

## Pictureplane

### "Salute"

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Everybody know I, do it  
Y'all thought he was gone right?  
Y'all thought it was over  
Let me tell y'all something though  
When he say EST for life  
He mean that shit  
It's the return of the underdog  
The voice of the people  
And he's still 100 words and running  
So y'all better lace the fuck up

Straight from the mother fuckin jungle  
From lions tigers and bears  
Now I'm ready to rumble  
Yeah the good guy never wins  
I'll be humble  
Whole city on my back  
And I aint gon' stumble  
Haha back with the ethiopean skin tone  
Mama shoulda cut her filopeans  
Knowing I was gonna be a problem when I get this  
income  
Is kells here?  
Man please I been gone  
And I'm never turnin back again  
Cuz a block wanna trap you in  
I done lost too many friends to the streets out here  
Too soon to not know what's happenin  
Call a taxi in  
Get a book read the facts again  
Ain't shit about us fancy man  
Welcome to the east town  
We happy in  
And Ima put this mother fucker on the map again  
Heroes are remembered  
Legends never die  
I ain't dyin any time soon  
What am I?  
The hometown hero  
Goddamn it with a legendary flow  
And a name that's forever mine

Kells, can't nobody fuck with me  
I'm on another level  
Aint nobody off of me  
... couldnt get you onto my level  
And that's cold... company  
Everybody I'm good  
Yeah and when I step into the building  
Everybody put they mother fuckin hands up  
(Put em up, put em up, lace up)  
Yeah and when I come into the spot  
All the real mother fuckers gonna stand up  
Kells  
Who gon' stop me  
Who gon' stop me  
Underdog of the year  
Call me rocky  
Underdog of the year  
Call me rocky?  
Don't act like you ain't copy  
Bitch I'm...  
You can't knock me  
This rock bottom  
Who gon' top me  
EST be the team that got me  
Who gon stop me  
You gon stop me?  
Everybody get the fuck out  
Show me a rapper that you think is iller than me  
I bet I pull their fuckin tongue out  
Nowadays everybody be thinkin they ballin  
I came around and home runned on these players from  
the duggout  
Yeah bitch what now  
Hat to the side  
Bags underneath my eyes  
Got me lookin like I'm strung out  
Can't even get outta bed  
Without a pair of original chucks laced up  
Then we lookin to run out  
Nigga who will run out  
Every show and every single city I step into  
All the... people come out  
Every single stage I'm on  
Ima dumb out (?)  
Yelling EST untill I blow a lung out  
And that's why I love my fans  
I swear my fans are my fam  
Took it from the bottom  
And we never goin back again  
Lace Up Cleveland's on the map again  
Kells

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