

Black Sheep

Mick Jenkins

[Verse 1]

Young Mozart with more keys

Black sheep with a gang of wolves before me, they think we homies

But keep hearts and shoulders colder than Loki

I be no Thor, just bring 'em more of this halitosis

Got everybody asking, "Is it hot in here?"

I ain't no polka dot man, I ain't trying to find no spot in here

I ain't no guinea pig

Just know that he drop hot lines that's all in my lineage

The process is linen the wrinkles definitive

So what all the hate for? Her premise is primitive

Her promise is tentative, better pay attention

So polish the penmanship, I been late to mention the fact that it's free

This is for all the niggas bastard as me

Food for your soul, Harold's chicken, Statik Selektah battered the beat

Assault and battery on your mind, can't you see how this world be?

It won't be to long before you need a battery pack, but I'm better than that

A freshman on varsity nigga where yo Letterman at?

Ginger ale on the rocks where yo gentleman at?

[Bridge]

Boy, my pinky in the air

I just crush a lot, I ain't never been a player

Niggas throwing shade, they could holla at me later

You might catch a fade, give a fuck about a—FADER

[Verse 2]

And I do it for the love

Praying that my peoples get to see the one above show me love

And know that I'm speaking the truth, I never had no problem being transparent

Remember I was younger wishing that I had my friends' parents

Back when they lied to us better, I'm on this water now

Funny how these other niggas thirsty but they watered down

They oughta drown, watching niggas run for the boat when the rain drops

How many lies can you tell yourself before the pain stops?

Out here harvesting the same crop

Woe is me

I'm out here sowing seeds, blowing trees, writing all this poetry

Every freaking night peep the Jodeci

'Till the people quoting me

Or at least peep the potency

And profess a nigga artistry openly

Black sheep, but I know you see the GOAT in me

[Outro]

Clark: What do you think can be done to change, to use your term, the moral fiber of America?

Baldwin: I think that one has got to find some way of putting the present administration of this country on the spot. One has got to force, somehow, from Washington, a moral commitment, not to the Negro people, but to the life of this country. It doesn't matter any longer-- and I'm speaking for myself, for Jimmy Baldwin, and I think I'm speaking for a great many other Negroes too-- it doesn't matter any longer what you do to me. You can put me in jail, you can kill me; by the time I was 17, you'd done everything that you could do to me. The problem now is: how are you going to save yourselves?

[Produced by Statik Selektah]

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