

Aiming (high)

If it was part o my mission,
I could get a phone call o yall.
But that's not my focus,
Youre not part of my goals.
So listen closely, cause,
I tell yall what I want.
So try n remember, even,
When this track is long gone.
That's that thing bout freestyles,
It disappears into thin air.
Whatever I tryna say,
Theres that disappear it is,
Like cooking a soup.
When the water vanishes,
Just like this song and,
If you cook it too long,
The whole thing is gone.
If you cook it too short,
It wont inspire, but if,
You give it your spice,
The menu gonna be fire.
So I choose my words wisely,
For not being too salty.
Not liking it is your fault I,
I am gonna tell you one thing:
To cook it right is the hardest.
Its like shooting a bow.
You wont be shooting the furthest
If youre shooting too low.
Your emotions will flow,
Stop the walled garden.
Cause how you gonna hit us,
If youre missing the targed?

And that brings us back,
To the thing with my target.
I already told you that,
The right spice is the hardest.
But as a wise goose told me
A very long time ago:
Yall aint part o my goals.
The secret ingredient to
That soup that I cook,
According to that goose:
Aint nothin but thin air.
There aint no despair.

Its our words, the message,
That matters, I tell yall,
Words can shatter,
They can build up, deface,
All it takes is the message,
And that I believe in myself.