

Cordae, Jean-Michel

Yeah, uh

Brink of extinction, hell-bent on survival
This life's a continuous cycle
Consider this a venomous haiku
This ain't a verse, nigga
And I done dealt with the worst niggas
The type to steal your shit and search with ya
Nothing ordinary
I been having vivid dreams, them shits is more than scary
Graveyards or mortuaries
Haunted by these goals that I'm tryna accomplish
Underrated, over-hated, I'm tired of the nonsense
Things I've could've done better, it lies in my conscience
And I'll never forget it, I'm my worst critic
Such a overthinker, I'm so self-reflective
God willing, these parables go and sell some records
Politicians out here lying, tryna sell a message
Ten thousand hours, penmanship is well-perfected
Uh, I'm just tryna get my point across
And on my mama, I will die for the right cause
Mmm, 'cause what's life without sacrifice?
And you just wasting talent if you never strategize
Stared death in the face with the saddest eyes
Taking risks, situations getting magnified
What's your ideal way of demise?
The price of fame costs your life, but staying alive was more important
Uh, death is the greatest surprise
I see the hate in your eyes
I saw potential at first, grew a resentment for Earth
You lust for power too much
And it's getting worse
The more you get, the more that you'll desire, can't quench your thirst
Of a conqueror, ask Alex, ask Christopher
Seven figure checks, they require my signature
Drive-by shootings, homicides are vehicular
Now fuck your art critic, can't decide what my picture's worth
I just know that it's painted well
Your favorite artist first priority is gaining wealth
Mmm, sprinkle holy water on a tainted cell
My brother asked me how the fuck can he maintain in Hell
Mmm, that's another story for a different day
He just told me, "Don't switch your ways," nigga