

The Message

Jay Rock

It's like you're testing me now
This my testimony, look I got that recipe now
Keep that good book on the dash with that weaponry out
Ain't no mo' rules in this game plus no referees out
All that stressing, it taught me lessons
Caught blessings, went back to stressin'
And that moment when death is present
Had me praying and asking questions
I had no answers so I had to bottle up that aggression
Load up them hollows and I had to follow in my direction
Don't know where I'm headed
I can't look back though, there's nothing there
But backstabbers, snakes that slither, decisions when nothing's fair
Keeping my faith in all, even if they come take it all
Stand on my ground, I was born to fight so I'm taking off
Me and my champs on a mission, work with the baddest intention
Sharp as a scalpel incision
Gotta survive these condition, vengeance is like a tradition
If you practice what you're preaching might just get what you wish
Never thought it would be a easy, I hope we understand that
Gotta earn it when you see me, I hope we understand that
I look up at these tennis shoes over the wire
I'm looking at these tennis shoes over the wire
But no change coming
Now we have to get whatever we after
See past the regular shit that we master
Learn to survive through love and Jezebels and street pastors
Live as free as we can cause Hell on Earth is being recaptured
I'm caught in this ghetto rapture, spirit detached
I'm smoking backwoods looking for greener pastures
Hashtag we bastards, from money change to snowflakes
The body found, a cold case, we making it out from no place
Now can you walk in these shoes with no lace?
Or push that \$5-50 on shoes with no plates? I don't think so
Shit is insufficient when you think slow
That's why I keep one foot in the game like a flamingo
But here's the thing though, picking my spots yelling, "bingo"
Post it with the work, 501's with the peacoat
This ain't no New Jack City and I ain't Nino
Wondering if change gone come, but we gone see though
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