

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Fresh eyes with a outdated frame of reference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