

## Phonte "Not Here Anymore"

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[Phonte]

Went to the well and made a wish  
Pray to god I stay around, Tiggalo love to throw his  
weight around  
On the same scale they weigh the fish  
It's just what it seems, sweet dreams are made of this  
Holler at me if you ever been a underdog  
Or set up a upset, standing on the verge of your  
success  
Steady bearing your soul to the world, you undressed  
Surrounded by your success-ors, and the whores you  
ain't fucked yet  
That's how I be getting it, I don't need the lime light  
That's young nigga shit, I'm a OG, and the G is for  
gentleman  
Yes Phontigga spit, amazon flame watch 9th Rekindle it  
Cause I pad verses with the wisdom of my innocence  
lost  
2 brothers 2 peas in the pod  
2 comeback seasons apart  
Take it back to when I be in the park  
I rhyme till I couldn't see in the dark  
So silly niggas better be on your guard  
Longest breadth in my being, I'ma be on my job  
With good music got that good feel  
A good meal, leafy greens, 2 veggies, protein and a  
starch  
And I'm out

[Phonte]

Right where I thought I'd be,  
It's another part of me  
And the world so sad to see  
That I'm not here anymore

Wind blowing through the trees  
Blue Bull-City skies 70 degrees  
'Te embodies an architect and when he rhyme about it  
he body the whole  
Alphabet  
So bury me a G  
My mama say she done enough worrying for me

So I'm done currying, fable what you niggas  
groundhoggin'  
Spitting that same shit, y'all Bill Murrayin'  
My dc niggas say you bammass lack experience  
Carolina on my mind like Steve Spurrier  
I'm the courier, carrying the word  
That with these verbs, that nigga Phonte's a little  
murderous  
See a little nervousness, and a frown  
Cause you know deep down you ain't nice, just a little  
courteous  
You just running game nigga, we the fucking  
tournament  
You a temporary visa to a fucking permanent  
Resident, citizen it's evident  
The denizens took over the big house on some Nat  
Turner shit  
Shoulders back, head high to the fucking firmament  
Can't be like us, and fear no man  
Niggas bleed like us, get a fucking tourniquet, nigga

Right where I thought I'd be,  
It's another part of me  
And the world so sad to see  
That I'm not here-

[ELZhi]

Check, I'm poetic while they po-thetic  
I play they life like a movie  
And in the end give them no credit  
I was told to run it so I grip the baton  
And spit magic like it's pouring out the tip of a wand  
Don't trip you ain't equipped to fix your lip and respond  
I plan to, ex you out like the man who  
Hands you a script of Korans  
Since lights flipped, I'm getting chips in Milan  
Pull dips, push whips like the ones from the clips in the  
Tron film  
I'll blow your mental mass where you mind stem  
Like a 9-m-m right at your line trim  
You must rewind him  
The syllable sensei, to bring you to your knees  
The way biblical men pray  
Or whores in the brothel  
Cause I Spill I'll from the grill  
Like one who reveals sores from their mouth hole  
And if you only knew the shit that I been through  
To paint the type of pictures my pen drew  
Your label tries to fuck you your friends screw  
You over now you're sober, watching bad energy affect  
the evils that men do

They fuckin see-through  
I'm a sick flow-er that carry lines  
Like when you click over on you dick blowers and it  
sucks to be you

Right where I thought I'd be,  
It's another part of me  
And the world so sad to see  
That I'm not here anymore.  
I'm not here anymore  
I'm not here, can't anymore.

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