

# Dostoyevsky (feat. Rapsody)

## Black Thought

Yeah, the universe let the planets align  
Spent 10k in the card, didn't decline  
Bartender, one Casamigos and lime  
I'm celebrating gracefully, getting better with time  
I ain't even halfway through this incredible ride  
But like, I'm kind of doing an incredible job  
When I was eighteen living beyond my means  
I was afraid of my dreams, looking at the finer things  
Wishing I could flip to a microchip from a paper clip  
Upgrade to a spaceship from a basic whip  
Cash rules everything, I just wanted a taste of it  
Fast food hurrying, saving time, not wasting it  
Self-saboteur, speaking it to my paramour  
Torch rappers like I'm igniting the aerosol  
Maintaining the wherewithal that'll embarrass y'all  
Game-changer, the way I shredded your cabbage off  
Explaining this change in apples to applesauce  
When we were young, innocence was ours, but that was lost  
Where I reside is the dark side of the glory  
The fury I manipulate is the arc of the story  
Written without a ghostwriter to author it for me  
This is crime and the punishment, I'm the judge and the jury  
Listen, Dostoyevsky  
I swam with crocs, fished with sharks  
I never popped charts, but I know I'm popular  
I was built to run the game, I came up playing guard  
With young niggas between 5'5" and 6 foot 4  
I banged over both, tryna bank over some more  
And ball out in something gorgeous that'll keep me in court  
Where they'll judge like y'all does, y'all don't know me enough  
Y'all still owe us for what all y'all did to the Cold Crush  
To my donuts, I'm shooting J. Dillas and what  
I wanna cop when I get loot and recoup  
I had to go through hella doors so in short that's why I only won two  
But I ain't got Jay number, I CC 'em the proof  
'Cause everything I pictured in my head is always coming true  
They say you need vision to see eye to eye with the Jews  
Spent 25 hundred on sheep skin, let it seep in  
I ain't turn starboy in a weekend  
It took more like 7 years, make a sane man drink Everclear  
It ain't ever clear, yeah, we ain't ever guaranteed the year  
Fruits of your labor, huh, you work hard to get it

Jamla stitched on the motherfucking ROC fitted  
Before the big life I had to start with the scrimmage  
Know that it'd come sooner or later, I'm Trae Young, nigga  
Huh, I'm Trae Young, nigga  
Uh, I said Dostoyevsky meets Joe Pesci  
Tired of staring at a glass half empty  
Turning me from Dr. Sebi to cocking semi  
It got me clutching my machete from the Serengeti already  
Wild Style and Fab Five Freddy  
I'm a stranger in Moscow, don't ask how deadly is the ummah  
Patrice Lumumba, Kwame Nkrumah  
To the Tripoli shores from the halls of Montezuma  
Stop intruder, I'm built on facts, I'm not your rumor  
A malignant tumor, slid through in a suede Puma  
The steady heavy legendary, all praise is overdue  
Same cloth as the chosen few, rap Noble Drew  
I guarantee you know more music by the suckers  
It's not a victimless crime if anybody suffers  
In a system that was designed for them to try to cuff us  
Well, what's the use for them trying when can't nobody touch us?  
Unless it's fabricated, probably drug related  
But love or hate it, I will not be subjugated  
When they scream at you the greatest that did it, was underrated  
As if every other player who spit it was unrelated  
If every man's a temple, the circumstance is simple  
So to be transcendental, I do enhance the mental  
This is elder statesmen conversation  
Take a look into them books from down in the basement, yeah

Lyrics provided by <https://www.songarea.com/>