

Good Morning @ 4:25 am

My Lord, what a morning
My Lord, what a morning
My Lord, what a morning
When the stars begin to fall.

"He anticipated this day, as he watched the sun refuse to rise, Saint Louis the grey, recognized this was no secret judgement, it was written for all to discover."

This doesn't sound like a protest track but your welcome
Please bring to me your gold idols, i'm finna melt them
Buy a bunch a land, probably disappoint the fans
When I disappear as planned, Cuz tweets won't really help them
They ask how can you sing in the fall of nation
I point to my ancestors singing on plantations
I point to segregation after emancipation
Then I point to the Lord then I'm done making my point.
I know it seems unusual a band to the funeral
But if it's going down let's make it sound beautiful
While everybody rage, everybody rage
Skip the pleasantries we gonna die anyway
They thought that suffering would get us gone
They didn't know that suffering would give us soul
I explained why its hellish dark and the sun is out
They said boy trust the flag and don't you doubt
They said put on this dress and shut yo mouth
Now put me in a box and I can't bust out
A heavy burden when I'm weighing all the options
Maybe it aint God - maybe we are the problem

Its such a beautiful day
I wanna go outside and dance around in the rain
No matter what they say
I take the lemons of life and make some lemonade
Ollie ollie oxen free
Gonna let the light find me,
its such a beautiful day, its such a beautiful....

They post (bleep) the system from a capitalist phone
Outraged from their gentrified homes
I was fighting systems and trying to fix the Narrative
But couldn't fix my friendships and broken marriage

I know, I know, I know its so Embarrassing
Your idols become rivals the more that you stare at them
They send in soldiers to burn down the village,
The priest come later to ask for forgiveness
Laws got made, the natives got slain
The people owned slaves, reparations not paid
Foundation was laid. The blood birthed Trade
400 years later let everybody rage...

Its such a beautiful day
I wanna go outside and dance around in the rain
No matter what they say
I take the lemons of life and make some lemonade
Ollie ollie oxen free
Gonna let the light find me,
its such a beautiful day, its such a beautiful....

Does your God fund war, but wont fund the poor or the least
Is your God so tolerant that love is absent of critique
Does your God exit the Bible and make you an idol
No need for self denial, its all about survival
Ignore his word and title, being my child, aint that deep
Does your God have a boss, Does your God have a cross,
Does he tell you more, more and never count the cost
Does He only give comfort and remove all thorns
Does he only love the fetus but once they're born
Does your God have empathy, say love your enemy,
Does he erase, ignore or reform our identities
Does your God only judge those outside your Tribe
Do you love God but his bride just ain't your vibe
Maybe these questions might get me stoned
But that's okay, I'll just fly back home
We can thrive or die with aggressiveness
Fly or fall, I'mma do it with excellence

My Lord, what a morning
My Lord, what a morning
My Lord, what a morning
When the stars begin to fall.

Monster & Mascots @ 5:14am

Brothers and sisters, I don't know what this world is coming to!

They have drive on the wrong road
They've been shooting at the wrong goals
Lately they're becoming more bold
They eat the have nots, Monsters and the Mascots

Used to catch me tipping in the daytime (daytime)
Now you catch me missing in the daytime (daytime)

I saw satan fall from the sky, might of been autumn
Some are rushing for a perfect union, others are stallin -
I have song about a culture falling, its parable
Throw a trumpet on it, play it loud, this is Jericho
Whats a revolt when they own the army,
What's a handshake when they break their promise?
Whats a melting pot when they own the cauldron
And when they the cook up, it taste like vomit
You got the moral high ground but they got the land that you're standing on
You're on the floor, before Lord but they own the throne that he's sitting on
They closed the garden, worked a bargain
sold the harvest, Enslaved the farmers
You think should they care about the margins
you're dealing with monsters.
So many take their shame and exchange for gold
Mercenary souls, Mercenary soooooouullllssssss...

I'm so glad I joined, an unhooked generation

Used to catch me tipping in the daytime (daytime)
Now you catch me missing in the daytime (daytime)
Used to catch me tipping in the daytime (daytime)
Now you catch me missing in the daytime (daytime)

If I wrote this on a new plantation, is it a spiritual
If we feel there's no need for class, where's the principles
Check if you're republican, liberal, maybe miserable
Am I, Black American or invisible
Im fighting Hobbes' Leviathan, Daniel in the Lions dens
They hoping that Goliath wins, These vampires suck

Giants snatch your crowns, trolls guard the grounds
Zombies pull you down, Medusa has you stuck

Used to catch me tipping in the daytime (daytime)
Now you catch me missing in the daytime (daytime)
Used to catch me tipping in the daytime (daytime)
Now you catch me missing in the daytime (daytime)

Some are Frankenstein they create its, while some ignore it
Some expose the crimes, Some support it, some enjoy it
Some are minions and henchman, sending spells through speaker
Some sow w/ the Repears, some are feeders, Some are breeders
In the daylight they creep, these are different type of beast,
When some struggle to eat, they will argue at the feast
Don't be shocked when your fangs get sharp, and your eyes go dark.
And you lose your heart, At the moon you bark.
They say you're on the team but you're feeling used
even when they win you feel like you lose
on this day we choose, on this day we choose
I'm No mascot, no mascot

Might Not Go @ 7:21am

Might not go
Might not go
Everybody talkin about heaven might not go

This is cultivated in the garden of truth, beauty and goodness.

This is the right time,
For you stop lying
I'm trying to stop crime,
Hands up, this is a stop sign.

