

# The Proclamation

## The Underachievers

[Intro]

All ya life they said that you ain't gone be shit  
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Now Indigo soul, we run this bitch  
Now Indigo soul, we run this bitch[Verse 1: Issa Gold]  
Uh, I remember being young  
Life gave me nothing but hard drugs and black lungs  
And the teacher say ya smart, but niggas ain't catch passin'  
We outside getting high instead of in classrooms  
The pastors preaching disasters to the masses  
These actors, through political fucking bastards  
They lacking, any real fucking spiritual backin'  
It's tragic, I'm tellin you niggas that I ain't havin' it  
Pick it up where you just left it off  
Light bearing conscious, my chakra strong  
Negative dissipate til the pain get lost,  
And the positive energy hit strong like Thor  
Third eye sharp like a mothafuckin' hawk  
And it pick apart livin' hearts trapped inside the dark  
Make 'em see they heart, cause they Indigo from the start  
But they trapped in an illusion, so it ain't they fault  
Get up on yo shit, switch up yo lane  
If lives aren't going right then seek out change  
Take a trip out into the astral plane  
And recognize, nigga, that you are not the same  
A Martian, reppin' the light 'til I see coffins  
The hardest, UA the illest, my nigga, solvin'- problems  
Cause the rap game is full of garbage  
Fathers, from that, my nigga, my soul is foreign[Hook]  
All ya life they said that you ain't gone be shit  
Pick it up now and watch the tables switch  
Reality is yours, my nigga, create it  
Indigo soul, we run this bitch  
Indigo soul, we run this bitch[AK]  
Fresh off the west coast shores, mi amor  
...of the best grown coral  
...supporters and knowledge, and poverty  
Nah, nah, that ain't stoppin' me (from)  
Stackin' dollas on top of celestial prophecy

Uh, resurrect the craft of the boom bap  
With some new jacks from the Ave. bringing truth back  
Nigga, pop a tab, and quit thinkin' where ya root at  
Open up ya crown and blow a pound of that purp loud, hold up  
From a young'n conformin' to nothin' except the truth  
Truth, that the... some fools in the fountain of youth  
Everything they try to hide coincides  
Why strive and rise like the holy Christ? Me in top five...  
Popeye, straight from the green, that's that pot-high  
Popped eyes, in and out, like I'm on the west side  
Neva be satisfied 'til I can touch the sky  
Homies could touch the pot, Lord  
Look around and see my team winnin' in every mention  
Dimensions extendin' like one my bridges like we descended from heaven  
Lost a couple friends, but 2-47, I rep my...  
Smoke so many strains, shit get so hard to remember  
Back in the day AK hardly play  
Now we fly coast to coast spreadin' knowledge, gettin' paid  
Made an oath, took a hold of every verse a nigga sprayed  
Got love for yourself, you got what it takes, my nigga

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

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