

# Next Black President

## Los

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

[Los]

Shooter baby, it's Los

Can yall hear me out there? I hope so[Los - Verse 1]

What if I told you that pain was suitable

That hardships, bad times, and rain was beautiful

Now have in your environment, the blame is usual

In fact, anything that you could blame is usable

What if I told you I could show you through the sky

And if you took my hand and just believe you could fly

Would you stand there without your feet leaving the ground

Maybe the doubt inside your heart is what's been keeping you down

Well I'm hear to tell you, I aint here to sell you a dream

Only you can fail ya, make your doubters hail you a king

Cause you royalty, born piss poor though the worst times

Instead of hatred, learn to love yourself for the first time

So for that hug your father never gave you, here goes one

And if I gotta be your backbone till you grow one

I will, to instill morals and principles

Just to let you know you invincible[Chorus]

Jealousy is weak, and hatred is irrelevant

Damn they got me feeling like the next black president

I been through it all, and made it through my obstacles

Straight up out the hood, so anything is possible

And only make you stronger, that's that evident

Standing here, feeling like the next black president

You gotta say the future can't be negligent

So put ya hands up if you the next black president(Verse 2)

It's something about the struggle that attracts hustlers

Forever attached, the ones that never detached suffer

Maybe the lack luster and the black structure

Is the thing that deems the ability to adapt tougher

When the guidance is gone, and the respect falls

And I only talk to my brothers through collect calls  
That disconnect is like disrespect  
And from a ?? something I could just accept  
How many times will defeat nail ya  
Probably as many times as you repeat failure  
Its like we petrified of who's inside  
Scared to lose, so we extra size (?) foolish pride  
As long as you alive, you got a chance to make it  
And bein locked in the cycle is just a chance to break it  
No condition can stop you, no obstacle can block you  
Just tell that people that knock you, I say...(Chorus)Crowned king when my pop died  
The new Thriller ever since the King of Pop died  
My verses could verse three me in the top 5  
I was the heart transplant when hip hop died  
Verbally I'm Ben Carson  
Yall duplicate the wheel, I reinvent awesome  
I'm fly, minus the hero's method  
I could apply pressure with zero effort  
So tell me what you mad fo'  
You can't be my son if the sun is my shadow  
Leave rappers in circles, no ciphers  
Cause I'm the best behind bars, no Rikers  
End the story, no curtain call  
Smilin at the one's that told me this wouldn't work at all  
Never ?? in defeat, only gratitude  
So next black president, this my attitude

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