

Native Tongue

Quinn XCII

Yeah, yeah

I got this style
You feel that soul
But still you play
The radio
I changed my name
Two years ago
Left that old sound
Forward I go
I like it loud
You like it low
Drown you in bass
Titanic flow
Everybody hit that schmoney
'Bout a week ago
Yeah I know that's not my style
But I still play it though

Tell me something tell me something that I want to hear
All that criticism in my head goes out my ears
The right resolve is never given me to grab a hold
Despite it all, think I should let it go
So don't change
He says don't stray, stay your own
They said follow where we go
(So don't change)
These days kings race for dead thrones
Their tall tales boost their egos
(So don't change)
Maybe I sit back with a view
Take all this time to think anew
(So don't change)
Ways to express what's gone unsung
Translate them to my native tongue

They've got ideas
We've got ours too
The ways to dress
What not to do
As this has grown
More hands reach out
They pull my strings
Play off my parts

I'm paranoid but I'm trippin'
We ten feet from slippin'
Mixtape days we missin'
But I know these songs will play
I'm senseless but I'm focused
You fell asleep when I wrote this
We so dope, don't cope this
Yeah I know these songs will stay

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