

Twofifteen

Black Thought

Two fifteen

Yo

The big wheel keep turnin' like Ikes and Anna Maes
The church kitchen hustle dinners every Saturday
Pull over, let me grab a plate, I tend to gravitate
Towards how fish dinners from a styrofoam platter taste
My granddaddy sported a plaid Donny Hathaway
Hustlin' for everything we had, 'til he passed away
When I would ask about what path to take
He used to laugh and say, "No man is an island but I'm a castaway"
Casualties, I seen 'em like the French Foreign Legion
On the streets, they used to carry out bizzare procedures
In jean jackets and Jabbar, Adidas
Back when local R&B was just as soulful as orthopedics
Me and my man, twistin' up some reefer and
Wishin' we knew On The Town, hitman in the lights of sand
Christian, on the edge of existence, man, listen
Understand respect and fear was the all-American ambition
For badass kids in the laundromat, foldin' a load
Well lo' and behold, a whole 'nother fork in the road
My wish for them is that the truth is eventually told
Out on the corner, where whatever you can sell is sold
I heard murder ran, as vast as deserted land
Since back when Burning Man was blacks in Birmingham
Before the presidential election diversion scam
Matter fact, before they clapped Franz Ferdinand
You gossip on Jay and Beyonce or Kim and Kanye
But keep risin' to the top, what my mind say
Picture my daughter drinkin' water with a sign
Say, "For colored girls," I ain't talkin' Ntozake Shange
Who said it's cynical? I was a king and general
Rich in every resource, precious metal and mineral
Before the devil entered the land of the plentiful
With that Jamaican funk, gotta get it into who
For generations under God, indivisible
Psych ward patience, vampires in a interview
Become institutionalized, what a nigga do
But what we had to do to survive, none o' them could do
Who the technical culprit, I don't mess with no vultures
I'm electrical voltage, not the regular dosage
Too obsessive compulsive, I'm a fuckin' explosive
Mixed message in a bottle, I left with the postman

I'm that arachnophobia, black petroleum
Ceremoniously holy when at the podium
Even though it's hotter than weapons-grade plutonium
The people tryna check for the return of the Ichiban
Obi-Wan universe, you owe me one solid
My homie Gonzalez, only know gun violence
On the corner where they prob'ly on they 21 Savage
Catch two in your cabbage, Young Cesar Chavez
Revision one, yo, where we get our rhythm from?
Continuum, still swingin' like a pendulum
Here the women come, sing it like Sarah Vaughan
Heard 9th up in a house, from North Carilon'
Ain't no mannequin challenge, but y'all paralyzed
It's gettin' cold outside, a word from the wise
Y'all niggas better bundle up but I bet it be a hotter summer
Not for nothin' yo, the cops get down, especially when it come to us
Nigga better be a Rockefeller
Get that out your pocket fella, sayin' in acapella
Ain't a damn thing really changed as far as I can tell it
Another soul with no name, the helicopters hunted
Look like a couple of days before the doctor comin'
But that's my little cousin, watch him for me
I think the world tryna sock it to me
It kinda feel like everything is out of pocket for me
Who keep it a hundred when everything's partial?
Dignity and sanity is what the game cost you
Wake up to the paddles on your chest, we had lost you
I'm just paintin' a picture like Kerry James Marshall
I'm just takin' a picture like Carrie Mae Weems
So smile and say cheese, we in 2018
In a pyramid scheme, nightmares and day dreams
From the runaway slave, to a modern day king

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