

Not Here Anymore

Phonte

[Phonte]

Went to the well and made a wish
Pray to god I stay around, Tiggalo love to throw his weight around
On the same scale they weigh the fish
It's just what it seems, sweet dreams are made of this
Holler at me if you ever been a underdog
Or set up a upset, standing on the verge of your success
Steady bearing your soul to the world, you undressed
Surrounded by your success-ors, and the whores you ain't fucked yet
That's how I be getting it, I don't need the lime light
That's young nigga shit, I'm a OG, and the G is for gentleman
Yes Phontigga spit, amazon flame watch 9th Rekindle it
Cause I pad verses with the wisdom of my innocence lost
2 brothers 2 peas in the pod
2 comeback seasons apart
Take it back to when I be in the park
I rhyme till I couldn't see in the dark
So silly niggas better be on your guard
Longest breadth in my being, I'ma be on my job
With good music got that good feel
A good meal, leafy greens, 2 veggies, protein and a starch
And I'm out

[Phonte]

Right where I thought I'd be,
It's another part of me
And the world so sad to see
That I'm not here anymore
Wind blowing through the trees
Blue Bull-City skies 70 degrees
'Te embodies an architect and when he rhyme about it he body the whole
Alphabet
So bury me a G
My mama say she done enough worrying for me
So I'm done currying, fable what you niggas groundhoggin'
Spitting that same shit, y'all Bill Murrayin'
My dc niggas say you bammass lack experience
Carolina on my mind like Steve Spurrier
I'm the courier, carrying the word
That with these verbs, that nigga Phonte's a little murderous

See a little nervousness, and a frown
Cause you know deep down you ain't nice, just a little courteous
You just running game nigga, we the fucking tournament
You a temporary visa to a fucking permanent
Resident, citizen it's evident
The denizens took over the big house on some Nat Turner shit
Shoulders back, head high to the fucking firmament
Can't be like us, and fear no man
Niggas bleed like us, get a fucking tourniquet, nigga
Right where I thought I'd be,
It's another part of me
And the world so sad to see
That I'm not here-
[ELZhi]
Check, I'm poetic while they po-thetic
I play they life like a movie
And in the end give them no credit
I was told to run it so I grip the baton
And spit magic like it's pouring out the tip of a wand
Don't trip you ain't equipped to fix your lip and respond
I plan to, ex you out like the man who
Hands you a script of Korans
Since lights flipped, I'm getting chips in Milan
Pull dips, push whips like the ones from the clips in the Tron film
I'll blow your mental mass where you mind stem
Like a 9-m-m right at your line trim
You must rewind him
The syllable sensei, to bring you to your knees
The way biblical men pray
Or whores in the brothel
Cause I Spill I'll from the grill
Like one who reveals sores from their mouth hole
And if you only knew the shit that I been through
To paint the type of pictures my pen drew
Your label tries to fuck you your friends screw
You over now you're sober, watching bad energy affect the evils that men do
They fuckin see-through
I'm a sick flow-er that carry lines
Like when you click over on you dick blowers and it sucks to be you
Right where I thought I'd be,
It's another part of me
And the world so sad to see
That I'm not here anymore.
I'm not here anymore
I'm not here, can't anymore.

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