

Couscous

Jordan Ward

Awoke on a Tuesday before everybody and couldn't get after it
Stalling, something like a taxi
Smudging ashes
And I don't wanna disappoint you, but it's hard to link with an
ybody
While I'm battling with my anxiety

I been at the crib workin on me, smoking hella trees
If you hit my phone, it's cause you fuck with me
My friend? We some hoes, she be sucking me
I been drinking juice, beets and celery

Hope I reap my fruits, beats make celery
I'm like bettlejuice, niggas scared of me
I'll hop out the tube, out the televis'
We was eating couscous out in Tel Aviv
Couple years later now you're married

I wonder if you think back, when we was on the hill
Wonder if he makes you feel...

You left it all behind
Last at the starting line; I'm last at the starting line
You got a brand new mind
Last at the starting line; last thing on your mind
The last thing on your mind, your mind
Last thing on your mind

Circle 'round town, while exonerate-rated
They can't pull me over now for the license plating
They almost took me off the road cause I didn't pay it
I still slid on ya ass, though I barely made it
I got some brand new shit, I be skating skating
You never got to see it, like we don't be seeing faces
And it's been crazy lately, all of my mirrors jaded