

Chasing New York

Atmosphere

I used to be in love with Brooklyn
Way before I ever got to go to Brooklyn
And I really enjoyed the first time I stayed there
But disappointed about how clean them trains were
Spray paint to debate the claim
But she say "the fake fur don't taste the same"
But your chips on your church and save your place
But first make sure that that's the ace of spades, huh
You know you got it made in the fade
When the worst case scenario's a big bowl of cereal
I tried to state my case to the stewardess
To let me take the steering wheel, but they don't hear me though
I know that I could fly this bitch and if the bitch don't fly I'll build a p
irate ship
And when the bottle tips, the model hits the ground
But they love you whenever you're around

You know, still got a long way to go
But I ain't the only one to put it all on the road
You know, grow up just to take up space
We don't need an excuse to chase what we chase
Still got a long way to go
But I ain't the only one to put it all on the road
You know, judge us on the love that we make
We don't need an excuse to chase what we chase

But the frame didn't fall when the mirror broke
I can't recall what life was like a year ago
Spit it on the front row, disappear, I'm ghost
Call me Smokey like I'm rolling with some miracles (coals)
I got a yard full of love, it grows like a garden with guards to guard it
Around the same time that this party started
We was on the red carpet with artist access
Shooting down garbage for target practice
Martians living in the margin
Imagine the clean streets and the dirty police
We tryna keep the peace while disturbin' the peace
You know, hitchhike to the mountain's top
To take a picture of the peak that surrounds your thoughts
And my favorite spot to catch a drink still be down the block
From wherever you sleep

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[Aesop Rock:]
All these days are numbered
Falling forward, failing upwards
All these roads to Eden
Maps to nowhere, cold to breathe in
All these days are numbered

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Maps to nowhere, cold to breathe in
All these days are numbered
Falling forward, failing upwards
All these roads to Eden
Maps to nowhere...it's cold

If your hands get free, abandon ship
Uhm I think parrots are danky