2020

Sol

Killing the game feeling like I'm hunting safari
You got that Jesus on your chain while you do nothing but party
I got my weed, I got my drank but I'm focused
Ghandi -- I feel the focus homie
So I'm taking over shortly
Money on my mind but only because it's king
Obama dollar sign my president is green
Run up in your residence rip apart everything
Generation don't give a fuck about anything
Never wanted to be an astronaut
I was just an outcast who would rap a lot
Behind music -- Pussy was an afterthought
Who'da knew I'd be here or even half as hot
And so I wait while you sleep
Train while you eat
Bite the bullet, you can see the stains on my teeth
Treat the beat like the battlefield
Call me Kubla Khan
I'm on the sun, I don't know what planet you've been on
She my moon, I'mma stars
Hold me down while I'm gone
She's at peace, I'm at war
Together we make hip hop
Up while the city sleep, I don't need to keep watch
Tick-tock, count down to when the beat drop
It's just us now -- cut the loose strings
Turn the lights down, And let your mood swing
Heart racin' to the finish as we shed clothes
Let go of the ego, makin' your head growI'm too hot
I'm so cold
They told me don't stop
Keep goingYou're so full of yourself (right?)
Only think of yourself (right?)
All you need is yourself (right?)
You're truly the definition of life (life)So take it off
Take it off off, take it off off
The naked body is part of who we are
So take it off, off
Break it off, off

The naked body is part of who we are
So we dance in the rain, drop old thangs
Put our hands to the stars, like we just won the ball game
But we ain't playin for the fortune, we ain't playing for the fame
Matter of fact we ain't even playing the game
Life is what you make it, you can give it you can take it
You can't waste it chasin' bitches or listen to what I'm saying
20/20 vision, isn't a given when you was raised in
A system full of the prisons and shitty education
I'm out
Let me re-up, what we need's love
What we need's home cooking and good bud
Let's have a pow-wow, and make some music
You can play the drums, while I Langston Hughes it
It's classic -- this rap shit is tired
It lacks passion
Fuck your World Star Mind Frame, my lane is way past it
Just imagine, all the places we could go
Drop your make up and take off your clothes(who we are, who we are)
Sometimes we just have to let it all goYou're so full of yourself (right?)
Only think of yourself (right?)
All you need is yourself (right?)
You're truly the definition of life (life)So take it off
Take it off off, take it off off
The naked body is part of who we are
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Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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