

P's & Q's

Mick Jenkins

Still drinkin' water on y'all niggas, man
With perfect pitch I'm singing free my niggas
Polished and purposeful he's producing pristine pictures
Pay me, gimme plenty, the trees begat keys
That's paper, so hold the pennies
I'm pressed and like pests, I'm in every nook and cranny
Your pantry, with some patience your panties
I got patience, it's prevalent in the previous plannings
I been on my P's and Q's, fuck is this? A Quiz?
Peep this nigga passion, I'm not picking him to quit
Watch him paint, and it quaint?
All that presence in his pen, he be pearlin' all that wisdom, all that pressure be to sin
A pearlescent silver lining through the questions I been quilting together
Niggas quiver in the cold, are you equipped for the weather?
When there's polar and it's piercing through your sweater to your chest
How you persevere and press on through the quest?
I been on my P's and Q's, can't you see I do not play?
And I pack it full of quotes
Pray you perceive it in the way that I intended
I ain't preaching and I'm never that pretentious
Not pretending, Quasimodo how my back is
I've been bending, I've been lifting all the pounds
Break it down, pass it around
Politicking with my peoples' then my partner, them my rounds
Quality is what we seek, I'm not playing 'til we peak
Quintessential to survival is the cunnin' to compete
You picked defeat, if your efforts will only ever be passive aggressive
Be my pleasure to let it fly like attached to propellers
And compel all your people to say your prayer in your passin'
Man fuck the gassin', I'm too persistent, and what could they tell us, huh?
I been on my P's and Q's, quantum leaps ahead of my peers
They not even in my peripheral, pray I keep it proper
Cause they playin' so political, the petty is so pitiful
Niggas Peter Pettigrew, I'm of a higher pedigree
I'm peddling this penmanship, appreciate the pleasantries, but
It's quiet for y'all niggas
I mean, you know I've been on point with it
Ain't even gotta smoke a joint
I'm getting high off the feel, y'all just trying to make some coins with it
Educate my loins
You've been gifted like I pearled a couple poinsettias
On my P's and Q's

Quarantine the phrase, you could comprehend it better, bring phonetics into play, I'm no
pharaoh
Message never mystical
Breath of antihistamine, I'm trying to heal the physical
Requiring a pivotal stance
For my mans niggas, know I'm not dolo
Provide you with the proof, it's never quid pro quo tho
It's Free Nation, please no photos
Yeah, power to the people, middle finger to the popo

Lyrics provided by <http://greatlyrics.net/>