

Fading (Clock Struck Five)

CunninLynguists

Every second they pass, instantly in your past
Read 'em by hourglass, Father Time still got hands
Whatever fight he stands, he still gon' whoop that ass
Might as well enjoy the fight right up 'til you breathe your last

Seen a world of arenas and we are all gladiators
If death don't want to embrace you, then we just all gladiators
Mother Earth love us all and she givin' hella favors
Doubt make him creepin' in, but he just a fuckin' hater

Pressin' every button he can touch in your elevator
The type to hype the great ideas, they always gon' tell you later
We livin', breathin' now, we livin', breathin' how?
Combatants in the ring would when the bell rang and sat us down

We just play in the corners, here we are now performers
When we was bendin' the corners, origami for soldiers
Almost famous in folders, someone no one would notice
Glanced at my wrist, pissed, not a second to mourn us

The kiss of life, is it a crime not to get it right?
Cherish the days I used to play with the Fisher-Price
Now I'm stuck in another time, pitchin' dice
Sweet taboos within every vice, no paradise

See through the dirt, you are the Earth, you are the Moon
The sky, the flower of the universe
Don't hide, especially if your love is stronger than pride
Come along for the ride, ascension

For there are gods by your side
For there's a heaven in your eyes
Surprise, surprise, there's a smooth operator inside
Ain't gotta wait until that clock strikes five
To rise, you are the vibe

Though frequently the frequency is so loaded
Bro had to go and ponder Jesus' peace
Created equally with bulletproof souls
Let's run coons on these kings of sorrow
Let's grow