupies

I ain't stupid, talking Duke Ellington, Count Bassie, Monk and Dave Brubeck  
I ain't stupid, talking too eloquent, I ain't stutter, my nigga I ain't Ruben  
Ginger ale for the hoes in champagne flutes  
Tell one of them come pour me a glass  
She don't act up, she can get this truth  
Tell her ass read that while I roll this joint  
Nigga tryna relax, cause the shit don't stop  
I ain't tryna relapse to that whack bullshit  
Niggas better evac when I drop  
Cause I swear that this black man ain't stop  
Talking all that jazz, talking all that jazz  
Telling all that truth, nigga talk your shit  
Nigga talk your shit  
Talking all that jazz, talking all that jazz  
Telling all that truth, nigga talk your shit  
Nigga talk your shit  
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Talking all that jazz might get you popped  
But I ain't gonna stop don't A-S-K  
Until I'm in a white drop top with a smile on my face  
And a hand in the air like JFK  
That Coltrane  
That Charlie Parker  
That Charles Mingus  
That Frank Sinatra

Talking all that jazz, talking all that jazz  
That Coltrane, that Charlie Parker, that Charles Mingus  
That Frank Sinatra  
Talking all that jazz  
Talking all that jazz

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

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