

Los

"Exhibit C"

Visit "[Exhibit C](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

[Los]

And I could paint the whole world with these words

I speak life like earth, sky, trees, birds

Fly, land, water, dry land, breath, lungs, heart, eyes,
hands

Progress comes only from what struggles of

So hold hate back with both arms and juggle love

Legs, feet, hustle to get eggs, eat, say grace, thank

God, beg, weep

You could never ignore it nor say you haven't protected
me into an exit

I wreck it with the best vivid exquisite,

exhibit prerequisites ever recorded

It's clever, adore it, if you possess it, explore it

My predicate's soaring, my metaphor's transforming

It never gets boring, it's boiling over, it's pouring

All over the flow, the goodest mess 'cause I am all
over this flow to put it best

If you the best, put your best foot forward this step

No breath so fly when I go by in a robot, could have
done copilot

But no, I did Three's Company like Roper, Janet, Jack,
Chrissy and Larry

Don't I lay it down and just say f*ck it like missionary?

Picture me carry my city over a mountain

I'm long gone like whites only over a fountain

May God's mercy grace me while I write this verse and
save me

Every working lady birthing babies due to hurt in Haiti

I'm praying for you with my head down, knees bent

That you keep your head up till you get your needs met

Make every recent cent rebuild, grief sent?

Memory until this is meant to be, we vent

This is big sh*t baby, every bar tremendous

It'll probably take Cannabis to comprehend this

Hold up, hold up before y'all n*ggas get fly, I don't
mean the rapper

I mean you might have to get high to see the sh*t I've
lived, seen, did

Like my mama who was the youngest of sixteen kids

And at sixteen, I ain't know what a sixteen is

Now I'm like my granddaddy letting sixteens live
Sixteens forever, you will never see my sh*t fade
I got more sixteens than the tenth grade
My flow intense with no tent made
Find ways to eat like a compass and a switchblade
With no attempt made, I'm still incredible
And I ain't buying your stories, you ain't credible
I came here to take rap back, Re-Po
And this how much I care about these whack cats, zero

Visit [Los](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.