

## NYC Window

Armani White

This is a Brooklyn-bound 2 express train  
The next stop is Fulton Street  
Stand clear of the closing doors please

Well I, wrote this in cold sweats, nah  
Wrote this in old sweats, nah  
Wrote this in gold text, in a book of shit you'll forget so  
I hope the page rip  
So that way you never erase it, saving it up in a pile  
To cover and color my smile but let the paint drip  
'Cause either way you'll brush it off  
Even days we up in odds  
Even nights we dusting spawns, from dusk to dawn to up in arms  
When I dust the crust you rusted charm  
Scared to leave and squeezing tight  
All we want is peace and fright, all we won is sleepless nights  
You paint that picture perfect then  
Curve with curse and revert the design  
I broke this verse in person  
You took the perks and inverted the kind  
Don't wanna lose my mark but food for thought, deserted my mind  
I hate that I cut all my personal time to  
Be just a person in line I'm thinkin'  
Maybe I'm calling too much, maybe you don't answer enough  
Maybe the cure is me and you and the cancer's us, maybe I  
Maybe I baby you and I pamper too much  
So I took out the lighting and put it in writing  
As if that stamp could do much

Staring out my New York City window  
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Well you, read this in my words, no  
Read this in my shirt and  
First thought was cry first, Bible  
Hold tight then sky search  
Read on  
Drink and chaser  
Look how you wrinkled the paper  
Left the best condolence  
Time escapes arrest the moment  
On and off like pre-teen, no  
I get too old for this  
A different breed of a saint  
One layer paint still makes the picture deep  
I hope that's what you get from me, grip on us or slip from me  
You learned from the best, I learned that ya ex  
It still takes a locksmith to get the key to my

New York City window  
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Staring out my New York City window  
Staring out my New York City window  
Staring out my New York City window baby