

Enter the Void (feat. Ab-Soul)

Joey Bada\$\$

[Verse 1: Ab-Soul]

Tell my momma I'm a shaman rhymin'
Jesus Christ and Shawn Carter are my only idols
No, Jesus Christ and Shawn Carter are my only rivals
I'm the Messiah of rap, my catalog's the Bible
To the new generation of lost souls
Student loans, iPhones, reality TV shows
It shows a host of wise, but blind drones
Post Babylonia, so I'm told
It could be bologna, so I don't hold it to be fact
Just tryna put the pieces together, puzzled by this madness
If that dollar crashes, niggas gone panic
What we gonna do? How we gon eat? Don't even know how to
Grow fruit, detached from your roots, nigga, me too
I'm doing drugs, fornicating and eating fast food
But I know I got three eyes cause I'm looking past you

[Hook: Joey Bada\$\$ & Ab-Soul]

Enter the void

This for my hundred dollar billers to destroy
Spreading word of knowledge to through decoys
People realize that it's time to deploy
Stay on point - open your third eye, boy
(And keep your motherfucking Chakras open
Keep your motherfucking Chakras open
Keep your mouth shut and keep your motherfucking Chakras open
Keep your all seeing eye open)

[Verse 2: Joey Bada\$\$]

Had to escape nest, told Moms I'm Apex
And plus I lay checks, I bust in the latex
So it's nothing stopping the kid if you get where I come from
Busting conundrums on nuns and condoms
Don't want no problems, It's the number one solver
Can't see me with these sentences, get your bars up
I'm close to the pen, I depend on this shit
Ain't tryna be dead bent, I'll ascend off this spliff
You can't pretend with this shit
See, I know what's real and what isn't
Ain't shit obscured with my vision, plus the herbs that I'm hittin'
Allow me to observe what is hidden
Could have been a cherry-pickin' nigga, if I ain't make jams and bury niggas
Used to be the sweetest 'til life handed me the lemons, nigga
Now everyday I see the sour patches

The flower of life devoured into ashes[Hook]

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