

Jazz

Mick Jenkins

[Produced by OnGaud]

[Intro]

Drink more water
Or you might die

[Verse 1]

Seven Nine, King Drive, you can picture me rollin'
Bending corners we was headed to the Rasta
Nigga been blessed but a nigga been sick
And a nigga been stressed, so fuck it, I'm a doctor
Self-medicated, ginger ale in the champagne flutes
And I ain't celebratin'
Just cooking up crack
Where presentation's everything, tell 'em wait 'til I plate it
Patience, I'm faded, like outdated denim
Hearin' it like this 'bout as rare as cicadas
The boy got some Miles Davis in him, talkin' all that jazz
Telling all that truth, nigga talk your shit
Better watch your mouth, better watch your back
Better choose the right way on some fork in the road shit
And, of course, the path less traveled
Fuck I look like followin' your footsteps?
Don't fumble, cause this ain't Sunday football
I ain't at home with a footrest
In fact I'm in front of the back of your head
But I'm coming from behind, better look left
Look left like where the fuck is he?
You got time on your head, boy
You got time on your head like you wearing buck fifty
Do it so clean but it's still so filthy, fuck with me
Cause you already know you fuck niggas
Really can't really talk with me

[Hook]

Talking all that jazz, talking all that jazz
Telling all that truth, nigga talk your shit
Nigga talk your shit
Talking all that jazz, talking all that jazz
Telling all that truth, nigga talk your shit

Nigga talk your shit
Talking all that jazz, talking all that jazz
Telling all that truth, nigga talk your shit
Nigga talk your shit
Talking all that jazz might get you popped
But I ain't gonna stop don't A-S-K
Until I'm in a white drop top with a smile on my face
And a hand in the air like JFK

[Verse 2]

Wait, all in your steam better known as a hotbox
Crack rocks in a square, better known as block
Impaired tryna' move; that's hopscotch
Unfair one leg is a hell of a cock block
My nigga, what an anomaly
My nigga look at the world, my nigga what a monopoly
Drop tops in the hood, and they're sitting on 22's
Nigga still on section 8 though
Tricking on the low for a ho nigga
Mama at the crib trying to stretch a couple pesos
Couldn't paint a pretty picture with the tears and her makeup
Better get MAACO, makeovers help niggas make money
But I'ma always talk that James Moody
Most rappers these days is actors
And I can't keep watching the same movie
These niggas keep sharing the same models and these models act like they ain't groupies
I ain't stupid, talking Duke Ellington, Count Basie, Monk and Dave Brubeck
I ain't stupid, talking too eloquent
I ain't stutter, my nigga I ain't Ruben
Ginger ale for the hoes in champagne flutes
Tell one of them come pour me a glass
She don't act up, she can get this truth
Tell her ass read that while I roll this joint
Nigga trying to relax, 'cause the shit don't stop
I ain't trying to relapse, to that whack bullshit,
Niggas better evac when I drop
Cause I swear that this black man ain't gon' stop
Talking all that jazz

[Hook]

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Nigga talk your shit

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[Outro]

That Coltrane, that Charlie Parker, that Charles Mingus
That Frank Sinatra
Talking all that jazz, talking all that jazz
That Coltrane, that Charlie Parker, that Charles Mingus
That Frank Sinatra
Talking all that jazz, talking all that jazz

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