

Eyes Closed

Chester Watson

The ancestors guiding my pen
I know in this life that I did some wrong
And I'm tryna right all my sins
But not tryna write all my sins
And I'm still divided by this
And then I'm divided by that

So I'm in a different state of mind
Whenever I'm writing my raps
This girl got on bottomless chaps
But I cannot give her the time
I'm smoking bottomless pack
Can't be out here wasting my tsss...
You know we out here got face in a mask
I know some people make plays get a pass
I den done evil, killed snakes in the grass

Sum it up all up, that's how life go
This shit just a sideshow
I kill these beats with my eyes closed
Harness my chi like a maestro
I'm tryna get to nirvana
And do that while getting these commas
The drama ain't for me
I just want the music, the fortune, the glory
I focus, I cannot get lost in euphoria

Ancestors guiding my pen
Yo the ancestors guiding my pen
Yo the ancestors
Yo the ancestors guiding my pen
They man Chester wise and he thin
Out in Manchester minding my biz
Keep it clandestine eh eh ehh