

Any Way the Wind Blows

CunninLynguists

[Verse 1: Natti]

Hit the clock, hit the blinds, hit the pine (ay!)
Nothing but the hits, same shit different time (ay!)
Working out the kinks from the mind to the spine (ay!)
Shower water calling, fluoride on the other line
Phone jumping off the dresser
In a silent suicide
Saved by the pile of designers on the side
She answers
Her cousin with the body of a dancer
Say they gotta chance to be in a video
With little young so and so
She swear he's about to blow
He signed and we dimes
So cuzzo, we got to go
Grab hair clothes makeup
Garcia Vega's
And flock them other birds
They gon' pay us like we Vegas
From rental to the highway to rental mansion driveway
Greeted by a oily jeweled rapper looking shiny
Eye like he used to bully Ice Cube on Fridays
Gripping on her waist and grinning in her face and
She just want her paper 'cause she feeling out of place and
Couple propositions got her feeling for her mace
And her cousin brought her burner, she ain't trying to catch a case
So they split
Tires burnin' end of the street
With a grand
Some of none for you and none for me
Sometimes you gotta duck instead flying off in a V
Fuck flying in a V

[Verse 2: Deacon]

She hit the clock, hit the blinds, hit the vape (ay!)
'Bout to hit the sky, get the wand, get the cape (ay!)
Working out the kinks, but it's love over hate
Usually shower calling but today she got a date
With a claw-foot tub and a back-rub
Then her phone starts singing
As she bout to hit suds
Hits cancel
But calls back
FaceTime
To ignore the moment is a hate crime
She mainlines
'Twas her cousin
Talking 'bout some video
She jokes "don't be out there acting like some city ho!"
And mo' of her mama's quotes
Through the smoke
Cut through the weeds and overgrowth
A Rose
Said, cuz, you my blood right? (Right?)
You know that all that I say is love right? (Right)
You still wanna own a club right? (Right)
How 'bout we talk about it under sunlight? (Right!)

[Verse 3: Kno]

Deep sigh, close the blinds, hit the snooze
Nothing but the hits, same shit, different tune
Glued to the gloom with a mind full of blues
Shower water running while she cries in her room
Phone jumping off the dresser in a silent suicide
Saved by the pile of reminders on the side
She doesn't pick it up
She's numb to the cuts and the wounds on her heart from a life in a rut
Texts come in from her cousin but that doesn't interrupt
Dark thoughts on her mind, intertwined with the crushed
Blue pills by the dozens
The only time she doesn't feel disgusting
Is when she's home alone and she buzzing
Clutching to a moment and atoning for something
She lays by the phone, in a zone, feeling nothing
Uh
She reaches back to change the wax
As Cannonball plays the sax
She fades to black