

Connor McDees

Christon Gray

Swear I suppose, there's nothing left for me in here to expose
Ain't an accolade alive that I ain't claim on my own
I been crowned since forever, been in here with the stones
June bug with the plug, how I weight out the goal
It's nothing new, almost to the point where I be bashful
Double entendres are wondering what the mass do
Double high, caught em and wonder if that'll catch you
It's summersault slaughter so the flow is only natural
Like no shots to it, more so in sense
But I'm less about that, and more so bout a Benz
I'm more so bout a win, and more so bout the end
Being more than we can count, moreover contend
Talking Russell in the huddle for a W
Instead of serenading the parade, but not enough for attempts
Know I may hear the beat, like the end of the speech
Like the only protocol of what winning should be is right here
They gave Langston Hughes a pen, Coltrane a saxophone
Gave me this mic but they ain't give me no chaperones
Just me, just the ghost and the alphabet
Nine years old watching Spike Lee's "Malcolm X"
Yeah, I'm on some different type of energy
Whether hot or cold better save them extremities
Man, the jazz got you running like Floyd
If it's money in the made, then the summer got a joint
I ain't running for the coin man I'm tryna keep my promise
Cause if I keep it G I'm selling honesty as product
And it's piracy, all this airing out keep messing up my privacy
Now I'm writing rhymes on papyrus leaves
It's hometown hero, not a hero in my own town
Got my own sound, I experiment with Mo-Town
Yeah, that's the offseason
You fish outta water and we coming out to season

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

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