

Gilgamesh

Billy Woods

Got a call out the blue like
I just flew into the city what's up with you?
Expectations was barely hardly so when she actually came through?
Pleasantly surprised like moms gave me the car keys
Stiff drinks
Back to my place, garnish the parsley
Laughed when she saw that same old room
Asked if I'd ever change for an old flame
But I could tell she's playin' so I sang my same old tune
No shame in her game
Told me the wedding's in June
Gone at first light
Connecting flight
She made the plane
I'm left thinking like Osama in Khartoum
Your whole neighborhood on stage
Excessively mean muggin'
Still managed to sound weak coming out the speakers
Far be it from me though cousin
I ain't James Brown neither
Found in the wild
Half docile, gazelles with the finest features
Retired to the boudoir with a long-legged sativa
Fell out
Road to Damascus status, I'm a believer
Had to disconnect the receiver on that
Solid gold telephone
Fulgencio Batista
El Jefe, Rafael Trujillo
Came through on her wedding night
Groom peeping through the keyhole
Tears in his eyes
Lights off mijo
All you heard was rattling medals
She left disheveled
Merrily dug his own grave whistling as he shoveled

It's increasingly clear
These walls is fucking closing in
Last year I pretended to care
Right now can't spare the oxygen
Feet up on the Ottoman
Empire
A two block radius at best
But the peasants still call him sire
Hold his marijuana and shoot when he says fire
No rest, for the wicked
Steady hand, on the spigot
Velvet glove, iron fingers
Greek myth, fire bringer, Helen of Troy, perfume linger
Even vacuum sealed, green apples wild ginger
Spinning woods till hands got splinters
So much hash the weed can't finish
And she lying there wide open like Congo at Independence
That 70s era Dino De Laurentiis
Lush production
Red rope, hope your name's on the list

Angels on the pen, blunts in the fist
Good luck is a couple seeds in the brick
But you fucked up and seeded the bitch
Stolen whips, sitting in Dulles Airport long-term parking
That's cash in escrow
Rap like I'm reading off of parchments
Old school, fleece is golden wool
For a few pieces of silver
They overlooked the Golden Rule
Acapulco Gold and it all reeks of jet fuel