

Conception (feat. Reek Ruffin)

Black Thought

[Chorus: Reek Ruffin]

Where I go, where I go from here?

Oh I, no I, could be nowhere

And trust that all that money's good for nothin' if you scared

Singin', yeah, yeah[Verse 1: Black Thought]

Look

I am no fashion model but

I got fresh for photographers

The camo coat had the collar up

'Cause my emotions was bottled up

And though the ocean did not erupt

It turned up till it's loud enough

To just make somethin' out of us

Pass the shadow of a doubt in us

Godly, geometry and calculus

That I can move any mountain with

A nigga gotta be an alchemist

Tryna create another avenue of revenue

Or several 'cause I'm in love with havin' you

Security is just a whole 'nother animal

I can't assume Xanadu had a panic room

I wish the man in the moon had a manual

And gratitude for the wishes I've granted you

A lifetime, finally I'm understandin' you

The lifelines that delines in a hand or two

And how it's difficult to undo the damage you've done

Once the codes run under scanner too

So if you capture the flame and it's painful

You just charge that to the game

'Cause it's shameful to just fall back and complain

That you fractured the laws of attraction again

Focus on the more passionate plane

No Conception's Immaculate, man[Chorus: Reek Ruffin]

Where I go, where I go from here?

Oh I, no I, could be nowhere

And trust that all that money's good for nothin' if you scared

Singin', yeah, yeah

[Verse 2: Black Thought]

Once again to the well, I went

While the soul man screamed bloody hell out then

I'm trying to decode the meaning of the spell I'm in

And I don't even know what fucking hotel I'm in

I checked in as the monarch of mel-a-nin
The el-a-phant, my body is a shell I'm in
Piecin' myself together, teachin' myself to never
Let one loss divorce my devel-op-ment
Reminds me of ego trippin' like Nikki Giovanni
Wishin' the system might deliver me a body
Cum laude, the rug on the floor was from Saudi
The message I'd hung on the door was unrowdy
No dowry, the price of it all was one calorie
Now we the last fly house on The Bowery
Human traffickin', moving Africans
Still rapping with fantasies, fill the bracket in
And if you capture the flame, and it's painful
Then just charge that to the game
'Cause it's shameful to just fall back and complain
That you fractured the laws of attraction, again
Focus on a more passionate plane
Estimate a more accurate frame
Of time, a frame of mind attached to the sane
No Conception's Immaculate, man
[Chorus: Reek Ruffin]
Where I go, where I go from here?
Oh I, no I, could be nowhere
And trust that all that money's good for nothin' if you scared
Singin', yeah, yeah

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