

Hope

Jaden Smith

Baby girl I just hope
When I grow up I can know the ropes
I'm never selling my soul
Guess we won't know until we know
So all I can do is hope, hope, hope
All I can do is hope
When I die leave a note
Until then I just hope, hope I'm about to switch it on you all
My shoes are bleeding with the blood of Martin Luther King
These ain't no Louis Vuitton's
This is for tough gone
This is for activists riding in Teflon with a bulletproof vest on
This is for MSFT's who know that I'm serious
This is for all the delirious kids who can live inside a prison pyramid
There's kids in prison, are you hearing this?
But lately this is not a conspiracy
I don't label myself a conspiracist, I need a therapist
Look, Fahrenheit 451
Building seven wasn't hit and there's more shit to come
The pentagon is on a run
I just hope I go to heaven when this shit is done
Business is business I get it
I'm just wishing all these prisons was not independent
Lobbyists are in the Senate
Lobbying to make it obvious, innocent people are prosecuted for a living
I talked to Judas in my vision your bullshit is done
I'll be Martin Luther in a minute, once all the products in the kitchen
Why do you even get passionate when you be spitting?
You know they don't even listen they care about why itself and putting lean up in their fridges
And wearing crosses like they're christian when playing chess and I'm the bishop
I've just ran out of ammunition, baby, but I'm still on a mission
Your verses sound like dirty dishes and that's just a joke
Well baby all I do is Hope
Baby all I do is Hope
I'm never selling my soul
Yeah, we'll never know until we know
Baby all I do is hope, hope, hope
Baby all I do is hope, ho ho ho ho ho
When I grow up I can know the ropes

And I'm never selling my soul (No, no, no, no no no)
And i'm never selling my soul (No, no, no)
(No, no, no)
Selling my soul (No, no, no)
(No, no, no) ey ey (never selling my soul)
(No, never selling my soul)
Gloomy gloomy days in Calabasas cities on the maps and now it's hella ratchets
Mr. Soldier with my stripes and badges shouldn't plug the clip but that's just automatic
Got her number there, well what's their name?
Never hit her up but I'm just glad to have it
In case a lonely day she'll fall upon me
I can make a call and we can share some magic
Got psychopathic flow I'm scared of snapping
Hit them into the back and they don't know what happened
So subliminal they didn't know
Smooth Criminal call me Michael Jackson
I would die for this a suicidal passion
You and I were simply too aloud to have had it
Girl, my ego had to die
Ego had to fly, I'm just really glad this room is padded because I'm
Going harder than a running man once I get it all I ain't coming back
Girl I guess we'll never talk again, well I didn't know you wanted that
Could've left you with them other kids, would've helped us with a lot of suffering
Now I'm hanging out with mutual friends and they just do a lot of wandering
You want the comma comma comma comma
I ain't want the drama drama drama drama
Take you anywhere in the world you wanna go
Baby you're my suito baby mama me
You a gang gang gang gang, no bandanna that's no problem
Feeling cooler than a fanna', going through where you wanna babyFirst look through the valley
I can feel your body
Laying right beside me
First look through the valley
Girl I swear you got me
I can feel your body
I can feel your real side of you I feel your sound
Kiss me through the girls go where we go, we know, we know
Know, we know, we knowHey Syre, who is she?So, do you party much?

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