

48 Laws (feat. Donnie Trumpet)

Omen

I'm off the clock, permanently calling shots like Dick Vitale
Shake up the world for sure, no Richter Scale
Blindfold the truth from youth, I lift the veil
Please don't fuck with me
Living the dream, secretly I'm seeing the things you see on the screen
Recently I fiend for weed, I need it to dream
Niggas ain't paid their dues - I need receipts
Please don't fuck with me
I been through weathering storms, torrential rain
My penmanship just pencils instant pain
Came from 9-to-5's, afraid to fly
Till I earn my wings and now they wave goodbye
Took me thirty years just to get it started
Long as the tombstone says artist
Dreamville the '96 Bulls
Taking all y'all power breaking 48 Laws How 'bout it?
I played my cards and changed the odds my nigga
How 'bout it?
I made it through hell while blocked from heaven my nigga
How 'bout it?
I played my cards and changed the odds my nigga
How 'bout it? How 'bout it? Hot rod, ride by, slow down the block
Shots fired, drive-by - Lord will it stop?
Cowards on the news think that cowardice is gritty
Bullets whizzing by me every time I'm in the city
Kill me, rob me, take my gems and jewels
And paint my schools with Jesus Christ as white
Then lock my father up for life
Institutionalize my rights, then hide my plight from sight
That's trickery, steal our swag, that's mimicry
I am original man, empirically
Chi City heart, I'm just being honest
Born poet, nigga fuck a song here's a sonnet How 'bout it?
I played my cards and changed the odds my nigga
How 'bout it?
I made it through hell while blocked from heaven my nigga
How 'bout it?
I played my cards and changed the odds my nigga

How 'bout it? How 'bout it?

Songwriters

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