

Huey Knew THEN

Ab-Soul

Check it out, hey

This is a story all about how

My life got flipped, turned upside down

And if you roll another blunt and keep your mouth shut

I'll tell you how I became the wicked nigga they call Young Mind f**k

Black out, black out (Youngin from Del Amo)

Black out, black out (Belt by Ferrigamo)

Black out, black out

Black out, yeah, aye, man (black out)

They speak highly of me when I raise my voice

I gotta shoot a f**kin' free throw to make my point

My wittiness leave 'em stuck in the wilderness

You need a backwood to roll to this joint

I'm Robin Hood in Robin jeans, you follow me?

Nevermind, I'm tired of tight analogies

Still in pursuit of happiness in the midst of the madness

With middle fingers to bitches with badges that go oink

(Yeah! Yeah!)

I'm on the fence with common sense

My logic is sound, Spock of the 90746

No shit, Sherlock

Remind 'em of Han Solo on the battlefield

Everybody behind Soulo and they backin' up

I just threw my two-step, let her back it up

Go on, back it up! Go on, back it up!

You dry-snitchin', I'm slidin' in somethin' moist

You annoy these women, I anoint these women

You stressin' em, I schedule an appointment with 'em
They let me cut so much I bring ointment, nigga
I'm lubricant slick, baby, I'm hornier than
The brass section of the band, you understand?
Pick your poison, it's your choice

Hey, I'm just a youngin from Del Amo
(Lil' homie from the hood)
Yeah, with a belt by Ferragamo
(Yeah, bitch, I look good)
Hey, just doing what I wanna
This ain't marijuana
Please don't tell my mama

I'ma black out, black out, black out, black out
You tellin' white lies while I black out
Black out, black out, black out, black out
Pale white horse when I black out
Black out, black out, black out, black out
Spark the white lighter, then I black out
Even white lives matter when I black out
Bucket of black paint in front the White House, nigga

(Yeah! Yeah!) I hope I'm in Obama's iPod
Yeah, 'fore I had a desktop
Was lookin' for a shortcut to be an icon
But this time it's for the money, my nigga
Me and the Ichiban Don got itchy palms
And I just left Emmet's with a jar and a intercom
I'ma act an ass and have a donkey to pin it on
I'm winnin' no matter what the decision's dependin' on

I'm sinister, picture a tickin' bomb in the Pentagon
The typical shit I've been on, remember the pen is gone
Your pinnacle's penny-pinchin'
I'm gettin' nickels for my thoughts
Like Slim Shady in Balmain jeans
Difficult to say I'm vision impaired, all I seen
I'm Yamborghini High, A\$AP M-O-B
Your 16 is pint-sized to me

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Young no shame Kurt Cobain, bastard son
With a gun in palm; money, pussy, crime sittin' on my mind
No emotion, orange bottles how I deal with mine
Crackin' bannies only time a nigga cross the line
Wrong hand signs'll turn a function to Columbine
Yeah, so, B.O.B's top gunner

Front runner, NEVR DIE clique, the thing you are not, brother
Polo Ralph Lauren is keepin' the Glock covered
Pour up medication by the brick
Sippin' oil like we're tryna sink a ship
So yeah, uppers and the downers in the mix
Now the film heads talking 'bout a script
Livin' my days is a gamble
I guess that's the perks of the set, bet
Ain't nothin' certain but dirt, that bitch wearin' that skirt
So I guess that I'm flirtin' with death
Need the type of cash cow to get Trump whacked out
Here's the question you should ask
What's the Soul without the Da\$H?
Never had the option I could back out
If it's 'bout the cash, then I act out

Black out, black out
Black out, black out
Black out, black out
Black out, black out
Yeah, so!