

Portrait

Billy Woods

Strangest way to live is in the far past
Why my black people gotta scar badly?
Bar caps and keloids, dog tags
Most of us alike, the foundation
But a raft made changes
Path made dangerous
Liftin' off the mask to expose my aged face
Choice left marks, not a part of goin' apeshit
Faith, it's innate
Night and day, my bitterness awaits
Blew the candles out, but never touched the cake
Threw the damage out to glow within a cave
Thoughts cavin' in
Thoughts came and went, can't resist
Had a vision of me bleedin' out
Metaphorically
The saints marchin' in, fleur de lises
Mona Lisa eyes set for the region, same evil
Different strokes for ashamed people
A lotta niggas tryna bribe the gatekeepers
I've gotta stay peaceful
Truthful in your heart, the ties sink deeper

Let me come in, I hold accountable the reaper
Tales from the creeper
From the bottom of the forty liter
I guess the genre, rock bottom, handcuff the gotham
Empty buck, fuck it, we gon' write without 'em
Pen a cage, shank a blade
Back against the wall, a space to rage
It don't matter, it's all matter
If you swing hard enough, the blood pit patter
Took a vowel, I'm a spell caster
He run first, I came after
Same chapter, second verse
Came to the show with the severed head of a demon
Screamin, y'all ain't fuckin' with me
I ain't fuckin' for free
Half the timeline while y'all was whippin' up salt pies
I had the neckbones, pigeon peas
Ask Ms. Beverly
Had the vinegar and collard greens
Lu'au around the pigs
Let the kids cut at the ankles
Put a shank through the pigs eye, like thank you

Swollen rivers, gold diggers, waist deep in the muck
Tropical heat, you caught the shivers
Uniform change, but it be the same niggas
The same agendas
Told my kid, don't let no white man take your picture
The way these mufuckas act
Maybe you really can take it wit' ya
I can't call it, just call the lawyer
Told the fortune teller, no spoilers
While you were whippin' water
I had grits in the double boiler

Pork belly under the broiler
Broccoli rabe, olive oil
I learned the game from Ms. Porter
Bow my head, one eye open
Give thanks, bredren, we did it for the culture