

## The Judds

### "Aquarius"

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[Common]

Yeah!

Yeah!

[Common]

Nigga deep in the rhythm, experience speak  
Some keepin' the wisdom, the life hustlers seek  
I seeking it with em, i'm dope the streets need me to hit  
em  
With some of that (revolutionary rap)  
Revolutionary blunted rap  
My peoples want hits, I hit it from the back  
Under the cherry moon, I hold notes and carry tunes  
My guise pack heat enough to bury June, on my feet  
Im getting married soon, walking in the clouds like  
Mary Bethune  
Fumes of a real nigga seep into your room  
Or through fifhteens of the your jeep that you boom  
Son so many cats, they call me high noon  
Offerings to Osun hoping war is over soon  
Guard your grill like George Foreman  
Time to build, as far as building im the doorman,  
opening doors  
My blood I expose on the floors, tell them the game aint  
only the score  
Hold on to your life as I carry these styles  
To have you tapping your head like Darius Miles  
You aint supposed to rhyme, better off with a clothing  
line  
In this business of pimps, many hoes get signed  
Opposed to shine so me holding the blinds  
Mixing golden seal and wine, holding a nine  
In the age of aquaruis...

[Chorus]

(Singing)

The water that arrives (ba-ba ba ba)  
To purify the world (du-ba ba ba)  
Flying through the night (du ba-ba ba ba)  
So watch out here he comes ( du-du ba ba ba)

Aquarius! (echoes)

[Common]

Between churches and liquor stores, my mic leaks  
With raps, all over your head like Tweet  
Playing with yourself, thinking the game is just wealth  
Hot for a minute, watch your name just melt  
Same spot where it's joyous, where the pain is felt  
As you build and destroy yo remain yourself  
They say im slept on, now im bucking in dreams  
And rhyme with the mind of a hustler scheme  
Or the struggle of feinds, I flow over water thats as  
troubled as teens  
For the love of the team, trying to double the dream  
Be grateful like the chruch psalm my grandmother  
sings  
Im rubbing my rings across the domes of clones  
Punchlines like Roy Jones with poems  
While you and your dogs foam at the mouth  
Thinking rap is the only way out  
The black human genius will never play out  
I take you way out, where you never been before  
Been it since birth, sent to replish the Eatrh  
That truck that you roll is like a miniature hearse  
I deaded your shit before you finished a verse  
From niggas to gods from bitches to earths  
From Nat to Truck Turner that lives in my verse  
Realness is an act that you cannot rehearse  
Holla back, but listen first  
We in the age of aquarius...

[Chorus] x2

Aquarius! x2

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