

Blak Forrest

Billy Woods

(That's that rude by right there)
Words hang in the air 'tween us, but the gas too dense
Stranger in the village, you ain't seen him since
Came through the Pyrenees, me and mi pickney
It's like we was sent, ash like Lent
Cinders in the wind, ashes in your mouth
It's too late to repent
You owe and we here to collect
You know how it go over in debt
Numbers scribbled on butcher's paper
A bad wager
We waved every day, but good fences make good neighbors
Like those mountains in Asia
Cavemen in caves buildin' spaceships
Ape men enslaved, the apes' brain sick from searchin' for they
makers
Frustrated
I came for the bag like Black Pete, Sinterklaas
Tossed a couple coins at the ho's feet, sauvage
Even took the pavin' stones out the streets
Fuck it, they did the same to we

In shock, me inside the bricks of Norf, which way is up?
On the stoop, she askin' me
Temple tragedy
I don't know time, but I see it passin' me
While the trumpets play casually
Sound like Albert Ayler, 'like why these ghosts chasin' me'
Thirteen blocks, soundwave realities of what could be
My shadow's askin', what about me?
Under the cherry moon in 3D
And you should be pissed that they chose Athena in her olive tr
ee
Over you and you act like you didn't have the alchemy
Tuskegee ashes under the Gullah tree
Under this dome while we actually
Well I'll factor we when we oblique beautiful catastrophes

A place like a southern spring
Body awaits the sting
And once you have kissed the ring
We'll lay you down, we'll lay you down gently