

Memories

Grits

Fruit flies swarm around the picnic that mama made
Attracted to the sweetness of the pies, taste of marmalade
Chocked with goodness, ice-cream is melted I'm afraid
We accept the bad with good times, memories to fade
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I remember licking cake batter spoons, making tents in the rooms
Playing with my cousins underneath the full Georgia moon
Keen advice from Cousin Davy, kept my faith tight
And Wavies Curl bag that holds every dew rags
And pork and beans, potted meat and saltines
Grilled cheese and pig feed, bullet grapes and palm trees
Sweetness of my memories
My daddy had a '98, yellow like banana peels
Whitewalls and custom wheels, pillows in the window sills
They called my granddaddy "Razor", he was cold-witted
He hit the hooch, you made him mad and you was gone feel it
Miss Flaws sat next to my grandma, and the backbone
And an angel in disguise took the chord of family ties

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Blessed with the gift of gab
Holding potential's essential to pinch you
Convince you that we got the strength to lift the slab
We ain't just a shifting fad, jonesing for whatever ops should come our way
Recover from the losses, cautious, I'm okay
Take my breath away, take it to immeasurable heights
Scoping through my point of view, take a picture through my sights
Pray that Im-a rap it right
Rep it, overstepping boundaries
Guessing lessons, natural progressions
Hoping they don't clown me
Chatter join the memory bliss, spotted in the corner, plotting
Any coffeehouse in town is going down
I shag it rotten, gang up or keeping options
Symphonies that might hip-opera
By thirty mix states, I'm thumbing through my brain synapses
Recall the gall that made me stumble, fall for gain
Some of y'all forced the stall
Falls and master walls, now here we are
Mama's teaching standing strong
Daddy's discipline is out the window
Daddy's presence wasn't felt, so I knelt within the in...

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