

Road (Interlude)

Marlon Craft

I could tell you 'bout this road I been on
I could tell you 'bout it
Let me tell you 'bout this road I been on
Let me tell you 'bout it
Ain't nobody else really out here
I swear I can't feel comfortable without fear
Everybody hitting up my phone like "you did it now!"
Everybody wanna be a piece of the riddle now
When I couldn't stand on my own, you was sitting down
I don't even feel bad ignoring not a litte now
Leave 'em all red like the traffic light broken
March to my own drum, you are just a symbal now
Distances I travelled in the town where nothing's open
Now nobody mouth closed and ain't a single lid around
They was never up, how could I get 'em down?
They was never up, how could I let 'em down?
This road I been on
Let me tell you 'bout it