

As good as the clay  
As hard as a daisy, got stuck my foot in a paint  
Yeah

I guess that I couldn't love you as good as the clay can  
Push hard as a daisy, got stuck my foot in a paint can  
I stumbled halfway, outlined my fate in the pavement  
It wasn't my day, doc crunched the numbers like rain man  
Can't erase the frames, feel like my memories forgot me  
Where all the BDBs and bobos grandma and auntie  
My way, cops sent some pop shots and some tear gas, got off scooter-free  
My top partner reappeared with Arc'teryx for the swap meet  
Two days later in shawty baby daddy car, exchanged my angel wings for sharp teeth  
All sweet, but he know I'll bang it at him, she call me  
Evolving through the course of a day  
Power only dwarfed by restraint  
Crowdfunded the sores on my brain  
Yeah, this is my shrine, this is my sacrifice, yeah  
This is my cul-de-sac, I been back here twice  
Spent weeks just lashing out, discovered when I write  
These small addictions be draining the color out my life  
I keep a blick, but can't escape the thought of what get left behind  
The news got me the type of sick I get when mother and I fight  
Can't take your seat at the table because the stool is up too high  
I see when niggas get famous, the revolution in them die  
But they gnaw my flesh, mispronounce my name  
They deny my breath, yeah  
Snap my bones in two, memorize my screams  
Then memorize they steps, yeah