

# Magdalene

Billy Woods

Yeah  
She's like, "How you- how you like it?"  
I said, "I like it like butter"

Suck my dick and tell me I'm beautiful  
How I wake up in her jaws been the usual  
What's sacred, what's suitable  
What's profane, Magdalene  
Wash me with her hair from sole to cuticle  
Send him through the roof  
Straight up to the moon again  
Moody control, getting at the root  
Seed bearing fruit  
Breaking skin, I got the juice now  
Can't waste a minute, I birthed a few styles  
Who they hot-pursuing?  
I heard I was in Houston  
Won't catch 'em running like that brother from Carson  
Black market arms push up the margin  
Buffing chinks in the armor  
Weighing Carbon's karma  
Don't tell me who you are, I'm asking who you aren't  
All city, tell me where you want it  
I'll be there in the morning  
Deserving of the rarest garments  
Riding 'round buzzed  
Peel toward darkness  
Scrape your face to this  
Bought three Ziplocs couldn't wait to spark it  
Finger lime in the spice shop, spinning  
Spilling cheap red on white socks  
Planetary rhythm  
Odd pocket on the houndstooth  
Sliding through  
Sometime the song find you  
Uh

Don't ask me how I get it, trust I get it, ha  
Don't ask me how I get it, bet I get it (Don't ask me how I-)  
Ay, Don't ask me how I get it, trust I get it (Trust I- uh)  
Don't ask me how I get it, that I get it, ha (That I-)

She said, "Come get me and I'm yours," then the line went dead  
Put bread on her phone, she said the same in a text  
Bro said, "She don't wanna be saved, get it through your fuckin' head" (Get  
it through your fuckin' head)  
Mulled it over, then slept all day so I could drive the next  
Still dark when I left  
Streets empty, window cracked wishin' I still smoked cigarettes  
Check engine light lit  
Brights plow the night  
Split-lip selfie, said he'd never do it again  
He done it twice  
She wish she never left me, wish she could make it right  
She cried, I cried  
Been waiting my whole life, I'ma hold on tight  
Won't make the same mistakes

Broken white lines, blowin' through states  
Ridin' clean, so I don't give a fuck 'bout Jake  
Eighteen months clean, barely touched the brakes  
When I kiss her in dreams I can taste the acetate  
Couldn't get hard, watched her masturbate  
Blood trickle out one nostril  
Ball was a masquerade  
Jerked awake  
Rest area in the Carolinas, judging by the plates  
Ate Chick-fil-a  
Gas station sink, wash my face  
Text again, nothing since yesterday  
Funny feeling, a familiar weight  
Returned the key, bought a pack, grimaced at the taste  
Couldn't finish, wheels spinnin'  
Car full of ghosts, HOV lane  
Coast right off the interstate  
Straight to voicemail  
It's a familiar rage  
Far from home but it's a familiar place  
GPS my fate  
Human remains when you dredge those lakes  
The road narrows, lush underbrush pressing  
The vehicle barrels  
Doubt and questions rattle like wedding cans on the getaway car