

# Moonfire

MAVI

Aye

Headed back to the apple, a return visit

But the urn empty

I ain't got the burn in me

I even turned tipsy

None of me's concerned honey berry singed my nerve endings

None of this confirmed and this the shit I put my word into

Still on the curb but it curve different

Moving on the same urges that got auntie home burst into

Still the guy with sutured innards

The sky is in my future, sense it, cumulonimbus whisper

Accumulate shit I sent for

Assuming they don't hit me

Getting the love I give more and that make my muscles stiffen

Zuppa di mussels steaming

Cruise with a couple demons

Lucid enough to be made to look dumb by my allegiance

Cap trapped in my schooling, rap asking for time to spit

Unwinding brain, mind and consciousness

I want her grapevined around my shit the same time her countenance decays mine and pounds it in, that's how arousal is

Silence at a premium

Granddaddy still know my name he say it when I dream of him

Forget it when his core is solid that ain't where the meaning is

Folks just got too old and I was way too young to see it then

I just hope this shit reaches him

It hurts not to believe in shit when all you need's belief and shit

I said it's hard not to believe in shit when all you need's belief and shit

Serving back n' forth with Venus tryna stay serene, admit

I'm nervous racket borne with lesions slipping through the sleekest grip

Can't wait until my raps is more than stashes for my secrets

I can't wait till my casanova complex bring me peace

I can't wait until this master rapping finally reap some decent ends

Got a degree in hearing 'where do the secrets end?'

Gotta appease appearances, spirit been leaning in this rap shit

I kneel to it, annealed in my attachment

My craft is a crap-shoot

I bask 'cause I'm a natural

I clash with my antagonist

I laugh, they think this battle's new

I had failed off what I had to see

Got the fuck up

Brush my self off, cursing gravity

Burning rubber to preserve my burnt anatomy

My house a thousand miles for me, I never felt more at home

Until today I never felt overgrown

The second step is to accept that shit ain't goin wrong

These niggas wilted, Mavi never stopped growing homes

Stopped growing

Let the sun talk

It's like

Nigga the thing about "let the sun talk"

Is nigga

You don't let the sun do nothing

The sun gon' come up

The sun gon' do what the fuck it do

And you gon' muhfuckin  
You might see that shit, you might not  
But you definitely gon' feel that shit  
And you gon' miss that muhfucker when it's gone