Stop what you're doing cuz about to ruin
The idols and gods that you're used to,
I know the judge, I ain't gotta do what you do.
I walk in my convictions, like I'm in a lawsuit.
This God is more than dope - this God has a name
YAH's outta this world, your god's kinda plane.
Jesus saved me, I aint earn this affections
no paid campaign for me to get this election
Is there anything holy, anything sacred?
Do we love the creation and hate the creator
I'm on a city on hill on street a named blessed
Your boy moved in, when my sin got addressed.
His name is great, you should put some respect on it.
Knees will bow and tongues will confess wont it,
Best believe We fall short in our best moments.
I bet you six days you can put the rest on it.

This is glory like Jesus with a pick out Fro,
Bronze feet, tattoos on those streets of gold .
Some talk about a God that they might not know.
Everybody talking about heaven might not go.
They might not go.
They might not go.
They might not go.
Everyone talking about Heaven they might not go.

If I coming off preachy I'm doing it for man's sake.
You thought I was a pimp the way I'm throwing out these mandates.
Satan sells a playground, life aint fair.

I don't think I want your heaven if my God aint there.
This is manna from heaven, and a spirit that's powerful,
If you live for bread alone then you only get sourdough.
Claiming that you're spiritual, we all have religion
Internet academics with some barbershop wisdom
You build the wrong story with some terrible views,
That's a predatory priest like you preying in school.
the wages of sin is death, there are plenty who invest,
We got answers in the text but we still flunk the test.
Watch the birds fall from the sky and blame it on the nest,
You fail to act right then you blame it on the left.
I wear my heart on my sleeve and I say it with my chest
I have inner conflict so I battle the best.
I was a broken grown man, with some immature debt,
I got molly-whopped, got a godly mop for the mess.
This grace and truth go and sin no mo'.
Everybody got a stone that they should not throw.

This is glory like Jesus with a pick out Fro,
Bronze feet, tattoos on those streets of gold .
Some talk about a God that they might not know.
Everybody talking about heaven might not go.
They might not go.
They might not go.
They might not go.
Everyone talking about Heaven they might not go.

Still Got Faith @ 11:01 am

I still got woah woah woah

If we talking about faith, yeah I still got it
God got no limits, like he still bout it
Evidence that he's good, But I Still doubted
Some celebrate the fall, like its still Autumn
Trying to live by the text but I Still call him
Even when I feel awful, he's still awesome
Still shouting in the spirit when I'm not talking
Fell down in the race but I'm still walking
Still Peace be still like I'm trying to chill
Still in me what he spoke like I'm in his wheel
Still got faith even though we still damaged
Still slow to speak, even though we still fasting
Still in a gang, cuz I'm dipped in the blood
Still Noah with the drip, like I live in floods
Still unashamed like I'm Andrae Crouch
Through it all, trust in good (shut yo mouth) .

I had a little doubt
but I still got faith
Fell in the race
but I still got faith
Temptation wanna chase
but I still got faith
If you unashamed to thank him for his grace,
Let the righteous say, I still got faith
I got power, I got love, I got sound mind
I got sound mind, I got, I got sound mind
I got power, I got love, I got sound mind
I got sound mind, I got, I got sound mind

Yeah,
Ain't no mountains high enough
valleys low enough
Pressed on every side
Still not crush
Raises up a standard
Watch the rush of the water
I am not bothered
I am so Oscar
White as snow

Got faith in the blood
I dont trust these blokes
But trust his hand he's a metal smith
Push through the fire and I come out Gold been through the wire can't con my soul
Accommodate me though 7 fold
Had your hands on my throat
But not my hope
I'm waiting on the Lord so
Can't be broken
Strengthen renewed
Watch me break the bows and
Arrows freeze in mid air
I am an heir
woe to those who ain't there
The bird was the word
So my faith declares
Here's a tip please cue the sound
Know that when praises go up
they come down
Blessings yes
Boots to the ground
My Bible and grace and this faith
Going rounds look
I'm around the way yeah
chillin with cool J Hova
Imma new place over the top
I got a new faith

kNew Nostalgia @ 1:03 pm

Oh my God, yes
Oh my God
Oh my God, yes
Oh my God
OOOO BABY I like your art!
OOOO BABY I like your art!
OOOO BABY I like your art!
Here's how I would like to start -

It's 2025 getting text my peers
What I read felt like an impending doom was near
Are you there, Do you care, that the music's corrupting ears
Is it clear not too many make the music we wanna hear
You disappeared be clutch its time to switch gears
Like bro, you aint dropped an album in 8 year
I take my time, some chase relevance
Their cooking is corny, I cook elephants
Paired with wine and bread - served w/ elegance.
Lamb served by a lion, soul food medicine
standards when I'm cooking up manna for the day
anybody can cook but are they cooking gourmet
I have accepted, I am a unicorn
If I don't look like a champ, I'm out of my uniform
Fantastic for atheist or the Catholic
Child of the king from ole dirty bastard

Sho we need that music from you asap
Some things were lost that you could bring back
The culture's dying and its headed for doom
So the people need some new music from you
We need that music from you asap
OOOO BABY I like your art!
OOOO BABY I like your art!
OOOO BABY I like your art!
Here's how I would like to start

I'm not just good for a Christian Artists, I'm dope
I've been slept on for years with rhymes that I wrote
Many remain sleep cuz now its bad to be woke
I'm trying to be the good shepherd yall just trying to be goats

Im a husband, Im a father, a polymath and prophet
A writer who makes art so many just make content
I'm niche in the niche I'm conscious in the conscious
My art is high society not to be pompous
Art like Jesus with nappy hair and bronze feet
Art like the cadence of black preachers when they preach
Art like Mahalia Jackson, playing on repeat
Art like we making remixes of Charles Tindley's
We shall overcome, with a hymnal or a hum
This is Art like Beethoven we just added the drums
Art like plantations poets who cry freedom
Give them word pictures and hang them in museums
Art like Sade, get better with age
This Old head giving boys Methuselah fades
Art like head of the class, scholar mode
Butter with mine, I've been on a roll (honor roll)

