

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like outdated denim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 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
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Talking all that jazz might get you popped
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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
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