

What's The Point

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Something in myself I swear is different
My flow state doesn't feel so distant
Moving in close
I was flying down the freeway beaming
Windows down I wanna sing and scream it
My empty mind shit
Good days

It doesn't really matter the timing
Keep this day blessed and vibrant
Reflect and slow down
I don't wanna take the good for granted
To be honest can't believe I managed
To wake up and realize that I'm

Taking time
And what's mine
Lose it all in daydreams and endless nights
Play that joint
What's the point
Of choosin' this illusion

I swear that something in myself is different
My flow state doesn't feel so distant
This side shows
That I can just be free
By just being me
And just taking the easy road

I remember being young
And other people talking shit
I remember standing my ground
And being wrong
They take time away
Taking time off

Finally I'm waking and taking what's mine

Taking time
And what's mine
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