

Classical Music

Billy Woods

Yo, yo
Whenever snow falls, I think about the first time I saw it
Was my jaw, dog tooth and nailed to the floor?
Unable to recall it
Llink shorty for frags of my past scattered
Simpler, blissfully foolish times
Before rhymes had a reason to get written
Before expression had me smitten
We was in the staircase, file siftin' Catching up to the Wolf
A beauty in its functionality
Sartre truly like Wilk
This intel opens doors better than your copy of The Key
Torn like mothers after us, post-partum
These streets grizzly, bear with us
That's that cold play
Mans, stick a spoon in your dawg, now they Yoplait
The way I skill a cruise informs our own wave
Witty with the raps, they wonder, "will he pop?"
Solo type wavy though, so why would he not?
I'll inquiry, I'll ask 'em
Observe how phlegm seizes center stage
Halts answers
I'ma dodge a doctrine as soon as I eye a flaw
No need to pretty please me for no resistance
Small talks distract mini Gs like legalese
Religious lectures, first quarter weather, material pleasures
I receive the haze, eager to see if it would cease and desist mines
Anything to thaw cerebral ice
Aiming to convey clearer
Fiendish for focus and hopes
I don't waste it focused on a Trojan house
Whenever the snow falls, I wonder where those feelings went
The amazement and innocence?
Smothered by lies I told myself, truths stashed
With trial and error as a mentor
I knew better way quicker

Eighty-eight keys I played the piece till it fell to pieces
Chasing ghosts, chasing ghosts
Eighty-eight keys I played the piece till it fell to pieces
Dashed her hopes, dashed her hopes
Eighty-eight keys I played the piece till it fell to pieces
Chasing ghosts, chasing ghosts
Eighty-eight keys I played the piece till it fell to pieces
Dashed her hopes, dashed her hopes

Always late for lessons, it's a lifelong trait
She could tell I was guessin', I'm mostly still guessin' today
Stretchin', could never really find my place
Pressin' (Always pressin'), disappointment etched erry line in her face
Every wiry gray, still disappointed today
"Piano hands," she used to say, "what a waste"
Sunday was Amadeus' 28th, we didn't go to church
Drew the heavy shades, light poured by the Lord's grace
I watched her play, Gods filled the place
Rich chords, desolate shores where arpeggios break
I never quite found my way

It was always the same, I never had faith
My twin found Jesus, I sifted seeds out the shake
Made niggas believe when I grated cheese for the soufflé
Loud like black preachers, DC niggas never seen puday
Proud to be accepted by the same niggas I used to hate
Spanish galleon, I was sunken in place
Pieces of eight strewn on the ocean floor
Police rushed the gate
Flushed errything, couldn't bring myself to flush the haze
(I threw it out the window, on God)

Once the snow came down
Then I set it out
Blame it on the sun
She was born too loud
So I made a vow
Pray she's not the one
Had it all planned out
But some shit went down
I am not your ruler
Just a boy trying to tame someone