

95 Til Infinity

Joey Bada\$\$

And we smoking, toking potent herb
Preaching spoken words that just might poke your nerves
Hope you ain't scared, my jeep go "Scrrrr"
I peep the obscured, and what ain't normally easy to observe
I swear I'm born abnormally absurd
If I give you a piece of mind, you've been disorderly disturbed
That's my word, flip similes and verbs, now I'm eating
Retreating for seconds and thirds, y'all niggas seasoned (Oh, you salty)
Don't worry what we ate, you don't want that plate
I combine yours with mine quake, and make the earth shake
Supernatural disaster on you half-ass rappers
Pass the herb to an actual pastor, word to the black lip bastard
I drop knowledge like a Five Percenter
Every time I drop a line, it touch like five placentas
Schooling your offspring, drop heat all spring
And stay hot for five Novembers, I think y'all niggas lost me

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We in disguise behind enemy lines
Women with no identity signs, they can't get my lines
I used to give a fuck you could find

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And I just kill it every time

Instead of lead slugs, I spreads the love
Like a bed bugaboo does, I'm in the W with your lovable slut
I'm in the walls while you bugging her up
I'll do your girl like this beat, straight fucking it up
Y'all niggas nothing to us, this feels like nuttin' to us
Son, taught your daughter how to bust a nut for fun
Recollect and collect the funds
When she see the sun spit the proceeds when I cum
'99, 'til infinity beyond
Hold my peace full of energy 'til enemies be gone
Until then niggas in my vicinity gone
Peep the melody we on, but they don't know the remedy to these songs
Basic necessities on how to be put on

Cause they see my team, we strong, Beastcoast in your region
If you get dropped you can't rejoin, they wanna know
Whose shoulder we leaning on but all we do is show them who we leading on

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Cause they will never stop for a young black male
Black mailed in braille that means what he felt
And the very reveal could appeal
Put you on the Alcatraz trail or railroad to hell
Oh well, some of us is taught there is help
The other source is lost in all sorts of wealth
Uh, roots of all evil
The highest stars Evel Knievel
I see through people's door, the world may never know
How my third pupil show, Incognito and cold needles flow
And I don't throw subs, I throw torpedoes
The Don, not Cheadle, this don got a Cornelius fro
Afro punk festivities
This for my negus that's lying with queens like Nefertiti
Waking up to pyramids and big kitties
Gold soul theory, but what is life really

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Lyrics submitted by RaZak.

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