

GPS (feat. Twista)

Saba

Oh, oh, oh

Oh oh oh

Oh, oh

Oh...Where's your head?

Where's your soul? Your heart?

Where's your love? Your care?

Where's your life? Your scars?

You're lost

Ah, ah, ah, look

Earth can be so lonely, glad we're all in heaven

Bet he can count a dollar couldn't count a blessing

Where's your head? You neck-less for a fucking necklace

Oo, put that shit on record bet they get the message

Just like after the beep, wear my rap on my sleeve

Wear my heart on my tongue

Where you think that I speak from its blood on my teeth

Like a opp nigga, we opposed

I'm at the crib playing neo-soul

Dropped out, I don't need a loan

That same school booking me a show

Droppin college collect like an audit

I'm a artist problem what you call it

I'm a honest artist so they honor

Or We fighting fans like Ron Artest

I'm the coldest out I'm so arctic

And I'm from the same place the solids come from and I run shit like Sonic

With my songs and all of my sonnets signing

Where's your head?

Where's your soul? Your heart?

Where's your love? Your care?

Where's your life? Your scars?

You're lostOo, oo

Food can make you forget that we're all this famished

They on me like the new kid, this my college campus

All these women want me like my name was Channing

Tatum, I don't even take em y'all can all still have em

Like I got my own, greed kill man, man still'll want more

Niggas spoon fed, talkin bout they poor, niggas be broke talkin like they on
I don't really care what oppers say though, they change they self for compensation

Last year I just had to lay low, now pass the torch like hot potato, aheh

'Cause I'm on it, take the green line out west to Austin

Dropped the best project since The Chronic

Like a nerd freshman how I'm locked in
I been, aheh, off that... dub, a nigga then I don't rematch
Grind mode nigga I don't relax, ay, go head take it back
SabWhere's your head?
Where's your soul? Your heart?
Where's your love? Your care?
Where's your life? Your scars?
You're lost
Where's your head?
Where's your soul? Your heart?
Where's your love? Your care?
Where's your life? Your scars?
You're lostI tell em
Pop that trunk cause sound deaf
Got kush and I smoke that blunt cause I'm blessed
Flow with the funk then I'm fresh
And I got that cause I come from out west
I was raised around thugs and ballers
Something was happening whenever I come through
Hangin with the gang or with the crew
Ain't just, just to show I could do
And though the gas will spark when it got real dark
We were gon take it to Garfield park
To the holy city, yeah K-Town, and go downtown so I can show em that I'm real sharp
Ain't nobody fuckin with us
Circle stances hurt your chances when you see how we comin
On my mama Saba when he got the OG on me homie no wait we don't want nothin
Breakin atoms if we causin destruction
Makin patterns if we causin eruptions
Second thoughts if you see us in the functions
Smokin weed if you see us into somethin
Do ya thang and make ya money stack ya paper
Go ahead represent ya crew
As long as you respect the west side of Chi' do what the fuck you wanna do
TwistaWhere's your head?
Where's your soul? Your heart?
Where's your love? Your care?
Where's your life? Your scars?
You're lostComin from one of them avenue babies, hailin from the west side, nigga tryna make
it to the grammys, at least somewhere. Somewhere more than a mothafucka been. Bucket list
means something like, ya know you ever set up and dream and dreamed a dream and that dream
done came true? Ha ha ha ha ha... chuuuuuuch

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