

Postcards

Grieves

I woke up in a city I can't even say the name of
People looking at me wondering where the fuck I came from
I had to catch a flight to them
Drank a couple whiskies in the air
Called my momma when I landed and told her not to be scared
I'm a rolling stone
Never really knowing when I'm going home
Went and caught the itch and got the beat like it was Cortisone
I'm out here
You can go ahead and let them know
That the groove has to be slumped
And that bass has got to be low

This that shit that you can play in LA
From Chicago to Seattle all the way to BK
Caught the A to JFK and had to hop on a plane
I'll send you ass a postcard
Postcard
I'll send your ass a postcard
Postcard

I said I woke up in a city I ain't never even been to
Called the homie Chords to see what shit we could get into
I had to jump a pond to them
Got my luggage searched when I arrived
Po-po thought that I was holding
Told them I don't have the time
I'm a vagabond
Bag is packed and loaded and the drank is strong
Watched the city disappear behind me like it's camouflaged
I'm out here
You can go ahead and say it loud
That snare has to be crisp
That ass has got to be round
That glass has got to be tipped
That lost has got to be found
That music's got to go up
Because this shit's about to go down
That glass has got to be tipped
That lost has got to be found
That music's got to go up
Because this shit's about to go down

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