

Reborn

Wax

A lot of backyard barbecuers use gas because of its convenience. However, professional barbecuers prefer to use charcoal because it adds such a rich and smoky taste to the meat

Well I appreciate your advice expert guy. Especially considering the fact that I'm having a barbecue today! Cooking some meat, inviting some friends, over to eat. Gonna be a good time

Voted as the best in the asylum
My words can cause damage like I'm texting while I'm driving
Not the type when I get festive to get violent
But I'll beat you puppets down like my Mexican compadres do
Ahead of ya like hal-le-lu
My crew put in work and we rendezvous
At a bar on Lankershim sippin' Anchor Steam
I used to wanna takeover I had that banker's dream
You know that speech where you thank God then thank your team?
At a major league-themed award show they say is esteemed
I know now it ain't as great as it seems
I'm singing la la la la la

I can't sing but I'll still try
'Cause one day I will die
And according to skilled scientists like Bill Nye
It's not true that I will fly onto a hill high
In a angel-filled sky where everything is amazing
So while I'm still here I add melody when I say things
I tap into that heaven that is part of us
If you ain't found it yet then you must not be looking hard enough
I get it started up and I do not think it's a head trip
I heard a voice and I listened when it said shit
That's why I'm based in Hollywood like I'm Frederick's
To entertain should be in my name like it is in Cedric's
My brain is such a powerful thing
It's connected to the gods by a powerful string
There's a phone on either side it's really loud when it rings
And the message of a melody it bountifully brings
Then I sing it to a crowd and it sings it back to me
Except for the rappers in the back who just act snooty
The few who adore it consider it euphoric
Whether deep or sophomoric, my people are all for it
So the verdicts either still out or it's a hung jury
Whether I will kill the game like Dude from Kung Fury
When I sing my shit I make sure it's sung surely like la la la la la

I feel like I'm being reborn
My brain was the consistency of cream corn
Cold soul drinking whiskey just to keep warm
Without power like how Jesus had his sheep shorn
They sleep on me they can keep snoring
The internet brought me to the world like I'm free porn
Rappers keep boring me
Your girl must be 4 out of 5 dentists, she always recommends oral B
Sometimes I rap morbidly like a 450 pound dude storming the beaches at Normandy at war then he drowns
But right now I'm just adoring the sound of my own voice
Speaking of which

My voice is a penis and the beat is a vagina
The love that we make is the sweetest of its kind, uh
You can't bring me down I'm too high bruh
You can't alter my course, I've made my mind up
My inner light is like them psychedelic northern ones
My inner child is like them stage mom performer ones
My deepest thoughts are some widely assorted ones
Future generations will be thankful I recorded them
I write under the California sun like Jim Morrison
A normal summer day I meditate until the chorus come
The universe is enormous and forces one to feel it
A break from the real shit we deal with
If you a lyric fan I'm your spirit animal
My next mixtape will be accompanied by a hymnal
Used to wait for the machine like the gym full
Now I keep it simple
No need to infil-trate
That side of depression with your dinner plate was not what you expected like
e when you meet your Tinder date
Yeah the picture's great
But something isn't right
Life's unfiltered Lucky Strikes not a Winston Light
One who went to Princeton might see a different sight when they viewing me
They may be new to tomfoolery
Allow me to say one more verse real stupidly

A common question I'm asked is when and where I'm at
Real soon I'll be back to take care of that
More tales from the road like I'm Kerouac
Pussy on the road like a feral cat
Dispersed through the Earth is where my harem's at
Around my house is where your bitch is running errands at
I'm too dumb for you to bother me
But still the most scholarly shopper on a shopping spree at the Dollar Tree
I'd hate to have to follow me because the greats fathered me
I'm on my own island and I run this shit with sovereignty
How could you not see the God in me?