

## Ramesses II

Billy Woods

Shit shout out to sky like Warren Moon did it  
Blood on the trees, blood on the leaves  
Lady day and the meek eating no ford  
Why dipper mouth blowing snot  
In the Hermes cloth of Jesus  
Satched the cleanest since he copped his lace from the priest  
In this tree from Jefferson County in the spaghetti roads  
The most drip saints marching in  
Since Toussaint with the machette  
Giving body blows the beast, kept the crackers on a leash  
Jesus piece, now come here  
Get three-fifths a slice of this Africa cake  
Diamonds south of savan I mean the pussy of Africa  
Matriarchal golden crown, drum on water  
Sky walker, I'm like Nina in the jungle with diamonds  
I'm a Black Panther knife to the neck of King Leopold  
The glamorous life, yeah

Cascading communications of no significance whatsoever  
Waves of pleasure, thought you had the best til you taste better  
Taste butter, the tailor tape measure touch like a lover  
Doormen's faces blend into one another  
Glass panels in the sky, with the sound off  
Even when you drive you fly, they rarely touch the Porsche  
I never saw it, just sat stage right  
The stage perfectly lit, no time for stage fright  
The private jet, the landing strip  
Every follicle plugged and trimmed  
Zero-sum so somebody gots to win  
You don't understand the quiet it bring  
Deafening, you can't hear a thing  
Sinking seats, everything got wings  
Signal's weak, sleep in Faraday Cage  
Carrying in curve beak, she in the family way

The skin of my teeth, the hem of my pants  
Eyes baggy, wire transfer hemorrhaging blood money bags  
Under the eyes, gotta crash, display stolen artifacts  
Talking 'bout a bargain, I'ma barter back  
Contraband adapting with the path, forgot the plan  
Roll up on a map, I know where I am  
Bloodstain on my father's father's land  
A dirt raise ramps

Never learned how to whistle, still can't do the moonwalk  
I'm running red lights and I hate to have my picture taken  
Catch me in the corner not speaking  
Doesn't mean I don't have much to say  
I bet you can't tell when I'm tweaking  
My anxiety don't look like yours  
I just relearned escape, hands on my lady's waist  
Got a sitter, made a date  
Where we at is the place of the most high  
Who no know gon' know now, no doubt  
We got on like a house on fire  
A testimony ain't nothing but  
Being wild and living to tell the story

'19 naughty now, my uncle on a 40-run  
Sawed-off on the three-quarter level  
Niggas never saw it coming  
All CashApp donations go toward my gold fang fund  
My appreciation for your participation  
Overstanding no such thing as spare change  
Blank faces holding space, feeling cramped  
Maybe I'm not who I thought I was  
Or can be who I said I would  
My conjured tongue strong blood  
Immaterial to material damn cause  
Make it so, in the image of my most perfect projection  
Life is anything but static, supreme mathematics  
Repeating numbers, cycles patterns  
Summers, winters  
Starting later, ending faster  
Babel question, chaos answered  
Wave reflected all direction