

# Wishin' II (feat. Black Thought)

## PRhyme

PRhyme! Adrian Younge, Royce Da 5'9", DJ Premier. This song here was originally supposed to be done with my man Black Thought. Unfortunately, we lost a great man: Mr. Richard Nichols; R.I.P. To the legendary Roots crew, hold your head. We all continue on, that's how life's supposed to be, and that's how we treat life. So, one day, Riq gave me a call; he said "Yo, that joint you did with Common, y'all wanna do a remix of that?" By the way, shout out to Common. Congratulations on the Oscar, my nigga. John Legend, big up. Word, I said, "yeah, yeah, when y'all wanna do that?" He said, "yo, I'll come over right now". Oh, yeah? Well, step inside the booth. Yo, Riq, it's go time. Wishin': Part II Yo, the voice of the announcer signing off

Salvador, a connoisseur, a hot monologue  
Rachmaninoff, livin' life not by the law  
And I'm a product of that Rakim God Allah  
Forensic files, leaving 'em disemboweled, '87 style  
They chance slimmer than reverend Al or Kevin Liles  
Some friends are vile, still be peddlin' vials  
Off of eleven mile, they wishin' you would  
You prolly better reconcile  
The dark side of to who they rising in prominence  
My crown's taller than Suleiman of The Ottomans  
Wiser than Solomon, mobilizing the following  
They try and give me the Nobel prize for novelists  
Peace to cats that rock MAC knowledge knowledges  
Hood astrologists, illegal anesthesiologists, yo  
El elefante, Bella Fonte  
Keep a regimen ready to give 'em hell if PRhyme say  
Yo, post traumatic stress, I wear it as a family crest  
I murder at its best, words that'll manifest causing cardiac arrest  
Budapest to Marrakesh, my slang Bangladesh  
My gang's Clarence X, I'm life after death, the last Levine X  
Lettin' every other rapper know they better wear a vest  
I'm pulling in two hundred thousand for appearances  
I wrote a song about it, here it is, yo  
The creature feature search a preacher teacher torch  
Capture, rupture, rapture, reach her, the preacher  
He defeat ya, speak the ether, sneak then creep ya  
Say no peace to meet ya, can't nobody get with me  
Strong suits from Italy, chill, humility what I'm all about, ability, yo  
I wish a nigga would bring the hostility though  
You know how them boys from Philly be  
I'm like cyanide, creeping through the air ducts  
And I got a foul mouth, tell 'em kids earmuffs  
When I was at school, I was who to steer clear of  
Smoking a reefer in the bathroom, sipping Smirnoff

When it came time for the pictures in the yearbook  
I was up in Paris like an American werewolf  
Years later, yo I'm an American hero verse evil like  
Deerhoof, if I let the bear woof  
They don't recognize me when I'm shopping up in Berdgdorf  
They just know I'm flier than the motherfucking airport  
Therefore they say I'm a sartorial gear whore, yeah  
Uh, Ascots on the tailor suits  
You artists throwing bands on the radio like they made you you  
I'm looking for artists on stage to throw tomatoes to  
The way I act you think I'm banned from radio, like Trae Tha Truth  
I don't really care, nigga, I'm getting in  
I've got a C-63, V-Twizzy Benz I'm sitting in  
I'on, I'on, I'on give a fuck, any DJ anywhere  
I'on, I'on give 'em as a triple dare, I'll tie him to a swivel chair  
I'on give 'em spins, ha ha, I'on give 'em greens and count dividends  
Ask around by them D-Town niggas that'll leave you with a concert  
Full of dead fans and bloody merch  
Smoking dope that Celie... That's the color purp  
You might wanna study first  
Every verse lyrical but nutty first  
Every verb and every word is like a speeding bullet  
'Bout to chop your body in half while it's on the way to heaven  
Like Kid Cudi shirt, shit could be a hit but it's gotta be money first  
I rap with a sickness card, Iraq pistol pulling private, shhChris, I think I got the Gully  
curseUnderground, underrated, y'all keep digging for answers, like the route to cancer  
I keep turning Preemo beats into chemo treatments, I keep wiggin' like a hoop to Andrew  
I'm clumsy when I shoot, oops, I bet your crew'll scrambled  
I don't write for limelight, I shine the rhyme light down then I'll produce a scandal  
I'm what your baby moms would do for cameras  
I'm leaving everything, from the marriage to her little cooch in shambles  
Your posse even get in my broad way your posse'll perish  
Your posse'll become the posse up there  
I'm outlining all of they bodies in chalk, setting fire to 'em  
To the chocolate on top like chocolate eclairs  
They outfit and jacket is bail staff  
While we in the air, [?] on Lears  
And when we land, we on yatchs saying grazie to the mail staff  
Muah, kiss my ass, y'all can go to hell fast  
I'm just ready for whatever hell brings (Focus, man)  
Getting closer to that real money like Gayle King (That's Oprah's friend)  
I think of nightmares that'll ruining your dreams  
And I just went shopping in China, yeah I flew with the team  
Fuck a translator, I speak fluent, cha-ching  
Y'all holding shit down with that selfie stick  
I'm fly in some shit out of Harvie Nichols and Selfridges  
Even when me and Shady was Abel and Caine  
We worked our magic separately like Angel and Blaine  
Came into this game with a navy like Baby and Wayne

Now every pair of glasses I have has a crazy insane Jazze Pha gradient frame  
The least most amazing vehicle I have is a lease, though  
It's a beast 4-80 and change  
Y'all tryna pick up Bieber and Drake fans  
Not me, but I'm in the streets though, like a Canadian crane  
To elaborate is to annihilate, please don't make me explain  
Come get your bitch! Before I make her smile, ha  
'Fore I perform a bunch of acts on her like Saturday Night Live then take a bow  
Like Kenan Thompson, I don't believe in nonsense  
I don't got no felonies in my record, I just got a fleeing conscience  
I'm just out here spending money like I'm being sponsored  
I'm just on my Philly crime shit, my ice cold Jack Frost mind  
My black thoughts are my only real accomplice...

Lyrics provided by <https://www.songlyrics.band/>