# Jerome (feat. Joey Bada$$)

## Mick Jenkins

Put your motherfuckin' hands in the air
Or you gon' need a halo, I'm a mothafuckin' slayer
This ain't no game, I'm not no player
Nigga tryna find his way and then he bringing pain
You better know we majorI'm on this water heavy, what's a little gold and a pager
Wrestle with these words a young Mick Foley
All I see is AC Slater
These niggas jaded, 'bout to set it off, I be like Jada
Still on the block it feel like Jenga how it tumble down
Hands shaking like a Rumble, pack up we humble now
Buzzing how we bumble now
Leaving niggas puzzled, do the right thing and they buggin' out
Know the freedom stop for nothing, tell 'em niggas stop the frontin'
Roll in front, so if you ever see teardrop you better know we choppin' onions
I'm spitting yellow bricks, we rarely stop for munchkins
That's why I do not fuck with customs, I'm unaccustomed to these costumes
Know that if you cross the free it just might cost you
I'm not a doctor or Kevin Costner
The way I'm dancing with these wolves, I pray I never lost her
Step, I keep it steppin' nigga that's a betRelax and take notes, while I take tokes of the marijuana smoke
Relax and take notes, relax and take notes, notes, notes, notesPut your motherfuckin' hands in the air
And wave them like you just don't care
I'm just showin' love to my mothafuckin' people
You can tell your mans we ain't going no where
Now keep your hands motherfuckin' in the air
And wave them like you just don't care
I'm just showin' love to my mothafuckin' people
You can tell your mans we ain't going no whereJerome in the mothafuckin' house now
Let a loafer steppin', niggas better watch they mouth now
Leaving loaded lessons, pray for blessings when the doubts 'round
Thousand Island stretchin', I ain't stressin' no salad
I'm in this water where the sharks be
Coming for the same place your thoughts be
Artsy, dirty mouth, I never do the flossing
Hardly, stuntin' on the niggas that's frontin'
I know they do not want it, I run over niggas that's punnin'
No I ain't tryna kick it, I'm cookin' no bun in the oven
I need it on the stove, push it to the people off a cottage grove
Pot of gold, flooded more than Hollygrove

Mothafuckin' Hollywood, never take a holiday
I'm spotting foes everywhere, know that I get very rare
Faced the God, what's up Based God?
I'm pacing hot, tracing opps
Know your enemy, patrol your energy
Don't slip with niggas that pretend to be
Only kin of me can call me blood
Even a friendly can see the love
We do it for the free and keep it up
Tell your niggas they can keep the hate
Tell my friends I appreciate, the value never depreciateThis for my niggas, who be chillin' with them killers in the wild
We gettin' high 'til we bug the fuck out
It's been a minute, I've been chillin' on the
Prowl right, right
And to my crooks from Chi-town all the way to Flatbush
We get wild if you give us that look
Hit you with the follow up and the right hook, right, rightPut your fucking hands up in the air
Or you gon' have to lay low when I motherfucking spray you
This ain't no game like Sega, don't be a hero
I'm with my good fellas and we 'bout to rob Dinero
Give me the pesos, give me the Euros, give me the dollars
Give me the say so if these niggas want the drama
If I call my partners up, body bags is popping up
Keep popping shit, we pop the trunk, make you niggas popular
Hit him between his oculars, what the fuck is popping, cuz?
Super Saiyan like I opened forty-seven chakras up
Pussy hoes we knocking up, these flows keep stocking up
As long as I'm rhyming I'm Ben Wallace on your wallets, uh
My true shottas go blocka, blocka
Soul shocking with the fire, probably light your block up
Stop your blood clot crying, the pussy boy there dying
It's a cold, cold world, I think these niggas need the iron like "blaow"How you like me now? Its the mothafuckin' Brooklyn king of them now
Nigga's jocking my style, I been all on the road
I been checkin' out the shows, I been fuckin' your hoes, like blap
How you like me now? Its the mothafuckin' Brooklyn king of them now
Nigga's jocking my style, I been all on the road
I been checkin' out the shows, I been fuckin' your hoesThis for my niggas, who be chillin' with them killers in the wild
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