

I'm clutch
I'm clutch, I'm clutch
I'm clutch, I'm clutch, I'm clutch, I'm clutch, I'm clutch
Man

Breathing out of love for respiration
My dawg a jewel dropper, excavator
I'm dodging school, I'll just stress it later
Mama saw I'm full throttle pressing patience, E brake
Outgrown my knee aches
Falco, hobbled, steep gait
I'll go halloween face, frowned up
Hound when she sing alto
I'm brown for pete's sake, crown me
I'm a mean lady lay-downer
I'm a keef saving break-downer
I'ma keep aim 'cause they got a-thousand-three ways
To scrape down our house and reframe it
FaceTime my mama pre-faded
Eighth time around, so she patient
We can't keep waiting
I give a lot of thought to what my daughters look like free, chainless
I'm in and out of clauses
Spinning outwards, lost, so she saying
What kinds of songs you make?
I make the kind you gotta read, baby
I leave the silence you can see, baby
I weave the darkness you can hear, baby
I leave my carcass in the field, baby
I parse my garden on the real, daily
And you can sense it