OOOO BABY I like your art!
OOOO BABY I like your art!
OOOO BABY I like your art!
Here's how I would like to start

Meeting Phillis Wheatley @ 3:16 pm

I'm in love
I'm in love
I'm in love, Art in a time of depression
I'm in love
I'm in love
I'm in love, Love breaks the chains of oppression
I'm In love,
A piano or a pen, a poem or hymn
Some edit me completely
Write me as you see me
Its me and Phillis Wheatley

They can't take our pens, they take our poems
They can't chain our love, they can't change our Voice
You Sojourn the truth, We be da boys
Freedom sung so loud, heaven heard the noise
Talk to me nice,
Fill my memory with tropes and similes, they're full of delight
I've walked with harmony, danced with melody
"Beautiful feet" Good news!
Everywhere I go, I'm so liberated
Ignorant or educated, I'm so Innovative
I'm so elevated
No assimilating
So decorated
I'm celebrate
How could you hate it that...

I'm in love
I'm in love
I'm in love, Art in a time of depression
I'm in love
I'm in love
I'm in love, Love breaks the chains of oppression
I'm In love,
A piano or a pen, a poem or hymn
Some edit me completely
Write me as you see me
Its me and Phillis Wheatley

I'm in love
I'm in love

I'm in love, Art in a time of depression
I'm in love
I'm in love
I'm in love, Love breaks the chains of oppression
I'm In love,
A piano or a pen, a poem or hymn
Some edit me completely
Write me as you see me
Its me and Phillis Wheatley

Speak to me with psalms, speak to me in colors
Speak to me in songs, maybe speak Gullah
Painting us Strong, despite all the struggles
Let our tongues be the tools that turns away fools, when we speak to each other
We found God in the gutters
Bout to call my mother "Hello Baby"
I'm seeing sounds, I'm hearing colors, because
I'm in love
Maybe be we can paint the shores or maybe we can chill or quote the Lord
Now that we believe maybe we can dream before we meet the floor
Before our feet leave the floor
Some exploit it,
We can't afford it, but life is too expensive for us not to enjoy it

I'm in love
I'm in love
I'm in love, Art in a time of depression

Murals of our romance, preaching at repass
Breaking hearts or break dance
Maybe we can hold hands
maybe if it's too fast, maybe we can slow dance
Is there an off chance
Maybe we can write a song together,
We can make some art together

Langston & Baldwin @ 4:09 pm

OK, all you snobby bourgeois cats with sophisticated ears, I got two brothers from another planet that you're gonna dig. Its like Harlem reborn

I'm cool like that, I'm black like that.
Time traveling rap, to bring the Harlem back
From plantation poets to pulpit prophets
Appropriate or cop it, the nation tried to pop it

We watched em try to stop it
By draining collect pocket
But being rich in intellect made it ill effective
Scribbling some wisdom
My brother he gets biz
And Nevermind a gate keeper give it to the kids

I was headed to the top but life got in the way
I planted a garden and I decided to stay
The secret to power isn't lusting for the tower,
It's not boasting in myself, i just pick my own flowers

The fine line between being wise and being coward.
Cuz just under the surface remains a slight rage
I keep it in a cage. Throw it on a stage bro
Next thing you know well history will show

Awesome, we are Langston and Baldwin
Hold down the squad thanks to this calling
Made it to the top all the way from the bottom
That's time travel renaissance west coast Harlem

Melonated monument.
Yea on we went
Traveling thru two worlds
That's a double consciousness
Sophisticated ratchetness
You wonder how bad it gets
Homie we was holding back
When we wrote this track

Aint many giving you lectures plus giving you raps
I don't love them sleeping on us but I love those naps
Pack my bags, head to the west just to see my twin...
I need you on a track, can I tag you in

Aye blood say less
Cuz I been ten toes
Tag teaming for years many more than ten of those
Many flows, many shows
Sharing these outcomes
Like books stores pulling down both our albums

I got punch lines but I aint no joke
I'm totally sober, but I wants that smoke
I've left head scrambled from the things I wrote
The battle is over easy- we're unequally yoke

Awesome, we are Langston and Baldwin
A renaissance like we wrote this Harlem
Made it to the top all the way from the bottom
The poets and prophets are causing some you Problems

I am that
Voice you can't ignore that
Cardiac problem that
Source of your Sorenness that forces
Real mirror looks
I am that that type of cat
Writing books writing raps
Rightin wrongs
Singing song
Writing poems
Won't go home
I am our unity
Collective identity
Gathering the suffering
To teach who they enemies
really is.

I'll give you the work, then take you to church
I give you 3 sixteens like a perfect verse.
Opposition with a straw man I find it so odd.
You and the cowardly lion should go back to Oz
I'm ether in sneakers, I turn into Nas,
I snatch your talent and give it back to God

The Bootmaker's Ballad @ 5:15 pm

“Hey brother, I like those boots!”
You know I come from a family of boot makers.
We started off with no boots but gave free labor
for the United Straps Alliance.
We petitioned, protested and died to prove
that all God’s people deserve shoes...
And should be paid for their labor,
free contractors and free traders
But after much debate it all went south.
Some wanted a union, others walked out!
All out rebellion, there wasn’t much civility.
You would think bookmakers could tame their tongues,
But they would rather fight on their heels
Nevertheless, my great grandfather would say,
“Getting access to boots wasn’t just human determination
It was a divine act of the Lord God himself”

