

Tempo

KB

Ok, let's go
All the way up, way up, way up, way up
All the way up
All the way up
All the way up
All the way up, way up, way up, way up
All the way up
K to the...
All the way up
Second letter
All the way...
Jiggy with the kid with his own style
Chilling in the city, we should simmer down
Coming from the Grammy's, with a semi-smile
Cause we done had more fun serving people in the city
Let the window down
Go and let the beat knock
Squad is in the house
Smash your windows, I call it Steve Jobs
We ride, we ride
Atta boy
I'ma go Bobby Boucher in the city
Handing out that living water boy I just hit my rhythm, boy
This is not your tempo, boy
I just hit my rhythm, boy
This is not your tempo, boy
HGA is simple boy
Louie Free, he with me
Draw a crowd, no stencil boy
They got Drake to play it safe, I think they conned him
I love God, do what I wanna
Gotta deal with it, wheels spinning and I still live it
Never chill with it, still winning in the field with it
Put the real in it, no concealing it
But to Him winning, never spill with it
Didn't kill with it, but to kill with it
You could still get it, I could still feel
In the field, here to seal
Then there's in the field with us
Really ain't no fear in us
Really ain't no fear in us
You might wanna get with us Way up, way up, way up, way up, way up

All the way up, way up, way up, way up
I am as free as my hair
Cut it or comb it, forget it
I'ma do what I've been called to do, not what's expected
Just for the record
Just for the record I know I just hit my rhythm, boy
This is not your tempo, boy
I just hit my rhythm, boy
But this is not your tempo
This is not your tempo, this is not your tempo
Don't nobody own us, don't nobody own us
Don't nobody own us, don't nobody own us Pull up to the meeting with ripped jeans and Adidas
The new intellectual is what you seeing, homie
We can go toe to toe with any so-and-so
So we gotta pen game and we just balling dawg, aight?
Explicit as ever, vicious as ever
Christian and clever, diss it dismiss it this is just better
Vision is better
Making high art
But high art can't revive hearts
I'ma do this God talk
Don't need a pity party, my people pity your party
The party I'm a part of imparts partials of pardons
Can't pick apart any part of the pick don't want no part with it
I played a artist, now pardon, I brought my partners in
I think I know what we revealing
Life is over, easy
Everybody's shell cracked
I holdin my dignity never said that
We got bigger fish to fry, know when to scale back I just hit my rhythm, boy
You can't match my tempo, boy
I just hit my rhythm
And you can't help but fear love Think I found it, I think I found it
I, yeah
I think I found my rhythm, boy
Think I found it, I think I found it
Not one blemish does He see
When I placed all my burdens on Him
He washed them all from me

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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