

Wake Up

Genesis Owusu

I've been stuck inside the ceiling, I've been looking for my soul
Lost my hand inside the black hole, I've been looking for my soul
Slipping feet in the abyss, said I've been looking for my soul
Blackness, breathing in the mist, said I've been looking for my soul

I've been looking for my soul
Breathing softly, eyes in darkness
I've been keeping on my toes
Twisting voices in my chest, said I've been looking for my soul
Even teasing for the harpies, I've been living on my lows
Love been missing, Winter's cold
I've been hiding in my clothes
Fake Versace on the fingers, superficial with the goals
Hype been dripping from my shows
Eyes been lifting from the prose
Lights reflecting over nothing, contradictions to my toes
I've been happy, I've been grateful I ain't whippin' on the stove

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Wake up, wake up
Our Mercedes Honda Civic is nearly at its destination
A better place? Not necessarily, but a place nevertheless
Welcome to fame. Make sure the bags under your eyes are Versace
and keep a hole in the shirt for the knife in the back, just in case
Get to a dentist right away, because everyone else's smiles are porcelain