

# brakence, caffeine

how this shit ain't obvious to you i'm not even 21 my music be the snobbiest somehow i'm still gon

i blow out my chakras  
i don't need no doctor  
i be sipping straight black whipping out the honda i'm spitting this shit too fast i can't keep a saunte

a bad bitch with the messy hair  
yeah i've been on my own shit and I never cared so done with the good for nothing the "why so sel

it's all personal  
if i fuck with your shit you better take it personal i'm murdering any beat you send me cos i'm versa

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hit me double bound  
i still be the one  
this shit going south  
i still see the sun  
in the here and now  
i ain't gonna run  
to a savior or a harbor or a haven

dope shit's never on purpose  
tryna keep it controlled is so worthless still in my prime but it's like i aint been before cos i'm never

give me a moment  
i'm dizzy off the sound cos i mix it potent so then I break it down into its components you he do it fo

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truth is getting obvious to me not even 21 the music be the snobbiest somehow i'm still gon get it d

hands start to shake and i'm thinking rapidly i'm seeing the truth in my circle just like it's alchemy d

it's non-duality the way I lose myself in the method if the strategy is solid I'ma beat it to death, i'm li

i don't fold under pressure  
yeah, whether manic love or depression  
every body-mind shift i'm growing the vessel half these motherfuckers feeding off my essence yeah

now i decide, so use this shit as guide when making that fucking type beat and good luck finding ar  
pain poised when I make noise, cap get diminished i'ma too advanced for the game boy, i'ma need