

Fall Back

Billy Woods

Might be a bit unorthodox, but just let me cook, man
I'm just gonna stir everything up, y'know?
Get me 'round the stove
All types of shit could happen, man

French toast, brioche bread
Thick cut bacon, fluffy eggs
No, my client will not be naked for the magazine spread
But remains open to other cockamamie notions
And forms of co-opting
Group was McLaughlin
Had the co-op hopping like Mao
At the Co-Op, Stringer Bell
Moving fast, Benny Hill
Fell in love, fucked, grew apart, broke up
And it's only Thursday
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Thirsty in the worst way
She dismounted with a curtsy
Stuck the landing, gold medals jangling
I'm feeling like Jane Fonda's cannon
Luckily cannabis his constant companion
Crisp as the skin on that Wu-Tang salmon
Grudgingly put his name in the fuckin' canon!

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Game ain't the same but he still watch like a bookie
And kept strange strains; Black Girl Scout Cookies
Made it right with two wrongs
By moonlight burnt the barn
Local beef sustainably farmed
Passed your number one draft pick the bong
Said son, there's more where that came from
On my knees getting God up to speed
Still found a way to bury the lede
Blackface chimney sweep
Swam from Robben Island to your all-white beach
When he's gone your moms might weep

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The Good Die, I'm Still Standing

Dim Sum with Henry Canyons
Everything was banging
Late show out in LA, I'm Gary Shandling
Afterwards she said this just can't happen
I'm sensing a pattern
And she still wear the ring, cold like Saturn
Dove deep dark ponds, the heart wants
Carte blanche, she wet like Good Hope but still said no
Easin' off that good dope, you already know
Sick wit' it, said she liked how the dick fitted
And the angle it bend, but we all know how this shit ends

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