Heaven heard our cry because how beautiful are the feet of those who brings
good news
and you can’t have beautiful feet with corns and blisters all over them.
Now we had our own shops and materials and a contract that was reconstructed...
Not too long after the contracts were signed the took it back,
Stole the strings they hung us out to dry
We still made boots
Walk in them boots
Walking with the Lord feels like I’m walking on cloud
Which means I’m walking on water,
you should be scared to look down
At yourself and any other man.
Look eye to eye
Of course you had to go to the alliance to get the materials
but he said you had to come to us to get the soul
Cobblers moved to the west, north, even back to Africa
I’m not gonna lie, I didn’t think they wanted boots in Africa
So we go innovative.
(What kinda boots)
Jazzy boots, church boots, field boots, cowboy boots, military boots,
boots for the good women who need to give the trifling man the boot.
(What color)
We had blues, red bones, a variation of browns for the mulattoes
Them damn crows would damage our boots.
Somehow they would set fire to our shops. Don’t ask me to explain.
The United Straps didn’t care cuz they had Chinese and other immigrants making their boots.
But my family organized a boot camp

We marched all the way to Washington, Birmingham Selma, Memphis
we just wanted to make our boots like everyone else (Stop taking our boots)
They changed laws and stuff but some felt we didn't get enough
Then came the rise of different bootmaker
I'm not gonna lie to cobbler, those boots were revolutionary.
Around the same time ...
Yep! The United Straps Alliance Killed the King Cobbler himself, Doc Marten.
Bigger companies began to poach our talent and steal our style.
Our royalty, our heirs.
I can't lie, I got me a few pair
People stop buying our boots.
They flip flop
So the worth drops
Then the boots in our community were plagued with a Crack epidemic.
You can't thrive with cracked boots.
The Alliance gave us the cracked boots
but then decided to penalize us for selling them.
My cousin got penalized for selling cracked boots
but George Jr sold dusty boots and became president of the Alliance.
Somebody gonna throw a boot at the man I promise
So what do you do when you have a million bookmakers and no union.
Some boot makers turned bootleggers
Some boot maker talked about revolution
But it was just air pollution ...
Some gave up boots altogether
Some bootmakers went religious some chase the digits
Serve the Lord, feeling blessed - make a life or make a check
I don't know, maybe both, what's the quote, I digress
Money don't grow on trees but it's growing on me
All that time I spent worrying I could've laughed more
If I didn't chase the money, I could've had more
After generations of boot stealing and corrupt dealing
the Alliance tells me to pull myself up by your bootstraps
The sure science will make me fall back...
My friend, have you discovered a loophole in Newtonian physics that the rest of us somehow
missed. Unless you've mastered the art of applying an external force to yourself from within your
own system, you're not pulling yourself anywhere, you're just tugging at your shoes lost and
confused.
Lord please, teach me how to make physics bends to the sheer force of my own will.
While I was bending over trying to defy the laws of gravity I was being pickpocketed for my
designs and ingenuity.
They aint never pulled yourself up from anywhere
Look on the back of the workers and you'll find boot prints
Greed to cushion your soul...

Changed laws to achieve their goal...

Then you have the audacity to think you've built your own boots ,

How did you dye your boots red? (Who died...them)

I might sock you!

I thank you for acknowledging my boots. There's history on these feet

Gun Called Love @ 6:13 pm

You ready?
One, two three
Let's get it

What makes you numb?
Pick up a gun, shoot one by one
Make everybody run now
Life in my lungs, put to drums (Ooh)
Are we having fun now?
Listen, ignore those boos
Running through the street like I got good news
I think I found a weapon that we all can use (Ooh)
I think I found a weapon that we all can use

There is a war and no one can stop it
Why cease the violence if everyone profits
So many things I want to say
Hope you receive it with grace
What happened to kindness? (One to another)
Now everyone's fighting (brothers killing brothers)
Gone are the days that we once said
Keeping our neighbors as ourselves

I got a gun called love
Bullets are loaded with peace
So who's responsibility is to
Kill them with love, kill them with love
Kill them with love, kill them with love
Kill them with love, kill them with love
Kill them with love, kill them with love

We don't know peace 'round here
The meek get shoved around here
You could be righteous, still have anger
Flip over tables and love your neighbors
If I say peace, then I'm complicit
Take my black card then I go missing
Curse my Jesus, say keep your distance
Fuck forgiveness, that ain't resistance
The anti-police, police decisions
I'm even homeless in my faith tradition
Mention justice, then I ain't Christian
Kicked out the boat when I go fishin'
Nobody's patient

Take ten paces, then turn around and shoot
Is anybody aiming
At themselves when they wanna shoot that truth (Ooh)
We know craze, we know rage, we know shame
We know blame, we know beef
We see lies, we see cheats, we don't speak
In those streets, turn no cheeks
A mom got robbed of her halo
I saw a church fistfight with an angel
When I tried to intervene, they snatched off mine (Ooh)
Took picks, made reels, got likes online

'Cause I got a gun called love
Bullets are loaded with peace
So who's responsibility is (Kill them with love)
Kill them with love (Kill them with love, kill them with love)
Oh, kill them with love (Kill them with love, kill them with love)
Kill them with love, kill them with love
Kill them with love

