

Robespierre

Billy Woods

Good clean fun
You said it brother

I am who I pretend to be
Here and now there's no rememberin'
But you niggas gonna remember me
Even if it's burnin' in effigy
I am who I pretend to be
Here and now there's no rememberin'
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Pulled out the womb under blood moon
Everything to follow is assumed
Medicine measured in bitter spoons
Former presidents exhumed
New king built his own tomb
Certain doom
Bleeding out offscreen the villain's goons
Dying alone in Death Star utility rooms
Humming a tune
It's only one way out the saloon
Gather the baboons
Toweled door of midtown hotel cocooned
'06 sex like incense, purple her perfume
Called down, pushed checkout to noon
Pepe Le Pew Skunk #1 stunk
Showered with the blunt, you only live once
A thousand deaths beat 'em to the punch
She went in his phone, mostly off a hunch

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Broke down side of Mutare Road
Sun sliding down slow
I assumed there was nothing dad didn't know
Till the light got real low
Night fell, you should see my light bill
Biggest house on the biggest hill
Bristling Brutalist atop a landfill
Part of him still in the hole at Fishkill
Crusaders come home on they shields
Redolent of sweet poppy fields
Popping pain pills
Watching that high school highlight reel

I am not who I pretend to be
Here and now no dissemblin'
You prolly won't remember me
Not less I'm burnin' in effigy

I am not who I pretend to be
Here and now no dissemblin'
You prolly won't remember me
Not less I'm burnin' in effigy

Memoria

Memoria

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And I swear that I don't have a gun

No, I don't have a gun

No, I don't have a gun

Memoria

Memoria

Memoria

And I don't have a gun