

## Down

E-dubble

Because we can all cheese, and we can all wild  
And when you see Davis, tell him I'm Miles  
Cuz' we can play cool, and we can play loud  
And even if you're geeked up leaning stay down  
Cuz' we live on that  
Ground, ground, we stay down  
Even in the clouds you know we stay down  
Yeah we gon' trip, trip, yeah we gon' clown  
But when you need back up, you know who's down

We be standing up tall for balloons and parades  
The shoulders of giants pursuits and persuasions  
The long path of the greats wasn't paved  
But we loyal to the soil that we moved for the graves  
And we digging in- yeah we down for the cause  
And the calls from the friends who were down from before  
We step back looking at the messed that we caused  
Hoping that they know you'll be down when it's on  
As the plot thickens... that timepiece glistens  
As it mocks every glance like a chance went missing  
That milkbox mission with that milquetoast motherfucker  
He prolly trippin' over grace at his last supper  
The stammer the stutter we Geoffrey Rush  
We index cards as we work that clutch  
We carpe diem but it's never enough  
Little Caesars runnin' wild who delivers the trust  
Everybody to the totem pole, and draw straws  
They all the same length so toast and don't stall  
New past, new future, sutures don't fail us  
Trust tree strength deep roots and no ailments  
Flailing arms and careless days behind us  
Forward steps the next we let define us  
Let the trumpets blare and live it up  
Cuz' you know we always down and we never givin' up

Down like electric grids after the storm hits  
Down like investments is in all our school kids  
Down like your brain cell count after the cool whips  
Down for the dumb shit- even, though it's foolish  
Tryna find a bottle with a bottom get a message out  
Taking off the blinders, ray charles do the mess around  
- pink slime for the mind get a better cow  
We can ground beef cuz' that peace got a better sound  
But I ain't trippin' like a hippie sippin' cough surp  
I'm just sick of seeing cellars with the mossberg  
Half cocked, unlocked, better knock first  
Second amendments just get a second til we bratwurst  
Complicated handshakes for the mock birds  
Mimicked by the cynics keep it simple til' we drop a verse  
Dense enough to put a lil' dent inside of momma earth  
But we ain't tryna hurt, we got alot of work  
I'm tryna fill a void, I'm tryna plug a gap  
And I ain't talkin' bout some graphic tee's or chino slacks  
So let em' lean on that, just like the mannequin  
A friendly face someone that they can share the panic with  
So take a deep breath, and let it all out  
That new soul is something they could never call out

We all down like a bank full of stick up kids  
Chicken nugget luggage sweet n' sour through the bitterness