

Baking Soda - Mavi Lyrics

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"Baking Soda"

Baking soda

Add another stroke then the painting sold

Uh-huh, uh-huh, uh-huh then the painting sold

Baking soda, baking soda

Add another stroke then the painting sold

Yeah, yeah

yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah

Palette on the stove with the baking soda

I'ma add another stroke then the painting sold

Habits sent me places that I can't control

I established it alone nothing major though

Intimately in the business of stretching out lessons

Crammed in the business of pressure invested

From my early days verbal a vestige

Never quite know if they heard what I said

From the smolder fake cold, unaffected

See the glow of coals when scoping for meds

I don't owe no one else but the reverend

Who got my OG still folding her hands

We got poles, why I flow so accessible

Nothing in a excess but excess of course

I was up on my bread, so I bet some more

It got stacked and snatched rounded the checkerboard

I'm a king but got less in this metaphor

Nothing but my knowledge left to flex, the poor

days of mine intersect with the best support

Love my brothers, I wish I could tell 'em more

They gon' feel when they get to the step I'm on

When the mirror way under the pedestal

And you traded your face for development

And your tears is now trees

I been gave my soul away to the drum, I'ma live forever

We ain't come from gold spoons but gold chains, my niggas' clever

She say we either on drugs or need to be, which is better?

She was already gone 'fore I could see she ain't get the letter

I been gave my soul away to the drum, I'ma live forever

We ain't come from gold spoons but gold chains, my niggas' clever

She say we either on drugs or need to be, which is better?

She was already gone before I could see she ain't get the letter, yeah

Soul away to the drum, I'ma live forever

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