Wishin' II (feat. Black Thought)

PRhyme

PRhyme! Adrian Younge, Royce Da 5'9", DJ Premier. This song here was originally supposed to be done with my man Black Thought. Unfortunately, we lost a great man: Mr. Richard Nichols; R.I.P. To the legendary Roots crew, hold your head. We all continue on, that's how life's supposed to be, and that's how we treat life. So, one day, Riq gave me a call; he said "Yo, that joint you did with Common, y'all wanna do a remix of that?" By the way, shout out to Common. Congratulations on the Oscar, my nigga. John Legend, big up. Word, I said, "yeah, yeah, when y'all wanna do that?" He said, "yo, I'll come over right now". Oh, yeah? Well, step inside the booth. Yo, Riq, it's go time. Wishin': Part IIYo, the voice of the announcer signing off
Salvador, a connoisseur, a hot monologue
Rachmaninoff, livin' life not by the law
And I'm a product of that Rakim God Allah
Forensic files, leaving 'em disemboweled, '87 style
They chance slimmer than reverend Al or Kevin Liles
Some friends are vile, still be peddlin' vials
Off of eleven mile, they wishin' you would
You prolly better reconcile
The dark side of to who they rising in prominence
My crown's taller than Suleiman of The Ottomans
Wiser than Solomon, mobilizing the following
They try and give me the Nobel prize for novelists
Peace to cats that rock MAC knowledge knowledges
Hood astrologists, illegal anesthesiologists, yo
El elefante, Bella Fonte
Keep a regimen ready to give 'em hell if PRhyme say
Yo, post traumatic stress, I wear it as a family crest
I murder at its best, words that'll manifest causing cardiac arrest
Budapest to Marrakesh, my slang Bangladesh
My gang's Clarence X, I'm life after death, the last Levine X
Lettin' every other rapper know they better wear a vest
I'm pulling in two hundred thousand for appearances
I wrote a song about it, here it is, yo
The creature feature search a preacher teacher torch
Capture, rupture, rapture, reach her, the preacher
He defeat ya, speak the ether, sneak then creep ya
Say no peace to meet ya, can't nobody get with me
Strong suits from Italy, chill, humility what I'm all about, ability, yo
I wish a nigga would bring the hostility though
You know how them boys from Philly be
I'm like cyanide, creeping through the air ducts
And I got a foul mouth, tell 'em kids earmuffs
When I was at school, I was who to steer clear of
Smoking a reefer in the bathroom, sipping Smirnoff

When it came time for the pictures in the yearbook
I was up in Paris like an American werewolf
Years later, yo I'm an American hero verse evil like
Deerhoof, if I let the bear woof
They don't recognize me when I'm shopping up in Berdgdorf
They just know I'm flier than the motherfucking airport
Therefore they say I'm a sartorial gear whore, yeah
Uh, Ascots on the tailor suits
You artists throwing bands on the radio like they made you you
I'm looking for artists on stage to throw tomatoes to
The way I act you think I'm banned from radio, like Trae Tha Truth
I don't really care, nigga, I'm getting in
I've got a C-63, V-Twizzy Benz I'm sitting in
I'on, I'on, I'on give a fuck, any DJ anywhere
I'on, I'on give 'em as a triple dare, I'll tie him to a swivel chair
I'on give 'em spins, ha ha, I'on give 'em greens and count dividends
Ask around by them D-Town niggas that'll leave you with a concert
Full of dead fans and bloody merch
Smoking dope that Celie... That's the color purp
You might wanna study first
Every verse lyrical but nutty first
Every verb and every word is like a speeding bullet
'Bout to chop your body in half while it's on the way to heaven
Like Kid Cudi shirt, shit could be a hit but it's gotta be money first
I rap with a sickness card, Iraq pistol pulling private, shhChris, I think I got the Gully
curseUnderground, underrated, y'all keep digging for answers, like the route to cancer
I keep turning Preemo beats into chemo treatments, I keep wiggin' like a hoop to Andrew
I'm clumsy when I shoot, oops, I bet your crew'll scrambled
I don't write for limelight, I shine the rhyme light down then I'll produce a scandal
I'm what your baby moms would do for cameras
I'm leaving everything, from the marriage to her little cooch in shambles
Your posse even get in my broad way your posse'll perish
Your posse'll become the posse up there
I'm outlining all of they bodies in chalk, setting fire to 'em
To the chocolate on top like chocolate eclairs
They outfit and jacket is bail staff
While we in the air, [?] on Lears
And when we land, we on yatchs saying grazie to the mail staff
Muah, kiss my ass, y'all can go to hell fast
I'm just ready for whatever hell brings (Focus, man)
Getting closer to that real money like Gayle King (That's Oprah's friend)
I think of nightmares that'll ruining your dreams
And I just went shopping in China, yeah I flew with the team
Fuck a translator, I speak fluent, cha-ching
Y'all holding shit down with that selfie stick
I'm fly in some shit out of Harvie Nichols and Selfridges
Even when me and Shady was Abel and Caine
We worked our magic separately like Angel and Blaine
Came into this game with a navy like Baby and Wayne

Now every pair of glasses I have has a crazy insane Jazze Pha gradient frame
The least most amazing vehicle I have is a lease, though
It's a beast 4-80 and change
Y'all tryna pick up Bieber and Drake fans
Not me, but I'm in the streets though, like a Canadian crane
To elaborate is to annihilate, please don't make me explain
Come get your bitch! Before I make her smile, ha
'Fore I perform a bunch of acts on her like Saturday Night Live then take a bow
Like Kenan Thompson, I don't believe in nonsense
I don't got no felonies in my record, I just got a fleeing conscience
I'm just out here spending money like I'm being sponsored
I'm just on my Philly crime shit, my ice cold Jack Frost mind
My black thoughts are my only real accomplice...

Lyrics provided by http://www.1songlyrics.com/