It could have been a Wednesday
I heard a man say who am I to judge
I had to check mate
'Cause that can translate as I refuse to love
So many talk, all I hear are clanging cymbals
Handshakes are bombs, and vote with missiles
These war credentials are monumental (Ohh yeah)
Can I change the world with one small pistol? (Ooh)
Simple me
I'm just doing these old drugs
And while I'm high in the sky, yeah
I suggest that you try love (just try)
I bring the sword of the spirit to the gunfight
You can hit the whole crowd if you aim right
I have guns passed down from my ancestors (Ooh)
I went to South Africa and got a Mandela
I've got a king-sized Luther that'll light up the room (light up the room)
Got a nine that I turned to Cora Ten Boom (Ooh)
A Jackie Robinson to clean up
A George Washington to carve up your peanut
Power will not redeem us (Ooh)
Trying to win only defeats us (Woah)
Should grace be given to cheaters when violence built up to leaders? Wait!
Dead man walking, you woke up at the wake (Ooh woah)

Oppressed turn oppressors, don't become what you hate
There's a man on a mount who lived the lectures
Transformed the world with a simple message
Unified some misfits, and then he blessed it
A zealot, a hoe, and a tax collector

Kill them with love, kill them with love (So kill them with love)
Kill them with love, kill them with love (but kill them with love)
Kill them with love, kill them with love
Kill them with love (kill them with love)

Man down, murder, mi seh man down, ohh
Man down, murder, mi seh man down, ohh
Man down, murder, mi seh man down, ohh (man down, man down)
Man down, murder, mi seh man down, ohh

The Evening Impasse @ 5:44 pm

Virtues had become vices.
In the absence of light, a multitude of sins lay hidden.
As the sun gave its farewell, his eyes adjusted to the dark.
He had not welcomed this evolution, he was losing his endurance.
He stood in solidarity with the advocates
but failed to march according to the script.
He sat at the feet of academics
but asked too many questions.
He sang hymns with the pious
but found them hollow.
Still, he could not resist inquiring
about the foolish fire flickering in the basement of his soul.
He knew it was his last weapon against the darkness.

40 & Up @ 8:11 pm

This is Coltrane, Ella, Duke
This is Miles. This is ZORA
This is the the rebirth, the rebirth, the rebirth
Of Coooolllllll!

Let's bring that old school back,
(Party over here, party over here, party over here)
Let's bring that old school back,
(Party over here, party over here, we 40 over here)
Take me back when it was fresh, dope, cool
now they call me old school
Let's bring that old school back,
(Party over here, party over here, we 40 over here)

It's like wisdom and cool met, found a perfect match
We are the change you're looking for, we're all up in our bag
Call it, Riz, Call it vibes you can call it swag.
Call it lit, call it old, We just call it class
(It's rebirth of cool...) went to Motown to collab
Making music for the future while I'm pulling from the past
We hoped to stay young, but we 40 and fine
Walk in with a dime while I'm dressed to the nines
Saint said, "Neva trust a big butt and a smile, unless a rings with it"
"Then you can do some beautiful things with it"
Thats redeem living, to be complete
Reconcile before you go to sleep and share my dream with it.
Goals! High 5 my 3 friends, overlooking my foes.
Royalty in my clothes, maybe jeans,
Oh thats my jam, Dj play it again

Let's bring that old school back,
(Party over here, party over here, party over here)
Let's bring that old school back,
(Party over here, party over here, we 40 over here)
Take me back when it was fresh, dope, cool
now they call me old school
Let's bring that old school back,
(Party over here, party over here, we 40 over here)

The silver in my head, oh thats cold
The bronze in my skin, oh behold
The honor that we give, is how we roll
You thought we were old, we just call that Gold

Honda civic, sun visor, music with a CD holder
Before heroes turned villains on your Word up poster
This is Classic like a house in the hood full of cousins
And roaches running round weren't the only thing bugging
Smooth uncle in the linens steady playin those hits
Turn around saying "Youngin, What you know about this"
Candy on the radio we break out the electric slide
Back in those days I was ashamed of my eclectic side
Pass the torch to the people calling out next
If you're trying to pick my brain better write those checks
I got the New No doctrine...(the new 3 no's)
Know your worth, Say no, no free cotton,
Thats one thing you can keep in the past
Jive turkeys, We da bomb cuz we having a blast
Better learn to slow down cuz life comes at you fast
High morals but stay grounded like I'm rollin the grass

Let's bring that old school back,
(Party over here, party over here, party over here)
Let's bring that old school back,
(Party over here, party over here, we 40 over here)
Take me back when it was fresh, dope, cool
now they call me old school
Let's bring that old school back,
(Party over here, party over here, we 40 over here)

We Classic
This Fantastic
Take notes love, we porch passing
This is 40 and Up

Midnight Music @ 8:14 pm

This is midnight music,

When I tiptoe down your in your mind there, I can see
I can see, I can see
Everything that you hide in privacy
I can see, I can see
More than the bones that you hide from me
And I believe I can see every little thing
Every little thing right for me

When the worlds in a rush, Can we slow dance
When we feel disconnected, can we hold hands
When the rest refuse to see, and intimacy is cheap .
Let us remove the leaves , Can we be friends?
Yeah we lovers - yes we partners
But its more than that.
Love is more than just a feeling
Its a sacred act
It workin through flaws, it doesn't track our wrongs
And even at our worst, it says I'll die for that..
We may fight, but not tonight lets hit reset
Clothed in righteousness but now we undress
I open your love with a polite knock
When the rest of the world learned to pick locks

When I tiptoe down your in your mind there, I can see
I can see, I can see
Everything that you hide in privacy
I can see, I can see
More than the bones that you hide from me
And I believe I can see every little thing
Every little thing right for me

We go through the peaks and valleys this is marriage
I take that junk in the trunk and your baggage
I take your pain, you take my scars we both are damage
I know that a ring could also come with a bandage
Girl, Your hips are the mountain's cliff I intend to climb
And the kiss from your lips are the taste of the sweetest wine
Your acts are full of courage
Your back it carries burdens,
Your hands are full of service

