

# Native Sun

Billy Woods

Ex-hustler returning home looking for skin fades on credit  
No second chances to make first impression  
Previously invested in death to the fifteen year stretch  
Mark new progression, blessings, feeling almost extraterrestrial  
Stranger in a foreign land once called home  
Still cynic with a familiar essence  
Fresh eyes with a outdated frame of reference  
Trying not to stress it, somewhere down the line  
Shift flip [?] fuzzy head trip  
Placed under further review, lens corrective  
Grand conspiracy suggested, anger projected  
All valid points connected, nest egg stash  
[?] frustration when he left it  
Without valid identification  
Even the most noble of servants turn desperate  
Under-qualified slash body record  
Raw deal most resort to draw steel  
Steel saw pus infected, Goliath efforts  
Walk the line on shore where first step led  
A changed man, callous hands stack brick  
By brick thicks, hire three-dollar Mexican on some shit  
No disrespect intended, just authentic tension  
Everybody need a dollar, forty-seven years old  
Can't stand to live with my mama  
Chipping in on the phone bill  
But I ain't trying to burden y'all with my problems

Riding dirty, Tour de France  
Flat feet nimble, we do our dance  
Get caught with all them plants?  
You got a Chinaman's chance  
Shit-eating grin comin' out the opium den  
Show em my hands  
Vice squad, cattle prod  
Night stick, closed fist  
They kept it analog  
Tactical narcotics left the township battle scarred  
Up close, I can smell lard and firehoses  
Avoid the station house Wonder Showzen  
Don't get your people chosen like rollcall in [?]  
The great wide open, die for what you believe in?  
Didn't have the guts, I was on the first thing smoking  
Kilimanjaro snow on conjugal flows, Nigerian email  
You already know, layovers in Lagos  
Attaché case cuffed to the wrists  
I got a message for Smokey and you ain't him  
(Motherfucker, I said gimme the message)  
They ol' piney was too smart by half  
In response, tipped his hat and raised the glass  
Rombo in Africa, I blaze the path  
Bono in Africa, I need his math  
Woods proudly pimping where the water ain't fit for drinking  
White slavery aspirations?  
Hit Charlize Theron, Spear of the Nation  
You thought not?  
What nigga don't got a little Bigger Thomas in his brain box  
I ate rocks, sipped ashes

She beg for the whip and call me massa