

Dehydration (feat. The Mind)

Mick Jenkins

Sip!
I've been drinkin' all this water
Piss ain't never been so clear, I'll be a martyr
Right in front yo' face make no mistake
I rolled the trees and took the truth right to the face
This ginger ale is for your daughter
Or your shorty or whatever
A shortage of clever, we comin' up shorter than ever (tell 'em)
Electrical shortage, it's all in your circuit
I'm workin' like scissors and not less you sparkin' it better
We sparked the discussion
Spark 'to yo' light bulb, just call me Confucius, we causin' concussions
They callin' me conscious, a Jimminy Cricket
Unfortunate events, got me writin' it like Lemony Snicket
Perils of wisdom all in the pictures
Depicted y'all niggas know how I roll it
Know that I'm focused, know that I know what I'm holdin' is golden
(Hurt Everybody)
Southside nigga, seen a whole lot of shit
Six point stars and a whole lotta dope
With a shooter that don't miss, that's a whole lotta bricks
The city that raised me, the people that taught me
The difference is crazy
It's all love though, know that I'mma share my light when your vision gets hazy
They killed Malcolm, they killed Martin and I'mma spark and I'll be damned if they'll be
blessed if I die (And I know you know)
I keep a pistol and the Bible if they try me ain't no killer but guarantee that they'll see God in it
(I know you know)
I know that I'm wrong, but the Chi is all I've known (I know you know)
You could break my bones, they won't take my throne, it will always be my home I was on the
back porch gettin' faded, cup of ginger ale and them peanut butter loafers
Swear this lifestyle's so contagious, swear I told myself that I'd never be a smoker
Fail, watch me inhale
Hot box had a dumb nigga in jail
Cops start young niggas piled in the whip
Kings of the street, they was crownin' the Vic
Bail was like five hundred, [?] my lil homie down, everyday I pay her back
Second degrees and negligencies and apologies can't bring a dog back, facts
We off that slim, got a little fifth of Jack
We off that feelin' like Daniel
Pray for the niggas that's lyin', they don't wanna see me dismantle
Put it on wax like a candle

Send it to the blogs, I can see the fear
Put it in yo' prayers, send it to yo' God
Niggas so flawed with the fraud if you act then the gat will applaud
Got a passion like Patrick I come off the block
Grindin' 'til holes in my shoes like I'm runnin' in Crocs
Don't slip I don't run in my socks
Time is money, I'm all out of clock, nigga wake up
Wake up my nigga you sleepin'
I know that you thirsty, you ain't drinkin' water, my nigga you tweakin'
And I'mma be right here in my spot
A little more free than I already got
Trippin' off you cause you had your shot
Nigga wake up
They killed Malcolm, they killed Martin and I'mma spark and I'll be damned if they'll be
blessed if I die (And I know you know)
I keep a pistol and the Bible if they try me ain't no killer but guarantee that they'll see God in it
(I know you know)
I know that I'm wrong, but the Chi is all I've known (I know you know)
You could break my bones, they won't take my throne, it will always be my home

Lyrics provided by <https://www.omusic.in/>