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## Jaden Smith

I could put you on a wave  
I just put you on a wave  
You're pretty as the ocean  
I'm coming with the gang  
So you need to get out our way  
The ladies love it when I sing  
The niggas love my abilities  
When I make the fire on the beats  
I'm about to make a mil' a week  
When I hit 'em with the melodies  
I don't care what you telling me  
Tryna stay away from felonies, oh  
Girl, I'm Martin Luther, Martin Luther King  
Life is hard, I'm Kamasutra-ing  
I'm running through the pain that the youth has been  
Inflicted with, it's just ridiculous that you would kill a kid for some Yeezy's  
Grab your shoes and give his mom a visit at the funeral,  
You looking fly as hell  
Is that really how we're living, check it  
Got a vivid dream of some different (tell 'em)  
K. Dot has coming out of me, the poetry you know it's been a minute  
Forefathers put the tax on our real fathers  
I don't feel represented, I should be up in the Senate  
Swear I feel like Martin Luther, baby, we need Adam  
False prosecutor so they won't  
Hem, hem, hem, hem, hem my niggas to the prisons  
Forgiveness over your permission  
Just because I didn't break it I'ma fix it  
And I'm with my dawgs, I'm finna sic 'em  
Teachers said I need a lesson  
So I go and start my own school  
And it's a mystery to you, you get it?  
Misdemeanor's comin' true it ain't the question  
But it ain't a problem, they gon' catch you  
That's the mind state of the youth including me  
We need some new professors  
Were you goin' fast son? Yes, sir  
It was that autopilot on the Tesla  
Heart palpitating so my chest hurts  
Probably see it through my sweatshirt, yellow  
Mama, mama, mama, I'm a mess-up  
Sorry, mama, I'm a mess-up

Paint the pedal just so I could go impress 'em  
Almost got us on the stretcher  
And I'm sorry mama, know you taught me better  
You know, you know you taught me better  
Father, I don't need a lecture  
Man, I know the street is rougher for the texture  
And I'm saying  
Sorry, mama, I'm a mess-up  
Sorry, mama, I'm the mess-up  
I just use these 808's to do confessions  
I'm double cursing and I'm flexing  
Vile person, I feel like I'm a Peasant  
This isn't me, it's my reflection  
My purity is the protection from the insecurities of a section of my soul  
I just put you on a wave  
Just put you on a wave  
Follow me into the ocean  
You will never be the same  
I could put you on a wave  
I just put you on a wave  
Follow me into the ocean  
You will never be the same

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by <http://counterlikes.com/>