

Title: pgLang I see you, the industry has killed the creators. Listen to Mr Morale & The Big Steppers

Author: 1800smellya

Created 2022-05-21 17:22:29 UTC

Permalink: /r/GME/comments/uurp1p/pglang_i_see_you_the_industry_has_killed_the/

Url: https://www.reddit.com/r/GME/comments/uurp1p/pglang_i_see_you_the_industry_has_killed_the/

TLDR: listen to this album and read through the words. Oklama, pgLang aka K Dot is saying the same message we are. The system is broken. I am working on more analysis but just listen for now.

Here's the song that really started clicking that pgLang is either an Ape or has someone on the inside that is an ape.

GME is no longer about the money. This is about fixing the system.

MY PEOPLE

"Worldwide Steppers"

[Kodak Black:]

Kodak Black, Oklama

Eckhart Tolle

And this is the big stepper

[Kendrick Lamar:]

I'm a killer, he's a killer, she's a killer, bitch

We's them killers, walkin' zombies, tryna scratch that itch

Germaphobic, heteron

I am not for the faint of heart

My genetic build can build multi universes, the men of God

Playin' "Baby Shark" with my daughter

Watchin' for sharks outside at the same time

Life as a protective father, I'd kill for her

My son Enoch, it's the part two

When I inspire my children and make higher values

In my present moment I saw that through

Ask Whitney about my lust addiction

Text messagin' bitches got my thumbs hurt

Set precedent for a new sacreligion

Writer's block for two years, nothin' moved me

Asked God to speak through me, that's what you're hearing now

The voice of yours truly

Teleport out my home body for comfort

I don't pass judgment, past life regressions keep me in question

Where did I come from? I don't think like I used to

No, I don't blink like I used to

Awkward stares at everybody, see the flesh of man

But still this man compared to nobody

Yesterday I prayed to the flowers and trees

Gratification to the powers that be

Synchronization with my energy shackles that goes to doctor Zebi

Paid it for, cleaned out my toxins, bacteria heavy

Sciatical nerve pinch, I don't know how to feel

Like the first time I fucked a white bitch

The first time I fucked a white bitch, I was sixteen at the Palisades, fumblin' my grades

I traveled with a team, the apache life, Sintennio was like
When Mrs. Becker screamed, "That dough, boy, mixed there with purple rain"
They interchanged the seams
Happy just to be out the hood, with all the wealthy years
Credit cards and family plans, she drove her daddy's Benz
I found out he was a sheriff, that was a win-win
Because he had locked up Uncle Perry
She paid her daddy's sins
Next time I fucked a white bitch, was out in Copenhagen
Good Kid, M.A.A.D City tour, I flourished on them stages
Whitney asked did I have a problem
I said, "I might be racist"
Ancestors watchin' me fuck was like retaliation

I'm a killer, he's a killer, she's a killer, bitch
We's them killers, walkin' zombies, tryna scratch that itch
Germaphobic, heteron, homophobic
Photoshoppin' lies and motives
Hide your eyes and pose for the pic'

What the-

Eight billion people on Earth, silent murderers
Non-profit preachers in church, clerks and bellers (Woo)
Hollywood corporate and screwin', teachin' philosophies
You either be dead or in jail, killer psychology
Silent murderer, what's your body count? Who your sponsorship?
Objectify so many bitches, I killed their confidence (What the-)
The media's the new religion, you killed the consciousness (What the fuck?)
You jealousy is way too pretentious, you killed accomplishments (What the fuck?)
Niggas kill freedom of speech, everyone sensitive (What the fuck?)
If your opinion fuck around and leak, might as well send you off (What the-)
The industry has killed the creators
I'd be the first to say to each exec', "I'm saving your children" (What the fuck?)
We can't negotiate (What the-)
I caught a couple of bodies myself, slipped my community
My last Christmas toy drive in Compton handed out eulogies
Not because the rags in the park had red gradient
But because the high blood pressure flooded the caterin'
So what's the difference between your life? We're hiding motives
The fatalities and reality bring you closure
The noble person that goes to work and pray like they 'posed to?
Slaughter people too, your murder's just a bit slower

I'm a killer, he's a killer, she's a killer, bitch (What the fuck?)
We's them killers, walkin' zombies, tryna scratch that itch (What the-)
Germaphobic, heteron, homophobic
Photoshoppin' lies and motives
Hide your eyes and pose for the pic'