

Lizzo, Be Still

I wake up every morning feeling like slapping a nigga
Squeeze trigger, stay scheming then I realize I'm still dreaming
Oops, psych! believing in believers ability to still scream for a nigga till you get nosebleeds
I be so scuffed up from kicking them rocks
And if you're so tough come run up and get clocked
Tick tock tock tock
If you got them slippery socks
Yo I'mma give it all that I got
To make a nigga slide in the vault
Then bake a nigga dash in some salt
I bring a nigga home and pole vault
Then blame a nigga like it's your fault
(You're fault!)

I never understood and I will never understand
The tolerance for ho-ishness that some of you people have
"ME?" You, yeah you
I'm talking to the middle man
Like how you're content with giving someone else the upper hand
Walking around your cubicle, your tie with your coffee mug
Syphoning the hard earned work from the thugs and hustlers, cause
Takin a chill pill before I whip my sword out like uma in kill bill
Makin niggas gasp like Emmitt Till
And I'mma keep on giving you the gospel like God's will, Peace! Be Still

This is God's will peace be still

Can I fall in love before the world ends?
Can my record get a few major spins? I'm saying
I don't wanna think about tomorrow because I'm still hustling
Until then, I guess it's just me, you, theses food stamps and cravings
No raisins in the sun, just Funyins and a Sunkist, we up in the club making it mist
Like a missed alcohol (though I see it every night)
And that tylenol I take everyday period like midil
Bye y'all, I'm moving on to other things by y'all
But not quite bilateral, more like three floors up and down the hall
Let the bygones be bygones, and try to keep the peace like Obama and Biden

All my friends are talented, all my friends got mad skills
All my girlfriends wear heels, all my niggas drug deal
We're tight (psych!)