

Greydon Square, The Compton Effect

Hey, I need you to proofread this for me
Tell me if it's alright

My life is like my music, it hits you where it hurts
For what it's worth, this is more than just flippin' a verse
This me liftin' the curse from my knees, where it hurts
Like a squat during the last set when the muscles all burn

Nothin' concerns me more
Than selling myself out just to earn me more
And there ain't no tellin' what that money would burn me for
Tryin' to convince me independence would turn me poor
Tryin' to turn me core

I'm turnin' down record deals, a deal wouldn't even help
Anything a label can do I can do for myself
People say, "Graydon, can't you talk about something else?"
But when I did songs about other things, it didn't help

You never heard of Graydon Square before I came out with Extian
Or educated you on Molotov with a lesson
Nobody cared before when I was talking in circles
You all wanted Rudy music, radio, and club songs

Selling drugs and love songs
How can I appreciate today's music? The love's gone.
But this atheism caught on, didn't it?
All I did was put it in music, kicked the truth in my lyrics

And I never abused it
Cause I never was stupid enough to overdo it
'Till the message was useless
Setup the booth with delivery and some courage

Even if was nervous I would go and spit with a purpose
I knew the stakes were high,
that they would come with the king,
I knew my ace was high, higher than the queen or jack, to grace the sky
on third basees I'm try'n to take home if the outfielder takes the fly.
I'm Greydon Square, I 'm way ahead a' ya
These other rappers rhyme repetative
I'm Kirk Franklin's quantum negative