

Funk old van with my dad
I miss back when we were still cool and shit
Birthday came and went
That nigga didn't move an inch
Towards the telephone
Or vehicle like he's the Uber
Mention I got a golden star on my chest so that's a few to clip
Locked and loaded
I know that he's nothing close to it
But in the moment it ropes around my throat
Fuck off
Only hope that you meant it
Because intention is a sign of attention
The only weapon was a second thought
Wrecking balls crashing through my sweaty palms
All and all I wish I fall
But instead I eat withdraws
Secrete the flaws
And keep it going
Niggas think I'm easy going
Breezy boy don't see no flaws
Fuck 'em all
All I see the course and hit the green

That eagle soaring
And the Lions roaring
Beat the Bears Sunday
Papa watched I know it
That eagle soaring
And the Lions roaring
Beat the Bears Sunday
Papa watched I know it

Sanders on the draw
Walked in front of the game and he's in the clear!
Forty!
Thirty!
Inside the twenty!
Barry Sanders brings the crowd to life!
Forty-seven yards at the end of the third quarter
And the Lions spot the ball at the seventeen
They trail ten to six and we'll be back after these messages
And a word from your local station