

Shadows and Victories

Busdriver

All I see is red, these lights around me
Hunger in her eyes, these nights she can't breathe
Blowin' back every night, tryin' to find her light
Tryin' to find her light
All I see is red, these lights around me
Hunger in her eyes, these nights she can't see

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Boy, she like to pour her soul in it
Like them girls out to party in the world
Sip Bacardi from another dude's top
Probably screw to prove a point, too
That he wasn't lyin', assumin' get you nowhere fast
Relationship need a deep fast
Or maybe just some off, you're convinced you're in the rough
Brought up super tough like his nickname was Rocky
Callin' dude's bluff, didn't know he had a shotty
This a new era, interview better
Eat the food that's connected to your conscious
She don't need a doctor, she really need a shaman
But they ain't there
In the hoods, we was brought up
Black coffins filled with black prophets
The history a cycle many of us just caught in
Just a spark, keep it movin' like the stock car
Yo, I'm taken from the back of the yard
Maintainin' while they tryin' to lock jaws
Shut your voice up
But disconnect it to the same train, Hara and Kari'ing
Field nigga anthem, field nigga anthem

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Can't, yeah
To me I ain't shit, but to them I'm an O.G
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Smoke a whole O.C. in tiki huts, a freaky dunce
Who used to do-si-do with no three
Eating brunch from a TV's cunt
Now I throw jabs with a clutched blade and download no upgrades
Cause my niggas' lives homogenized to drug trade
You ain't cage-free, stop actin' like they waved the fee
Like drugs were the change that you were made to be
Niggas bleeding on the soggy paper plates meant they acrylic for
My idyllic rage face the enslaved race from the 1800's are tasting Trump sticks while they're administrating thumb pricks
Black blood, shamanous air
I spring on attack to operate phosphorous flares
But do I know how to kill anymore?
Should I defrost crosshairs?

And aim right at the ten stars then knights of the kevlar then turn up
Act like we revised the benchmarks, but we didn't reach limits
Wanna call your ego-baiting altruistic, alter Twit-pics of
Selfies to musicians, and bump piglets to redundant visits
And add salt, lemons, to look up at these real niggas when they walk the stage, but they'd
Shun them and they done them
And when the song's ending so
Sunny disp like it's pre-med
Even on batshit and at risk and I can only see red

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