

Yeah
Yeah, yeah
Yeah, yeah
Yeah, yeah

Like, what the fuck is a drought?
I just spent the night at poetry's house, and I stole all of her
jewels
And stole all for the booth, I'm holding them close to home
I'm cold-hearted for sure, I don't toe crosses, no fair
Cross-hairs falling on you
Top of the B
Be kid, I'm happy to raise ya
I'm after the key, pieces that snap into place
I'm after the wrong
Boundaries built for the breaking
I just ate half of her songs
Coughing up passionate cadence
About that, I've been feeling some apathy lately
About rap, and the way times passing is crazy
Feels like yesterday I was telling my granny that I love her
Today I make her final parting glances from above her
I guess time flies and souls do
Life has been side, cyanide and toll booths
That means I'm paying, I'm pained to paying respects
Until I lay in that grave
Awaiting what's next, where we going?
Rest in peace to my granny