

Marco Polo & Torae

"But Wait"

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Yo, you got trash niggas that's sellin Street niggas
that's tellin Niggas named Henry dressin like they
Helen The kids don't listen, the third grade's rebellin
(B-b-b-but wait, it gets worse...) --> Sticky Fingaz We
got cops killin the blacks, blacks killin the blacks
Niggas with jail time that's not comin back Even the
females wild, they don't know how to act (B-b-b-but
wait, it gets worse...) Niggas scared to get scorched,
they ain't passin the torch Claimin the new niggas don't
really walk the walk Really talk the talk - really, that's
they thought? (B-b-b-but wait, it gets worse...) The
muthafuckin stakes is high, gas rates is high People
get taxed and told on every dime It's white collar, blue
collar, wife beater crimes (B-b-b-but wait, it gets
worse...) I figured it'll get better the more that I'm gettin
cheddar The more that the guap came the more they
wouldn't let up Back in the days niggas'd go head up or
shut up Now in the days they go, come back, you get
wet up A lotta gat clappin to cover the wack rappin The
SoundScans are down, wonder how that happened?
Nigga, my flow is oh so hard to imagine It sound like
spiked bats and Monster Trucks crashin When Red
came in the game it was Time 4 Sum Aksion Now that I
splashed in I'm takin it back to the future (?) Kama
Sutra Respect if a nigga tell me my album didn't suit ya
But once you get foul and wild on your computer I'm
front door, Tor for sure I bring it to ya One of a kind
and high as the sun in the sky Nigga ask about Tor, tell
him son on his grind Used to go to different labels
tryina get signed Now they leave me voice messages,
I'm takin my time To call 'em back, I tell 'em Uhuru and
holla black If you tryina enslave me no need to holla
back I'm a renegade soldier, rotten rapper, I told ya
Pro-black, I don't put cream in my Folgers But love
puttin CREAM in my bill fold holder Before the curtain
go up, please cough my dough up Veteran young,
better than Tom, nigga you dumb Your man is real ill
but I'm better than son Do a lotta shows and smash at
every one How you seen Tor fail if it's never been
done? That's a good imagination, I'm mad you niggas
is hatin Focus your energy off me, you could be taken

The magazine spread had 'em all seein red That was a
XXL, the next'll be the FEDS If you try me, hm, can I get
charged with (?) If ain't nobody ever recover the
body? I used to date a broad that look like Buffy the
Body Ass-wise, but her face was similar to Halle A
nigga couldn't be in his right mind to try me 'less he
tryina be on the IV, I be Spectacular spittin, vernacular
hittin with accurate wisdom Not to mention I rap with
precision Matchin the vision, my words bring more trap
than a prison Ask if it isn't math or religion, pass me
the ism Smashin the system

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