

Open Windows

Grits

From my niche, solidified on top
Stomp my feet around my block
Am I quick? – hold me down 'round my spot
In the cit I'm not left alone, susceptible and prone to be got
Make my home, I won't stop

Peeping through open windows – where have you gone?
Searching to and fro, harder as the wind it blows
Peeping through open windows – where have you gone?
Message is the same; got it for you, here they go

Mechanical like a bull, my movements are sporadic
So emphatic, the way I pull my eyelids when they bat
See where I'm at, covered in wool
Grammatically hit you, gravitate you, feed you 'til your full
I hit you too hard, a sheep
Who creep on fertile ground when they asleep? – a wolf, transformed before y
our eyes from on the street
My poise is slightly off 'til I match it with my surroundings
Adapt to the situations most people are found drowned in
Offer myself as very good condition to train victim
Take on the pressure, explode just so the stains stick 'em
The martyrs of Jones & Carter progressing, hitting harder
Professing that I'm possessing the lessons being imparted
And the way it all unfolds: verbatim, story told
Don't hate 'em: they participators, reaching the common goal
Goes to those in flight, who hit to submit to right
Forget that the problem's there, and be thankful you get to fight

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It ain't the same since you left, things changed when you step
Rearrange to the left, so I'm leaning to the right
Trying to put it back in place and make up for the space where all the wrong
replacement
Nothing seems to ever fit
The blueprint of the original concept of what was established from beginning
to never end
To finish and never quit, enduring through every sin
To fall and get up again, complete the fulfillment
But you was unsatisfied, looking for a better lie
Tempted by the greener grass, falling off the narrow path
I ain't mad, but it's sad
What we had, it's too bad we couldn't work it out
We still could've talked about it
Now I'm looking through windowsills, while brothers are busting still
Praying that you ain't the one that get caught in the hustle, and killed
You're my cousin, but you're more like my brother
Don't let it trap you; I'm trying to get at you

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Extend my hand to all, y'all
Got your number, call y'all
Touch the matters of the heart, but get battle all, y'all
I ain't scared, strict to bare stormy weather, idle fare
Looked in all the faces of the ones who slept, now they dead
Body frozen, bruised and beat in blood; my nose is stink to see
Up a league, you're strong and eat, and add the fibre, slow to peak
And focus, you lose it
For folks who lose it, who notice chokes and brews in disguise
And the panic infusing those who ain't abusing
I been standing at these crossroads, looking for these lost souls
Broken down, lost, old, throwing blows, on the ropes
On the slippery slope, trying to climb on the grind
Trying to find where they're meant to go
Purpose driven living with a prodigal son rep
Bawling 'til none's left, feeling you're too far gone and can't come home
Even though you have done wrong, it ain't too late cause I be waiting by the
gate, baby, trying to get at you

Where have you gone?
It's been so long, and I've been trying to get your attention
Been so crazy since you left home
You need to get at me, get at me
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