Girl, I just love your thighs
Counting my blessings Imma keep on counting
Water for chocolate, I'mma use that fountain
This is reconciliation, this is midnight meditation
This is God as our foundation, we got heavens validation,
This is us

When I tiptoe down your in your mind there, I can see
I can see, I can see
Everything that you hide in privacy
I can see, I can see
More than the bones that you hide from me
And I believe I can see every little thing
Every little thing right for me

The Shadow of Shame @ 10:11pm

Oh the shame!
I'm naked, I try to fake it,
I change faces, I can't shake it,
Lord help! Look away!
I was silent, my soul dying, my bones are crying
It's so violent.
Lord help! Oh the Pain!
Oh the haunting of my past events. Pity is better than dealing with my offense
Oh the shame!
The stench, I can't forget, Oh memory, my enemy, this is my lament

Trying to wash the stench with some confidence.
But it was hard to taste the people compliments
Knowing that my sin was couching at my door.
I tried to trust the lord but I trust me more.
Telling a half truth is just a good lie.
Saying just enough to be the good guy
The holy spirit can be so annoying
Until you realize your flesh is poison
Scared of the Punishment, I can't repent
Trying to leave hell with some ornaments
The house is burning down, don't let the flames get you
But once you escape, the smoke stays with you

Oh the shame!
I'm naked, I try to fake it,
I change faces, I can't shake it,
Lord help! Look away!
I was silent, my soul dying, my bones are crying
It's so violent.
Lord help! Oh the Pain!
Oh the haunting of my past events. Pity is better than dealing with my offense
Oh the shame!
The stench, I can't forget, Oh memory, my enemy, this is my lament

How joyful, is the soul, the Lord corrects and not rejects
I was acting up, he directs, he called cut, then he healed.
I was living for my glory, I was on the wrong story.
I had multiple idols forming, He tore it down, then rebuilds
Here is flesh, here is wisdom, here is death here is living
You need to make a decision, one you feed one you kill
Then he took me to the altar, I was baptized in the waters
I was renewed and unbothered, man, It gave a brother chills .
Man's greed and the grave are both the same, they're never satisfied.

see your neighbors plate and start to think I need another bite.
Tell shame that you broke the chains, it'll never have the best of me.
It rips me up and leaves me broke, then it tell me rest in peace .
Will I be accepted when I choose to leave the pigsty
I saw the father running, arm wide from the hillside
Winds rushing past my ears, all I heard was forgiveness
He said listen to me son, sorrow leads to repentance

I'm forgiving
Now we living
I got joy, real joy, you can't take it away
I got that love, self love, don't care what you say
I got the Lord, oh Lord, thank him for his grace
I got royal DNA, just look in my face
I've been forgiving
But now we living

I've been changed

This is dedicated from a blood bought Saint
To the ones catching violations, camped in the paint
Three in the key, not knowing three is the key
Emancipated is free. I call it Trinity beef
The father, son and the ghost interacted for me
A lukewarm Lao-deceiving strong arm trapping to eat
And you can track the receipts , I was trapped in deceit
Flag on the play ...Living Foul enticing you see
How could this happen to me?
The prodigal son no clue Pops was waiting on me
To realize my defeat and lay it all at his feet
Now I step in victory that's what the blood taught
Warring behind enemy lines I'm blood bought
Spiritually kosher no more eating Satan's hogwash
But I ain't vegan always beefing ..that's at all cost
Cuz at the cross, he paid it all without no love loss
And what was lost live in flippant like a coin toss
And now forgiveness and repentance is my song pause
SELAH, SELAH
This is for my praying, mama
Despite her own drama
She prayed for me to be released from my own trauma
And there's no words, Donna
That can truly garner
The Grace and power of a bruised knee praying mama
Thank you Mom
I heard him say...Donna and Hamu had some dope kidssss
I'm here to tell you they sho did

DONNA @ 10:15 pm

Lament!

This is psalm and lamentation — mourning and celebration. Lament!
My soul is making noises, grief and rejoicing, I sit.
Adversity and joy, God made both in its time.
I found the house of mourning they said come inside.
Read the poems in my eyes, there's a dozen way to cry

Tears drop for my momma, knowing you with the father
You stand before the judge, we will carry your honor.
A new Donna, you would look at your face and then complain
I can't see you but I know you look good without pain
New clothes, new body, wake up from the sleep.
Now you get to do your favorite thing — Worship at his feet.
The race you started, yeah that thang complete.
At the end of your living, you finished Like a G.
You had many dreams, but the things you got to see your kid do.
You prayed and believed that God would bring your kids through.
Your life is evidence of grace — cuz you got dope kids.
Family tree wrapped in the vine, God bless those limbs
Weak lungs, strong voice, calm faith, You were wild.
Forgot names, not praise, hands raised, you were loud.
Beauty queen and your hair was bright like your smile.
Strong back, always down, momma Donna, we are proud
Lament!

This is psalm and lamentation — mourning and celebration. Lament!
My soul is making noises, grief and rejoicing, I sit.
Adversity and joy, God made both in its time.
I found the house of mourning they said come inside.
Read the poems in my eyes, there's a dozen way to cry

I might want silence, I might want noise.
I might be unstable, I might be poised.
Everyone has a theory until they're kicked in the chest.
Until your pops gets cancer, and your moms laid to rest
Pray the things you believe aren't just words in your head
That's when you beg and you beg that your faith grow some legs
My theology is rattled, will you talk to me

Psychology is in trouble, will you talk to me
My emotions might betray me and pain trying to slay me
Lord carry me to healing, don't just walk with me.
He said, "Grief, is better than laughter" — That's legit
Straightens the crooked, Sobers your mind — Don't forget
Sing their praises while they're here — Go repent
I regret not writing this before you died — I lament
We all meet death, there's no predicting our end,
Nobody knows when, but in Christ, death will never win, amen!

