

# Frida

Billy Woods

I slip, I slide, I lift, I'm a mover  
I ride, I whip, I been steppin' on cracks, momma's hip  
I slip, I slide, I lift, I'm a mover  
I ride, I whip, I been steppin' on cracks, momma's hip  
Neck, back broke, had to double back, mainstay

Only lip, brain state  
Off the rip, gotta bump, gotta say  
I been down by the law long  
Ain't got no time, know you wanna holla back  
Same number, new number  
Same nigga, new nigga  
Don't be talking out your back  
'Til your partner, 'til your family, 'til your nigga sitting pretty  
Don't be talking 'bout your racks  
I done proved every bar, every bar  
I'm a source, let's not talk about the raps  
I'm about to hop the pond, get some pounds, get some pounds  
I ain't talking 'bout all that (skrt, skrt)  
Curb side, my low level bird eye  
If I'm not hitting licks with the missus  
Talking bidness with my nerve, why? Word, aye?  
Let me get a pack of reds, pack of papers, Now & Laters, and some herb, ah

Suddenly you hand me the itching sweet lies [?]  
And right now, yeah, pearls before swine  
But the swine's too deep for bitter melon  
Then follow in the secret recipe

Livery cab floating, heat high  
Window cracked, warrants open, curb side  
Bean pie, buy black, pithy slogan, paid tithe, dodge tax  
Here's hoping we slide, they lax, they lacking  
Billy Ocean, high tide  
Speed traps, wasted motion  
Bowdlerized feedback, so verboten  
Laser scoping, cauterize kneecaps

Somebody tell him he won't ever play again  
It's over (You got your whole life ahead of you son, nothing' to be ashamed of)

Saved by a good guy with a gun just stolen  
Graves but they don't have names so it kept going  
Go crazy, you trying' to figure it out, just stay in the moment  
Stay in the moment  
Livery cab floating'  
That buck that bought the bottle coulda struck the lotto  
Sounds tight, but ring hollow  
That's nobody's wife, that's Frida Kahlo, that's Frida Kahlo  
Flights like Rollo, pescado, I make a water swallow  
That buck that lost the lotto coulda bought a fucking bottle

A hundred fifty roses in an ocean of milk  
Light leak on the camera, smoke how it feel  
Ooh, I got you open  
Out the box for your mulch garden, coach pardon

Power harnessed  
Powder harden to rock, like what's catharsis  
From the starship  
To face down on the carpet  
Ooh, and the arch twist  
Was it a swoon or a target of the archer  
Departures, arrivals  
Lead foot on tight rope  
Crows peck my eyes closed  
I heard you niggas was manifesting  
Kissing' between the thighs on the boardwalk  
Cross talk, ecstasy, voices dragged out by the tide  
Bouncing' back, found a jetty on the grind  
Blood in my eye, I'm doing' quite fine  
Next to me, far from yours, true  
Nothing's sacred 'til I made it so  
Which way is up? Still got a ways to go  
Oh