

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