There's a party going on somewhere,
There's a party going on but I'm here
I was waiting for laughter, sitting amongst the mourners,
But some time after, came a whisper from the corner
Momma made some dope kids
The Lord gave a great gift, surely you will be missed
Donna made some dope kids
The Lord gave a great gift, surely you will be missed

While the parties keep going, Vanja carries your joy
Keep fellowship going, she will balance your boys
Reggie, keep on serving, giving just like you lived
Dhati, keep on leading, speaking truth like you did
And your grandkids keep your legacy, worship in the spirit
I will remember love when I look up in the mirror
Cuz Donna made some dope kids
Hamu made some dope kids
Lillie made some dope kids
We know what the Lord did

Good Night @ 11:22 pm

How did lose the light, did we go too far?
Did we have it at all, do we know who we are?
Satan throws a helluva party, we shut up and dance
Spikes the punch, drink it up, then throw up demands
The nerve we have to blame God when things get outta hand
But truth be told we wanted him out of our plans
The same God who gave us, light from a bright idea
The God who furnished the world like the first Ikea.
Remember when Jesus was Lord and savior, son of God, yeah I miss him
Remember when he got off the cross and became a bossy politician
Remember his word judging our ethics, so we made some biblical edits
Remember stealing his heavenly credit we made some earthly investment
Remember getting God's favor to hate our neighbor and gain possessions
Remember, blazing a path but in our past we left a wreckage
Remember, winning more friends but in the end we changed the message
To fit in, outfits we couldn't get in, we did some stretching
He knew words, he advised, many thought he was wise
He never learned to see until he closed his eyes
I looked outside and still no light
And if Lord brings judgement, is it a good night?

I struggle with being silent or be obnoxious
some call me contrarian, I call it prophet,
Every revolutionary says that the revolution won't be televised
Then to my surprise, I see them on commercials are they telling lies
oh the change that they had in mind is the kind that can be monetized.
They prophesied of the coming times but those warnings were the dollars signs
The halls are filled with bullies and cowards are corner peaking
Whispering "I don't agree but keep it a secret"
What's more radical than Christ changing system
Even more radical is Him loving when they resist him
No empire last ever, Champs exit the podium
You overcame the opposition, Only to lose to sodium
Oh lord, that's a salty feeling
We live a lavish life in a faulty building
can we recount a house that was built by the innocent
Excavate, you'll probably find the indigenous
Maybe you'll find immigrants
dig deeper to find a failed social experiment

I would love to see reconciliation and racial unity
But not the unity I usually see on the movie screen
I'm done seeking progression without any confession
Cuz It ate all my time like after 7
A Tool is a tool that's one simple rule
A key can be a chain in the hands of a fools

He achieved, he believed, he had things, and he had skills
But he never knew progress until he stood still
I looked over the hills and still no light
And if Lord brings judgement, is it a good night?

Rich man dug into truth when he lost his mind
the selfish man saw community when he lost his eyes
The anxious woman watched her walk when she lost the time
When the days are ugly beauty is hard to find
A close friend sat me down and told me they were queer
We disagreed with each other, I shed a couple tears
Then after the discussion, we had a couple beers
With different views, can we both be happy and sincere
If life's a marathon they didn't mention the hurdles
I pray your social media matches your private Journal
My wife's a morning bird, my daughter is nocturnal
I talk too much and my boys are non-verbal

This is the Conclusion:
I saw the peace maker standing with blood on his robe
As he sat on the globe with his foot on his foes
I saw angels coming down with keys in his hands
Seized the ancient serpent locked him up, did a dance
The cross looks like a lose, but its more like winning
What's a saint without hope, when we all know the ending
So in the midst of darkest, we still have vision
Here's my conclusion, Love God and hate sinning
A passion to fix the world, created a fear of rest
I never learned to live until I understood death
I scanned the east and west and still no light
And when the Lord brings judgement, good night

A loud voice from the throne,
Said come, come!
I shall build a new home,
All shall come, come
Those who have ear, let them hear
They can come, come!
Wipe away your for tears
They can come, come!

“But now his eyes, for which he loved and trusted with casual hubris, surrendered itself to wisdom. He closed them and finally was open to seeing the sun. As he tried to gain control of the faculties he once thought he owned, freedom overcame him. Or possibly it was reverence, or the wind, or the Spirit. Time could no longer taunt him. His feet marched to a new cadence and his ears only caught the emptiness around him. But most importantly what brought him peace was what he could not hear and that he no longer concerned himself with death.“

All Good @ Midnight

Been counting blessings man, it's all good
I've been in here working, yeah
Filling up my purpose, yeah
Ain't no disservice, man, it's all good
Outlived my circumstance,
Ain't dropping the curtain yet
I don't deserve it, but it's all good, yeah
Ooohh
It's all good, yeah

This is love as a Currency
Leave the infirmary, healed and sealed after the surgery
standing before the judge you know you committed perjury
Then Jesus steps in faultless and says, murder me
For the lost
This is gospel joy - better sing your victories, cuz the hate makes noise
When spite becomes a virtue then we all destroy
Then lies becomes certain and the truth is coy
Count the cost
This is wise entertainment, this is different ain't it
This is Rembrandt with framing, but a different painting
This is excellence spoken in a different language
Opportunity came knocking so now we dating
Love and light – dodging the dark like I respect the curfew
Tell him them boy that pessimism ain't no virtue
My hope ain't naive — and this joy is real
I walk with Blind faith, let me say what I feel

