

## RHAPSODY OF ILLITERACY

Bitch im no pussy im a lion  
Shit that i be doing making all these ol' heads expire  
A man to admire , i shape land to my desire  
When i grab pen and the paper, i set it on fire  
Bitches hate me for who i am  
And if they don't like it, i really don't give a damn  
Vibing to these beats that's the jam  
Whoever wrote these lyrics, get award to my man  
Now we in a van, we are going far  
Know that even in a burning house you are a shining star  
Writing down them lyrics while i hold my scar  
With my fellow writers riding in the jaguar

So grab your hands up in the sky  
Gotta understand what it means to be alive  
Now take you to a ride, its either live or die  
Amongst all them angels man you gon fly (x2)

Rest in peace to all of em soldiers  
Who died for us carrying them on our bloody shoulders  
Pure rawness, dedication in coldness  
Never kept it low, greatness and nervous  
They're the reason why we write  
Never to be taken low to even lose in mud fight  
Open up your own mind, true you wont be blind  
Cause you never know what lyrical treasures you can find

So grab your hands up in the sky  
Gotta understand what it means to be alive  
Now take you to a ride, its either live or die  
Amongst all them angels man you gon fly (x2)

It all always begins from square one or two  
Nothing ever comes out perfect or even true  
Everyone has a different perception and point of view  
But whenever you shape it of your own soul, its completely new  
So grab your paper and pen, count up to ten  
Write it down so it don't become forgotten  
You probably already forgot, shit that was taught  
Everything that was said in house, now in a gunshot

So grab your hands up in the sky  
Gotta understand what it means to be alive  
Now take you to a ride, its either live or die  
Amongst all them angels man you gon fly (x4)