Ng'yekeleni (feat. Black Thought)

Cassper Nyovest

I threw away all of my feelings
I never need 'em
Steady stunting on my demons
Like that Phillippe
They told me I will never reach it
Thank God I never listened
I never listened
Thank God I never listenedNg'yekeleni, ng'yekeleni
Y'all can't keep up with me anyway
Ng'yekeleni, ng'yekeleni
I'm very heavy in the heavyweight
Steady smoking on the Mary Jane
Pop a little help me meditate
I can do with us for many centuries
Time to do it then they hesitate
Like God damn
Big life in Joburg
Ran the street til my toes hurt
And I came with my entourage like I'm Vinny Chase
And I know who took him
Mama cried tears when I left
I was 16 when I decided
That I believed it will come full circle
Now I can't believe I'm in Times Square
Smack 'em just to whip cop cars
Same spot where they shot Pac
Broke as hell but where I come from
I'm like a king there, I'm in the posh squad
I'm in a Bentley, I'm in a Aston
They like my music there, there I'm like Jackson
They know my weaknesses, they see my passion
This is my pain and they know it's not acting
And that's where they relate
That's why they relate
I made it to the top, getting better by the day
Better by the day, yeah
I'll be killing all these niggas making noise
These moves stretching for a long time
Every year they say they gon' get me
But they always get me at the wrong time
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Like God damnI ain't absent minded, I am present though
I needed therapy, professional
But ain't no future as far as I can see
Til I embrace the past and let it go
What I'm headed for with my medical condition?
Tunnel vision through the periscope
I'm crumbling like the walls of Jericho
I'm out here waiting on a miracle
Surfing the drink
Hurting and pain
Sick of my shadow, I'm cursing my name
Knowing that I'm the only person to blame
I'm worse than a strain
I'm worse than a sane scattered
They say the window to my soul shattered
Now I'm feeling stoned as a gallbladder
My demon is me having going after
I'm chafting the net and the dog catcher
I'm headed to Africa, call Cassper
See, this ain't the regular broadcaster
See, all I've been getting is more nasty
And then I pull up in a cold Aston, huh
Oh word
Who's getting money out here in Joburg?
Such a long time we been so swerve
Out here puffing on indoor herbTell 'em they in trouble 'cause the plan will work
Every single night I could spend your worth
Cost and giving and the words are spinning
And that's why a nigga gotta hold a pen so firm
My mama used to work the day shift
And her employer was a racist
And now I'm looking at my payslip
My life's a perfect Mother's Day gift
I be in Philly driving low rider
They waiting on me, man they so silent
'Cause your favorite rapper got a ghostwriter

I mean di bhari tsena tsa mo co-sign-a
I'm a rottweiler
Rhyming profiler
Kinda low lifer
I never co-pilot
On my toes even when it's hostile
Man you won't find another so nice
I mean God damnNg'yekeleni, ng'yekeleni
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