

# Georgetown

Loyle Carner

Explain yuself  
Wha you mean when you say half-caste?  
Ah listening to you wid de keen half of mih ear  
An when I sleep at night I close half a eye  
Consequently I dream half a dream  
An when moon begin to glow  
I half-caste human being  
Cast half a shadow  
...be afraid? Love more to make a visit than a poem?  
Seek introductions, favors, influences?  
No, thank you  
No, I thank you and again, I thank you

Yeah  
Uh, small man cast a big shadow  
Ready and raggo  
Heart stays dodging from the arrow  
Skin of my teeth, late nights I was paro  
Sweet to the bone, to the marrow  
The marshmallow  
Yeah, wonder why the waters so shallow  
The sun was my ally, the night was my gallows  
Uh, cooking up the chips in the tallow  
Invisibility cloak like the hallows  
Black like tobacco  
Black like the lungs that my dad smoked away  
In the days that the hate stayed narrow  
I'm from the age where the hate seems macro  
We keep a little oil in the afro, The Black Sparrow  
Hit the high seas, straight like Sopranos  
The streets still hot like Serrano, saran wrap  
Around the bad taps so we had to grab the hose  
Let the cold water flow over man's nose

Yeah, I'm black like the key on the piano  
White like the keys on the piano  
Low ammo, uh  
Black like the key on the piano  
White like the key on the piano

Fascinated by the pyramids  
Masquerading as the infamous  
Reminisce thirteen, back flipping and ninja kicks  
Was emceeing but no one getting me into this  
Been emceeing since I found out this shit exists  
This shit that fills the pain as the wisdom spits  
Out of the ink and drip, the feels of the wings unclipped  
The beats I ripped 'til I got sent a batch of my own  
Now I let the speakers bang out your home  
Uh, let the words flow out my dome as a spoken poem  
Let it levitate your zone  
I'm the homegrown preacher  
The creeper, Thai not sativa  
But these days I wouldn't smoke either  
S-O-B-E-R, I take a breather  
Pink lungs, yo, I got my mind looking cleaner  
The deep sleeper, ayo, I came back sweeter

Can't lie, I'm still afraid of Grim Reaper  
Uh, put another verse into the ether  
I hit the corner giving twenty pounds to Peter

It's like that  
Key on the piano  
Black like the key on the piano  
No ammo  
Ayo, I'm white like the key on the piano  
Black like the key on the piano  
No ammo

When Tchaikovsky sit down at dah piano  
An mix a black key wid a white key  
Is a half-caste symphony