

N.A.S.A

The Underachievers

Niggas know the name call me Au
Don't take that shit in vain like my prophet Jesus
I'm a new age nigga christ shit no news
I'm raising up indigos setting minds on the loose
Ain't spitting no stupid shit in my lyrics straight truth
I'm painting the city right around making moves
I'm putting in work in overtime while they snooze
Been rapping a year but what it sound like to you?

A nigga been blessed since he came out the womb
Now the world blessed too cause I'm the influence
Tuned with the truth kick knowledge in the booth
And the streets with the Gs and real niggas salute
Shooting for the stars I landed on planet X
Never had a plan B I always knew I was next
Flex now them haters upset throw the checks
Cause I team full of architects

You know the world filled with haters man don't worry 'bout em get lit
I made another song for them smoker dogs so proceed to spark up your shit
I dedicate this to the elevated send praises round to my kin
I put it down for them golden souls you know what I represent

Lords of the Bush fuck that broad if she stush
Meditate open eyes spit it all in the booth
Smoking on real strong might be foreign to you
Beastcoast live these bars, so we forward it to the youth
Rebirth of my soul my carcass anew
Only get the real thing, it's like art when I spew
Niggas think I'm insane in they souls the refuse
Mind trapped like a slave then my songs they for you!

Staring at the world from a lens view
Cause I'm like a superhero
Spittin uplifting my fuckin' peers dude
Leading by example the only way you can fool
Mind full of data let it splatta' on the vacant booth
Fool they done try the gods we too sharp
Blind niggas couldn't recognize the true art
I figured out the source resides within the heart
My niggas here to pesticide your buzz dog

Reppin up for the light you know them sparks unite when I write
Hop on my herb shuttle take flight
And spit that magic hittin the mic
Hol' Up, spitting straight facts til the dumb niggas listen
While the gods in town better repent for your sinning
With my Jason mask on cause we bout to make a killing
Using two eyes nigga then you ain't really livin'!

Born in this world with a heart full of gold
Gold crown on my mind can't tame my soul
Blow loud all the time change I know
Still keep it G like a fucking diamond do
Take a hit of weed see it from an astral view
As you tassel with demons, I fly past you
We coming at you don't feel us then move

To a city full of liars cause we spitting that truth

Rolling up and floating up and I'm bout to smoke again

Blowing OG that potent green spark another up cause we win

Rest In Peace to my nigga STEEZ, don't worry bout it get lit

Roll another up for my nigga dawg dedicate this one to the Prince