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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