

Hangman

Billy Woods

Matisse without the colors
Sharp teeth, new lovers
Suck me deep, heart beat in my jugular
Snow-capped peaks, rugged
Hindu kush, a Sikh surrounded by thugs
Chasing dragons on aluminum sheets
It's flying carpets out this motherfucker
I don't sleep, I hover outside myself, watching my body survive
My shell mechanical
People paralyzed by the lies they tell themselves to make it manageable
I know the count right, but I recount on sleepless nights because it's tangible
Any day could be the day they frogmarch you in manacles

Paper and pencil, I wrote the verse like hangman
No need to ask who sent you, it was always just a question of when
An ill wind in the trees, saplings bend
That bird in the hand squeezed dead

I'ma keep it real with you, it's the things you can't undo
The past, the black Rubik's cube
A time-lapse, running in place like old cartoons
I'm old, I go in the booth like cocoon
Rappers' protégé's get too big, drift out of orbit, rogue moons
I be the only one laughing in the room, niggas unamused
I crack a smile at what you say is the truth
I be dead serious, laughing in the stu'
Dead ass gas got him gasping at the fumes
Doja pak with the tax, it's giving shrooms
Death proof, the deathtrap goes vroom, vroom
ADX Supermax born again in a dead womb
Payback always inexact but I be squinting over measuring spoons
Before seeking revenge, dig two graves, gon' need one for you
One for them, one for you
One for them, one for you
One for them

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They only want niggas to have a little bit of fun. If I get to talking some mess on your show, they'll take your show. They'll fix you too, if you have too much fun. So, if you're black and

you're around white folks, don't have too much fun. Just grin
a little bit, don't grin all the time, nigga