

## Rare Earth

### "The Reconciliation"

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By now everybody know your boy wild as fuck  
But I spit shit like two girls one cup  
Plus I get on tracks and throw up  
Another dumb fuck who can do it for one buck  
Call it dumb luck I'm an iTunes slut  
Don't make me have to call my goons up  
But that's neither here nor there  
As I drop the top and clear the air  
My life like watching Chappelle Show  
A lot of funny shit gonna happen in the end a nigga  
gonna flow  
Tryin to forget the past like a history of violence  
Not be melinded by the next label I sign with  
I aliened with and I grind with niggas I rhyme with and  
did time with  
But lets not dwell on that lets speak to the future  
The state of hip hop and a nigga that's super mixed  
with Lex Luxor  
Needed a suga mama so I met me a cougar she look  
like Smigal but she do keegal  
Blew her back out and took me straight to Fred Segal  
Cats aint up to par I'm a eagle been bleeding on songs  
but not quite emo  
If ya jeans fittin like spandex ya not a man yet hand  
him a Tampax  
Yep I'm the asshole that said it, squeeze blood from a  
turnip get head from a lettuce  
And this is rap extra credit cuss I move the crowd like  
telekinetics

#### Chorus

I'm the one you need you should recognize it though let  
it up to me, girl I got this, it go. (X2)

#### Verse 2

Mr you know who make it do what it do if you don't like  
certain joints that song wasn't for you critics want a  
nigga to stagnate  
And stay doing the same shit I was doin in '98  
Bitch I'm a magnate I grow and elevate experiment with  
the music just to create so I make underground hip hop

then a club record might jump in his grave and collaba  
with Chub Checkers

Then hop on a verse with an R&B chick or Dr. Dre some  
west coast gangsta shit and how you gonna be made  
at that when the flow keep niggas open like a faggots  
ass and comp get tagged and bagged with no flesh on  
the bones so the maggots fast

These cornballs are just average trash ain't even  
worthy to road manage Ras, what!

Chorus

I'm the one you need you should recognize it though let  
it up to me, girl I got this, it go. (X2)

Verse 3

The Alicia keys of mc's I'm young artist and pretty from  
an overlooked city

They say he over lyrical and too gritty but your boy  
popped up like new titties

Sitten in Victoria Secret it's the law of attraction it's the  
secret got me thinken of deep shit like how many  
mother fucken rappers can I kill with an ink pen and  
why life ain't fair why my brother never wrote and I ain't  
light weight care

Guess I'm numb to the back stabbin we 're all in heaven  
and hell like it's Black Sabbath

No black card I got a Rush Card better than an EVT card  
and a bus card I don't fuck with dudes cause I don't  
trust you all I'm a hustlar you're all bitches and bustas

Chorus

I'm the one you need you should recognize it though let  
it up to me, girl I got this, it go. (X2)

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