

# Crash!

Navy Blue

I was stuck, no I couldn't move up  
Give a fuck, I'm a nice guy, heart bruised up  
Light skin youth same complexion bruiser  
My life grew, that's right I grew up  
Try truth, don't try amuse us  
What would I be if I ain't have music?  
Just let it be, can't entertain the bruises  
I gotta heal 'cause I was squealin' too much  
Poppa feel too real, true love  
I'm up front, the back line move up  
Catch me offsides, sometimes you gotta choose up  
On the street light stepping through the mud  
Couldn't settle, it was never what it was  
Time lost for the pain on my cousin  
Shine on me, lens get focused  
Snap shots of the block I would grow on  
Front lawn grass hopping like a locust  
12th street til the day that I croak  
Malamutes pull, got the reins in my palms  
When it rain put my faith in Ifá  
Taking it far, got the face of a god  
No face gon' alarm me  
Bitter taste don't alarm me  
Used to it on the farm scene  
Back then I was in them Phat Farm jeans  
Baby Phat we was speaking over sun cheeks  
Rose red, light skin but the truth speaks  
My heart gon' sing whenever it get the chance  
Try love measuring better things within grasps  
In the back of the cab we crash  
In the back, we crash