

## When I Spit, The Sky Listens – Youmaih 2025

[Intro – spoken, low and cold]  
They said I should smile more.  
Said I talk too loud.  
But loud built cities.  
And quiet never changed a damn thing.

[Verse 1]  
Look– I came from a place where they weaponised calm  
Where peace meant silence, and silence meant harm  
Where rules were designed by the men in the halls  
With oil on their breath and their hands on our farms

I ain't here to behave or bow  
My voice got range, it shakes the clouds  
Steel in my lungs, I don't mumble now  
I spit like thunder, they stumble, wow

[Hook]  
When I spit, the sky listens  
Air cuts sharp, the vibe thickens  
Truth in boots, I stomp rhythms  
Don't pray for peace–build resistance

When I spit, the sky listens  
Old gods twitch and blink with vision  
I don't ask, I make decisions  
My breath alone rewrites the system

[Verse 2]  
Let 'em sip wine while the world burns slow  
I wrote this verse on a postcode  
Where dreams get nicked and hope's on loan  
And futures rot under microphones

No crown on my head but my words wear gold  
Ink runs deep where the secrets unfold  
I write like a riot, I rhyme like a scroll  
Of every girl that they tried to control

[Bridge]  
This ain't music–it's declaration  
No imitation, no translation  
Barbed like truth, no hesitation  
Youmaih = every broken limitation

[Hook – repeat with ad-libs]  
When I spit, the sky listens...

[Outro – whispered with layered vocals]  
So listen close.  
'Cause this ain't just art.  
It's ammunition.