Refresh (feat. Hut)

[Emay](#)

Ya, shout out to Hut, what? Ya
Playing with fire in a body doused in alcohol
Head to toes, lead to nose, every single ounce and all
Crept in every crevice decrepit, dilapidated, degraded
Report card is discarded
Knew that I'd hate what my grade is
And what my fate is, is fatal
I have to faded and it's futile
Hated maybe I should cop a new style
The floor is kind of boring maybe I should cop a few tiles
Quit rapping and start selling that white girl, cocaine, road game
Mixing all the elements
Cross my fingers that Ellen DeGeneres is generous
No pain a prison of in betweeners and sedatives
Even the teens and the seniors I'll be selling it
The system is designed for me to make that choice
I never lip sync so I can never fake that voice
Nig—
Fake tha voice
Nigga
Refresh Niggggga
Refresh Niggggga
Refresh
Refresh Niggggga
Refresh
Refresh Niggggga
Refresh
Refresh
Ya, ya
Refresh
Ya
Probably think I'm playing but this is real shit
People of color are dying to get a meal split
Fiscal disparities have risen since the 70s
I could never encapsulate this prison in this brevity
The Beatles said to let it be but I choose to pry the eyelids wide open to the scene and let the lemon squeeze
Sour juices pouring in, let it burn
But I ain't here to usher you
I'm only expressing what people suffer through
In this state of urgency emergency
For government factions are subtracting and disturbing the emerging screams

'cause they could never admit to their faults
So in return a fresh gash is being fixed in the salt
Homophobic conservatives are inflicting the salts
Fundamentalists fundamentally funded by people that would rather see a nigga in a dungeon
I've never seen so many feeble people drowning in their sunken pride
But I ain't better than those people
I'm a product too, the difference is I've analyzed what I'm a product to
The page is frozen and corroding needs a refresh and the only other option is to regress