

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 & Later, 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