

Tempo

KB

[Intro]

Ok, let's go

All the way up, way up, way up, way up

 All the way up

 All the way up

 All the way up

All the way up, way up, way up, way up

 All the way up

 K to the...

 All the way up

 Second letter

 All the way...[Verse 1]

 Jiggy with the kid with his own style

 Chilling in the city, we should simmer down

 Coming from the Grammy's, with a semi-smile

 Cause we done had more fun serving people in the city

 Let the window down

 Go and let the beat knock

 Squad is in the house

 Smash your windows, I call it Steve Jobs

 We ride, we ride

 Atta boy

 I'ma go Bobby Boucher in the city

 Handing out that living water boy[Hook 1]

 I just hit my rhythm, boy

 This is not your tempo, boy

 I just hit my rhythm, boy

 This is not your tempo, boy[Verse 2]

 HGA is simple boy

 Louie Free, he with me

 Draw a crowd, no stencil boy

 They got Drake to play it safe, I think they conned him

 I love God, do what I wanna

 Gotta deal with it, wheels spinning and I still live it

 Never chill with it, still winning in the field with it

 Put the real in it, no concealing it

 But to Him winning, never spill with it

 Didn't kill with it, but to kill with it

 You could still get it, I could still feel

In the field, here to seal
Then there's in the field with us
Really ain't no fear in us
Really ain't no fear in us

You might wanna get with us[Bridge]
Way up, way up, way up, way up, way up
All the way up, way up, way up, way up

I am as free as my hair
Cut it or comb it, forget it

I'ma do what I've been called to do, not what's expected
Just for the record
Just for the record I know[Hook 2]

I just hit my rhythm, boy
This is not your tempo, boy
I just hit my rhythm, boy
But this is not your tempo

This is not your tempo, this is not your tempo
Don't nobody own us, don't nobody own us

Don't nobody own us, don't nobody own us[Verse 3]
Pull up to the meeting with ripped jeans and Adidas
The new intellectual is what you seeing, homie
We can go toe to toe with any so-and-so

So we gotta pen game and we just balling dawg, aight?
Explicit as ever, vicious as ever
Christian and clever, diss it dismiss it this is just better

Vision is better
Making high art
But high art can't revive hearts
I'ma do this God talk

Don't need a pity party, my people pity your party
The party I'm a part of imparts partials of pardons

Can't pick apart any part of the pick don't want no part with it
I played a artist, now pardon, I brought my partners in
I think I know what we revealing
Life is over, easy
Everybody's shell cracked
I holdin my dignity never said that

We got bigger fish to fry, know when to scale back[Hook 3]
I just hit my rhythm, boy
You can't match my tempo, boy
I just hit my rhythm

And you can't help but fear love[Outro: KB & Nancy Honeytree]
Think I found it, I think I found it
I, yeah
I think I found my rhythm, boy

Think I found it, I think I found it
Not one blemish does He see
When I placed all my burdens on Him
He washed them all from me

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

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