

The Static

Marlon Craft

I said "Hey Y'all"
They tell em stop acting so hood
But all it took was a hood for Trayvon
So I find it easier telling my hustler friends to play on
I ain't saying they right but don't you tell me they wrong
I tell em "Stay strong"
I tell em "Think bout how you wanna spend your days on this planet, they you
rs to make dog"
I try to show em that great achievement usually takes long
So how you expect people to act who feel like their days are numbered
My days are long and all my nights are filled with restless slumbers
Deathless summers make all my complaints seem trivial though
Shit, It's like the fix is in and the system is broke
And I'm just tired of arguing 'bout shit that's empirical bro
Slivers of hope was all I had two livers ago
The gift and the curse of a mind that's too critical so
Just be more livid than most, envy the simpler folk
Such a long distance to go
How can I get 'em to know...

Hello-Hello
Can you hear me now?
Get up-Get up
Plant your feet in the ground (in the ground)
So they can't tear you down
Am I getting through the static?
Hello-Hello
Can you hear me speak?
Leave a m-message after the beep
Take it slow
And wait for all your seeds to grow

It's the lonely night veteran
I ain't traveled much
But I've written several albums 'bout all the places my head has been
Hesitance been a steady trend
Skeptical of the definite
Everything is subject to change and that's the prerequisite
Ironical huh? This ain't no sonnet bruh
They pass the mic and when I palm it they astonished bruh
And everyone always puts their hands up at all my shows
But if I was the police, half the crowd still getting smoked
I been trynna shed the light, bring the water for their souls
Waiting on us all to grow
I do it for the agriculture
Rapper slash botanist
Half-Defeated, Half-Optimist
Running up in your consciousness
Killing every pop columnist
It's Craft, homie, I'm in the past, homie
Fuck your stupid ass opinions, do the math, homie
I'm out here trynna build something that'll last, homie
For now, the envy way greener than the grass, homie

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