

Rope

Isaiah Rashad

Part 1: "Rope"

Let's testify, that this world has
Uhm-hm, yeah

When I'm sober I might testify
That this world has fallen out of place
For the few that always touch the sky
I don't want space ships, I miss my roses
And I won't call you, cause I'm too fake
Like nowadays, I barely might know myself
But thank God I found this rope (I love you)
Yeah (I love you, I love you)
Barely know myself
But thank God I found this rope (I love you)
(I love you, I love you)

Then my dad did call me yesterday
(My daddy called me that day)
And he cried and cried into my phone
(Oh how he cred and cried)
Bout that love, that kind that he forgot
Since he left his family all alone
I don't know why I feel all in grey
And I know my heart ain't built to bleed
But I came back and forth
To chase my tracks and roll with
I ain't supposed to know here
Some go, her face so shy
Her friends so cold, ohh
Some go a place so high
And friends so cold
I love you, I love you, I love you

Part 2: "Rosegold"

This the fancy car that keeps me goin
Glad to have you back my nigga
(I know it)
Knew you was gonna make it back to this roof
(Eyes, and they shine...like 1999, like 1999)

Alright scramble, for the ammo
Can we build, can we chill?
Can I live with my kids?
Deuce, poof, proof
Lord I, I can't feel the joy
I can't fill the void
Let, let her fill the void
Too, too young to ignore
But really if we don't make it out the city
If we don't make it to the finish line
If I don't make it to your titties
I got the music for the vibers, I got the music for the vibers
And we don't usually talk about it
It's like you debatin' with a bible, I'm really preachin' to the choir
I brought the music for the vibers though

And in the chalice that keeps me low as your morale is
Ay you just smokin' on the cabbage
I see you fuckin' with the gravity
I been waitin' for a challenge
Besides waitin' for the balance, and the apricot
And to rap with Dot, and I laugh a lot
I got some old hoes, ha, and some new friends
And some rose gold, and some, and some rose gold

(You are the fancy car that keeps me goin')
I know you hear me talkin' to you nigga
(I know ya)
I know you can hear me nigga
(You are the fancy car that keeps me goin')
Give a fuck
(I know ya)
Niggas be floatin' around
(I got my eyes on ya)
(I got my eyes and they shine like 1999)
(I got my eyes on ya)
(I got my eyes and they shine like 1999)
(Like 1999)
Only so fuckin' long you can ignore me my nigga, don't
Fuckin' you Rashad, fuckin' hear me dog, motherfucker