

# Ng'yekeleni (feat. Black Thought)

## Cassper Nyovest

I threw away all of my feelings  
I never need 'em  
Steady stunting on my demons  
Like that Phillippe  
They told me I will never reach it  
Thank God I never listened  
I never listened  
Thank God I never listened Ng'yekeleni, ng'yekeleni  
Y'all can't keep up with me anyway  
Ng'yekeleni, ng'yekeleni  
I'm very heavy in the heavyweight  
Steady smoking on the Mary Jane  
Pop a little help me meditate  
I can do with us for many centuries  
Time to do it then they hesitate  
Like God damn  
Big life in Joburg  
Ran the street til my toes hurt  
And I came with my entourage like I'm Vinny Chase  
And I know who took him  
Mama cried tears when I left  
I was 16 when I decided  
That I believed it will come full circle  
Now I can't believe I'm in Times Square  
Smack 'em just to whip cop cars  
Same spot where they shot Pac  
Broke as hell but where I come from  
I'm like a king there, I'm in the posh squad  
I'm in a Bentley, I'm in a Aston  
They like my music there, there I'm like Jackson  
They know my weaknesses, they see my passion  
This is my pain and they know it's not acting  
And that's where they relate  
That's why they relate  
I made it to the top, getting better by the day  
Better by the day, yeah  
I'll be killing all these niggas making noise  
These moves stretching for a long time  
Every year they say they gon' get me  
But they always get me at the wrong time  
I threw away all of my feelings  
I never need 'em

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I can do with us for many centuries  
Time to do it then they hesitate  
Like God damn I ain't absent minded, I am present though  
I needed therapy, professional  
But ain't no future as far as I can see  
Til I embrace the past and let it go  
What I'm headed for with my medical condition?  
Tunnel vision through the periscope  
I'm crumbling like the walls of Jericho  
I'm out here waiting on a miracle  
Surfing the drink  
Hurting and pain  
Sick of my shadow, I'm cursing my name  
Knowing that I'm the only person to blame  
I'm worse than a strain  
I'm worse than a sane scattered  
They say the window to my soul shattered  
Now I'm feeling stoned as a gallbladder  
My demon is me having going after  
I'm chafing the net and the dog catcher  
I'm headed to Africa, call Cassper  
See, this ain't the regular broadcaster  
See, all I've been getting is more nasty  
And then I pull up in a cold Aston, huh  
Oh word  
Who's getting money out here in Joburg?  
Such a long time we been so swerve  
Out here puffing on indoor herb Tell 'em they in trouble 'cause the plan will work  
Every single night I could spend your worth  
Cost and giving and the words are spinning  
And that's why a nigga gotta hold a pen so firm  
My mama used to work the day shift  
And her employer was a racist  
And now I'm looking at my payslip  
My life's a perfect Mother's Day gift  
I be in Philly driving low rider  
They waiting on me, man they so silent  
'Cause your favorite rapper got a ghostwriter

I mean di bhari tsena tsa mo co-sign-a  
I'm a rottweiler  
Rhyming profiler  
Kinda low lifer  
I never co-pilot  
On my toes even when it's hostile  
Man you won't find another so nice  
I mean God damnNg'yekeleni, ng'yekeleni  
Y'all can't keep up with me anyway  
Ng'yekeleni, ng'yekeleni  
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Time to do it then they hesitate  
Like God damn

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

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