

## Track Two

Ab-Soul

B-O, what up my nigga?  
E3 I'm a get you on these backwoods last thing I do  
nigga  
Yeah  
Oh shit nigga! Oh shit nigga!  
These niggas done did it again  
Tae Beast why you do that man?  
Why the fuck you had to do that man?  
This shit sound like a 100 birds under the Carson  
Sheriff Station  
I told Rizac I get off my stash  
We really out here my nigga!

When I roll through the city it give me a rush  
Yeah I'm high off life but I'm rolling blunts  
And they couldn't wait for Soul to reappear  
Click, boom. T.N.T., TDE, we in here  
Mm, mm, mm! I can smell fear  
From a mile away, you might as well get from round here  
I run the town like Roc Nation, no exaggeration  
Bet I rise like Lazarus, use your imagination  
Fascinated by you faggots hating  
Get an occupation  
You in violation, provoke annihilation  
Flow like the Nile river, yo it's now or never  
You had a release date, but now it's never  
Yeah, welcome to the Control System  
I'm stimulating the hoes and educating my niggas  
I wiggle through potholes, my destination is vivid  
To the end of the road I'm driven  
Y'all trippin'  
Soulo

And we stunting like  
Ab-Soul, abstract, asshole  
Give the people what they need  
Damn right, let 'em know  
You got some kind of disease  
I'm the illest in the business  
If you ain't with the business, mind your business  
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Like I ain't never had shit  
Cause I never had shit  
Same Chucks, two years straight, doing bad shit  
Sick, twist two spliffs out my dime bag shit  
Pissed, tryna get a good response out this bad bitch  
Which one of you niggas wanna call my bluff?  
Wish granted, call his ass granite, now he mopped up  
Never been locked up but I keep a sentence

Winners win and sinners sin only to ask God forgiveness  
In this world of luxury cars, illegal tender  
Johnny want me like Wyclef Jean gone til' November  
Pop my collar like I'm Don Juan, green to my slippers  
Just remember that they don't want me to get ignorant  
Sinister literature, given from this wicked minister  
Witness your future diminish  
No present from Saint Nicholas in particular  
You're just a thing of the past  
I'm a diamond ring in the trash  
No reason to brag, it's Ab

What's your life about, enlighten me  
Is you gon' live on your knees or die on your feet?  
Can't lose, you niggas must admire defeat  
You lying like Nala nigga, you know where to find a  
nigga  
Del Amo, Carson in the house  
The View, The Village, Scottsdale and right back around  
Can't forget about The Patch, matter fact  
I got some homies off Grace Ave., we go way back  
Been running round since L train cut up at our people  
Rocket was my role model, Lil' Rocket my number one O-  
migo  
With fifteen in the back alley  
Hop fences and skip school  
Fellowship with the gang members, and goddammit I still  
do  
But just imagine if Einstein got high and sipped juice  
Broke rules, got pussy, beat up rookies on Pro Tools  
You probably call his ass Soul Brother #2  
And I just took a number two  
And ain't this track number two?