Been counting blessings man, it's all good
I've been in here working, yeah
Filling up my purpose, yeah
Ain't no disservice, man, it's all good
Outlived my circumstance,
Ain't dropping the curtain yet
I don't deserve it, but it's all good, yeah
Ooohh
It's all good, yeah

He's still good, ask the church mothers with church fans
the fingers hits the hammonds they break out in a praise dance
2025 my heart thumping - I still love Him
I choose him over silver and gold- I'm still stomping
Is Biles flipping – Lebron still dunking
Are politicians saying a lot but still changing nothing

Still want a revolution, angels sing like Whitney Houston
Still marching and fighting while I pray for a solution
I can't explain, no I can't obtain it
Jesus your love is so far from being so, so
World under his feet, death is in a chokehold
70's mojo, like that's a bad mofo
Sho-nuff, He shows out
God is good, you better shut yo mouth
It's like shut up in my bones, like I'm shut inside my home
I got a fever and prescription is more jesus

Been counting blessings man, it's all good
I've been in here working, yeah
Filling up my purpose, yeah
Ain't no disservice, man, it's all good
Outlived my circumstance,
Ain't dropping the curtain yet
I don't deserve it, but it's all good, yeah
Ooohh
It's all good, yeah

Tracklisting and Credits

Writer and Producer Credit

1. Good Morning @ 4:25 am ft. Vanessa Hill

- Composer: Xavier “Eks” Hayes
- Writers Amisho Baraka, Vanessa Hill
- Mixed and Engineered: Jeremiah Adkins and Assisted by Blake Hendricks

2. Monster & Mascot @ 5:14 am ft. BRI FEEL

- Composer: Xavier “Eks” Hayes, Jeremiah Adkins
- Writers: Amisho Baraka, Brianna Hayes
- Mixed and Engineered: Jeremiah Adkins and Assisted by Blake Hendricks

3. Might Not Go @ 7:21 am

- Composer: Xavier “Eks” Hayes, Jeremiah Adkins
- Writers: Amisho Baraka
- Mixed and Engineered: Jeremiah Adkins and Assisted by Blake Hendricks

4. Idols For The Nihilist @ 8:04 am

- Composer: Xavier “Eks” Hayes
- Writers: Amisho Baraka
- Mixed and Engineered: Jeremiah Adkins and Assisted by Blake Hendricks

5. Still Got Faith @ 11:01 am ft. L3XDIVINE

- Composer: Nate Robinson, Larry Mack, Xavier “Eks” Hayes
- Writers: Amisho Baraka, Elexis Pullens
- Mixed and Engineered: Jeremiah Adkins and Assisted by Blake Hendricks

6. kNew Nostalgia @ 1:03 pm

- Composer: Xavier “Eks” Hayes
- Writers: Amisho Baraka
- Mixed and Engineered: Jeremiah Adkins and Assisted by Blake Hendricks

7. Meeting Phillis Wheatley @ 3:16 pm ft. L3XDIVINE

- Composer: Xavier “Eks” Hayes, Jeremiah Adkins
- Writers: Amisho Baraka, Elexis Pullens
- Mixed and Engineered: Jeremiah Adkins and Assisted by Blake Hendricks

8. Langston & Baldwin @ 4:09 pm

- Composer: Xavier “Eks” Hayes, Perry Tankard
- Writers: Amisho Baraka, Jason Petty
- Mixed and Engineered: Jeremiah Adkins and Assisted by Blake Hendricks

9. The Bootmaker’s Ballad @ 5:15 pm

- Composer: Xavier “Eks” Hayes
- Writers: Amisho Baraka
- Mixed and Engineered: Jeremiah Adkins and Assisted by Blake Hendricks

10. The Evening Impasse @ 5:44 pm ft. Sam Dula

- Composer: Xavier “Eks” Hayes
- Writers: Amisho Baraka
- Mixed and Engineered: Jeremiah Adkins and Assisted by Blake Hendricks

11. A Gun Called Love @ 6:13 pm ft. Giel

- Composer: Joi Sheree Roberts, Xavier “Eks” Hayes
- Writers: Amisho Baraka, Joi Sheree Roberts
- Mixed and Engineered: Jeremiah Adkins and Assisted by Blake Hendricks

12. 40 & Up @ 8:11 pm

- Composer: Xavier “Eks” Hayes
- Writers: Amisho Baraka
- Mixed and Engineered: Jeremiah Adkins and Assisted by Blake Hendricks

13. Midnight Music @ 8:14 pm ft Amore Jones

- Composer: Xavier “Eks” Hayes, Jeremiah Adkins
- Writers: Amisho Baraka, Amore Jones
- Mixed and Engineered: Jeremiah Adkins and Assisted by Blake Hendricks

14. The Shadow of Shame @ 10:11pm ft. Ajabu Baraka

- Composer: Elvin Shahbazian
- Writers: Amisho Baraka, Reggie Lewis
- Mixed and Engineered: Jeremiah Adkins and Assisted by Blake Hendricks

15. Donna @ 10:15 pm

- Composer: Xavier “Eks” Hayes
- Writers: Amisho Baraka
- Mixed and Engineered: Jeremiah Adkins and Assisted by Blake Hendricks

16. Good Night @ 11:22 pm

- Composer: Xavier “Eks” Hayes
- Writers: Amisho Baraka
- Mixed and Engineered: Jeremiah Adkins and Assisted by Blake Hendricks

17. All Good @ Midnight ft. Amore Jones

- Composer: Xavier “Eks” Hayes, Jeremiah Adkins, Matthew Mtech Bernard
- Writers: Amisho Baraka, Amore Jones
- Mixed and Engineered: Jeremiah Adkins and Assisted by Blake Hendricks