

The End Is Near

The Confession

[Verse 1: Ab-Soul]

Right on my tongue, look
Yo, check, my flow is unknown to man yet
Dammit, keep running around like an annual banquet
Made a withdrawal with your broad, she left the bank wet
Rub her like a condom contemplating dangerous sex
I'm unimpressed with your talent, skill still appeal
A maestro on the mic though, I'm almost ill as Camille for real
Ain't never runnin' from nothin', I'm fit to tread mills
Name another movement makin' time stand still
Hiiipower to the third degree
Murder, we emerged and it was an emergency
It's closed curtains for you worthless earthlings
Hurtin' cause I rise like mercury in the burning heat
Word on the street Soulo done done it again
Look at me, I used to match a dub sack with my friends
Now we smokin' by the O, like the letters P and N
Ain't have to start watching CNN for you to see an end
It's coming quicker than you think, don't mean to rub it in
Like lubriderm, but you should learn that you could never fuck with him
Ab's gettin' bigger, but I ain't do no sit-ups
Got the hiccups cause I keep puffin' Ports without the filter
Feel the vibe switch in every single room that I enter
Told my bitch to make room for a tomb for her placenta, nigga
I fuck her 'til she have a seizure in my leisure time
She know I love her, also know I don't need her
Cause I'm a king and I smoke a lot of weed
That makes sense, it's about 33 ounces in a liter
In layman's terms you lames had better pay respect
Or you'll be sleepin', they'll be at your wake payin' their respects[Verse 2: Mac Miller]
Said it's the soul cold wickedness
Old folk killin' shit
Most dope syndicate, the GoPros filmin' it
Good coke sniffin' shit, broke no benefits
Smack him in his face and then I'm blowin' smoke into it
Obliterated on a big estate
Shit, I figure fame is just a bitches game
That's why there's raindrops drippin' off my windowpane
And I was gettin' money far before the Fisker came

Official name's got plugs like a new strain does
You may be hot inside your city, homie you ain't us
You can't trust nothin' if it's comin' with a dollar sign
It's genius comin' from out of my awkward mind
Cross the line, it's just not the time
And he ain't thinkin', put that red dot on his mind
I'm Santana's bandana, against me you don't stand a chance
Call you fancy pants cause when you're drunk you do the hammer dance
If there's a random chance you're fuckin' up my Phantom plans
I'mma go bananas and blam 'em into the ambulance
My mother's sonogram was like a mission statement
Cause I wasn't patient, left that pussy in a spaceship
Y'all fools basic, your parents both racist
I'm lawyering these hoes out here, beatin' cases
She eatin' dick so she plead the fifth
Yeah, it's Larry Fish, homie he's a myth
You sunk my battleship, I'll be in Nazareth by where Jesus live
And your homie with you, he's a bitch, some vagina shit
Gettin' faded, go and sin in Vegas
I'm just observent, man of different faces
Some dick-licker want my kids in her
She a switch-hitter, told her bring her bitch with her
The dick split her like a swisher then I'm outty, outty
Never eat the pussy if it's lousy, it's lousy
I'm the prodigal son
With ominous, Nostradamus anonymous visions
Confidence, some Obama shit, in Mocassins they can
In moccasins they can ante, alright

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