

Lush

Choker

I just wanna keep it natural
I just wanna keep it natural
Don't ask me

You wanna be happy but
What are your requirements?
Fallen shrines
The survivors cry entitlement
I see you all with the proprietary chapel as example 1
I does my thing for none
You've never seen me for the things I always hoped you would
Clue me in if you will
I done spilled everything
Leave them mopping up the sea with a quill
See
These niggas soaking up defeat through the ground
Who you blame in colosseums?
The killer or the crowd?
Shrouded in this expressionless mound of elation drowned
Just a weight to the pile
Just another island in the mist
I'm just another face to be forgotten
They picked me out the tree
Core rotten since the seed sprouted arms in a moment of release
Got the traction on my feet when the 40 dick skeet
Leaving kiddies on the street
Leaving Momma's knees weak
I tend to hear the bull slip through a true quip
Like a pool stick cue ball group split

Lucid
2000 miles
2005 I was south pole down
2 sizes too big for my frame at the time
2009 wiping eyes full of my wet
While my pops tryna drive
Or maybe that was 10
The years blow by
The days all blur
The lightness of my limbs
The waves where your hips lay surfed by a cold fingers
As if a jellyfish sting sprung strawberry flesh
Along lips robbed for color in an instant
Uhh
A long second
Uhh
The distance between an existence fulfilled and the anticipation of everythi
ng after
Or
The difference
I mean it's all relative but that side of the family doesn't call me
Some would say estranged but we never connected in the first place
Either or
Neither nor
Need a tour of my own thoughts
I tend to get lost
Lately I don't feel real

Lately I don't feel
I don't feel feel
I don't
I don't

You look good
But I know you far from it
Bet I play the roll like the hardwood under
I got a gucci watch I never wear I never cover
Your last mans wore team Jordans all summer
With the scuffed up rubber
Oh what a pity
Gold Macbook match the piercing through your titties
Driving by rose bushes thinking of you plenty
Saying 'look me in the eyes when you fiddle with the cherry'
Call me on the trim line leaning on your closet
You make me feel haunted
I make you feel wanted
The ice cream parlor with the neon we out
It's 3 on the clock
A.M. say when you need me over
And Imma call an Uber girl I puff backwoods
I ain't tryna to maneuver
The tunes of black noose
Who pry and act loose
Like 90s gap boom
Arrive at your room
The moon's in full bloom
The doom of virtue
Your sheets smell of perfume
Honey and curfews

This ain't no hobby
I pull up asap man shit gon' get rocky
Caesar to peon man
This just a body

As of late
There is nothing
There is nothing
As of late
There is nothing
As of late
There is nothing
As of late
There is nothing
As of late
No
Yeah