

The Key Is Under The Mat

Billy Woods

Everything that matters is finite
Hindsight before it happens
We was sitting on dynamite blasting caps
Every conversation came with closed captions
If it's a question, go ahead and ask it
Possession 9/10 but obsessing over missing fractions
Princess and the Pea but it's a Glock 9 under the mattress
Valley of Death in the shadow of those lashes
Passionate siren song
I shoulda been lashed to the mast
We locked in, flashing knives
Fashioned from anything we could find
Double-stabbing, all that poured out was sadness
Climb the mountain together, but the descent riddled with crevasses
Gaseous planets, ice giants, demons lurk
Our demons search every night but some nights they can't find us and it's like it was at first
Flying with no pilots
Barrel rolls in the sky, diving hand in hand, back to earth
Free as a bird

The key is under the mat
Maggie and Hopey, Love & Rockets
That security deposit ain't comin back
Excavated artifacts in the hall closet, boxed and stacked
Stretched, weighed, measured, packed
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Yo
Whispers
Bedtime story, lullaby, lingerin' kisses
Put that baby bitch to bed
You fuckin with my head
I can't feel my legs
Who gon' whip my face?
See me when I say
Clear as eye
Flyin through the red
I'm obsessed
Fed til nothing's left, and feeding on myself
Who the fuck is this?
I've been shifting, I've been paying hard
Been in a hole at the bottom
I believe in transformation
Knew where I wanna go
I got four souls on my neck
Source code hacker proof
All jokers in the deck
I didn't ask for macaroons on the rider
Salt and air, we can feast by the fire
Pretty clouds, pretty stormy in the center
Snatching embers to hold in my pocket
Soot in my fingers
You can't stop the profit

A stranger at home
You don't know my name

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