

Bedrest

MAVI

Yeah, Let the sun
Let the sun
Let the sun
Let motherfuckin' sun
Let the sun
Let the sun
Let the sun

Roll a pack of stress just to stretch the weapon
Ancestors in my flesh like norepinephrine
Or a levy, stretched my presence to a nest to rest in, nigga
Knowledge born, college scorned deflecting questions
About the messaging, headdress like the medicine man
It's probably better I'm on bed rest I've been stretching my hands
Chasing that ledger, had to listen to my body a bit
Back in the 90s Clydesdale I fail
My Bonnie'll fix it
Aplomb but starving
I calm my carbine to spark it I'm itching
I played the cards that y'all discarded it's hard not to reiterate
Visine hygiened eyes is on me now it's harder to imitate
I seen niggas get different when the brag got expensiver
I mean niggas been crooked but the bag say defenestrate
Nineteen ellipses lived in my memories different from what
I seen just off my mental state and pills that wasn't even my scene
I'm in your lane and mine, flaming blindness, blame my highbeams
Times arrow marching on
My marrow on my song
Hezekiah gotta die, the pious, the treacherous, and the otherwise
Emptied out my pockets and stomach to hold butterflies
Smile but holding trust just with my brothers no other guys
Timing making blunders lifelong
Lies make each other climb
I huff cause my summit high
I'll be right up amongst the skies in nine puffs of this musty lye
Timing made my other cry
Stymied by her flooded eye
Snuggled in the junction between covering and bussing eyes
Months since I've been in love, she was screaming it the other night
Inspiration, 'Lenciaga runners in my brother size
In a nation where niggas patient for love but run for pride
In a nation where niggas facing no funds or lust to die
Out of surgery, no medication pain was just unconscionable
I needed vacation back to Charlotte just to get my lungs to rise
My spirit of attrition customized, butter
Wrist ain't getting twist for shit but rubbing eyes, sun'll shine
Ayy diecinueve the paper made me this way baby
We ain't playing kayfabin or faking
Believe me I'm keeping my face in labia eighths or complaints
Believe me
Ayo believe me I'm making a play
I'm creasing up Franklin face
I leave her with babies to the face and a leaflet, Makeba and Ture
Believe me
Believe me don't miss what is next I cleave through that pressure
Can't rest or leave without snipping the net
Feet fetish sniffing out checks

We got a fifth of the best
At least bout whipful of cess
A treeful of stems for the kettle
Believe me I'm built for the weather
Believe me
Ayo Believe me
Ayo bulimic I'm throwing up just believe me
This ain't lean that we pouring up just believe me
Ayo believe me
(Yea, that's it)

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