

Almost There (feat. Mr Hudson)

Vic Mensa

This for all my fans that say they want that old Vic
I've grown too much to ever be the old Vic
I'm new and improve call me Vic 2.0
Still making two points every time I move an O
That's the hustle talk for ya, I'm rapping like a Google Home the way talk to ya
I gave my all to ya, you can judge it as you may
I know life's a bitch, but every dog has its day, hey
When I get low this is how I fly away
You thank me, no thank you, you the reason I'm alive today
That's no exaggeration, I'm just glad you're listening
Me and Dion got more soul than your Grandma kitchen, and we been cooking up
This for little Vic, that 12-year-old kid that only wanna hear that real shit
This is thank you letter to all my fans for coming along for the ride with me, we almost there
feel it coming
I'm almost there, I'm almost there
It's so close, I can taste it
It's in the air, it's in the air
They judge you by your past and try to predict your future
But I got kings in my bloodline, I'm Mensa Musa
My dad came from Africa, he was the first to leave
From humble beginnings in that village to the birth of me
Birth of a Nation, shout out to Nate Parker
They take the spotlight off you if you a shade darker
But we made our own American on this cotton field til we got a black millionaire for every
Emmett Till
I'm representing, I'm representing, I'm representing
To my piece of American pie is never ending
You know pi, never ending, that's a slick line
This the type of flow that made them fuck with me the first time
But this ain't my first time like that J. Cole song
I'ma put the pressure on 'em all, I make coal turn into diamonds
I ride and die for my team
If I was Lebron I'd never to the Miami Heat
It's too much loyalty in me, I'm royalty, no Prince Hakeem
So when I'm coming, make sure the royal penis is clean
Call me your highness, I just put a mink on my queen, she married a king
She deserve some Alexander McQueen
And I been ballin' out like I deserve a championship ring
I'm still a skater boy, I'm flipping out like Avril Lavigne
I tweaking every little thing, that's why it took me so long, but the album is coming
It's done for you niggas, hold on
I set the mode for 'em, who was hot in the Chi' before I, nigga

N/A, I do not know nah nigga
Luke Cage, I'm a motherfucking fly nigga and I'm still alive
I am not afraid to die nigga
I feel it coming
I'm almost there, I'm almost there
It's so close, I can taste it
It's in the air, it's in the air
Deep down, everyone's a rockstar
Right now, I'm the only one to take it this far
Take it this far
Up high in a glass elevator
Look down on my city see ya later
I, I always take it too far

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