

Broken Van (Thinking of You)

CunninLynguists

"Sittin' on a highway again in a broken van
Thinkin' of you again"

In a high haze, looking at my eyes glazed
With night rain, nice Jane, and the highway
The hindsight come and hit you from the blind side
Deep in the heart, the inner parts, where you find pride
Heavy thinking about the shit we should of did
Instead of sitting sideways like some lunatics
We done took a beating that done put us on our knees
And don't even hear the click click when I turn the keys
Neglected all the checklists, proper maintenance
Spark plugs, wires, the bleedin' brakes and shit
Stupid
We was too busy screamin'
Radiator hot, then motherfucka steamin'
Transmission locked up, lack communication
And radio done take the music out of conversation
Got me sittin' looking silly on the side of the road
I rather keep it moving hitch a ride in the cold

Thinkin' of you again
Thinkin' of you

Her ambition faulty as my transmission
When pulled off the fluid her ass'll keep shiftin'
One touch, is a clutch, I had to keep stickin'
And my feelings died out, the spark is just missin'
This bitch won't put it in park and just listen
I keep reminiscing 'bout how she first started
Before it all turned to scrap, I'm broken hearted now
When the rubbers gone I slide to new targets
What fueled our desire put a hole in the sky
She was bound to the ground and I wanted to fly
Drove me crazy how she fronted like she wanted to die
Needing a jump, in her life so she'd break down and cry
But I still look for girls with pipes just like her
Junk in the trunk, and headlights just like her
Now, when I walk to the bus stop in the rain
I pause and catch myself thinking of her game
Mayne

Thinkin' of you again
Thinkin' of you

With every single penny that I put into this transmission
It's a wonder that you're screechin' and you can't listen
The ambition of this salesperson pricin' me her quote was high
Still with primer for a coat, I'd buy ya
Like let's make a deal, shake hands
I'm missing the engine but still such a great van
Her piston is hissin' with 80's drama and the whole nine
On top of that, my baby's mama had to cosign
If a piss stain can locate a fire
I can reshape the bent frame and rotate the tires
While hand signals switch lanes
Though it's not a terrible perk

The radio is only AM and barely works
Still, for a few weeks
You could see me leaned back, smilin', excited on the blue streets
But now you're on E, something in your inside's blown
And I'mma have to hitch hike home
Goddamn it

Thinkin' of you again
Thinkin' of you