

# Oye!

Navy Blue

Six days I was grazing in the grass and my father said oye no face on the spirit gotta smoke the whole thing  
In grain to my ways young boy named Sage called the shots get praise I forgot it takes me back into that phase  
Six braids of the eight zigzag changes in eight think fast eating Ramadan dates break fast  
Some about the way the pain lasts for a decade or two feather in a heart my brother knife was about to shoot  
Coming off the screen got a shoot sitting with the lies all your life need truth  
Trouble in my eyes and my brother in a suit eyes closed don't look nothing like him  
My father took me as a psychic cherish what I see is righteous Vanish what I see is hurtful ironically we know the church for and my mama in the color purple perfectly I drew the circle At the hospital up on murdel had my eyes stitched shit is timeless and my kindness not a weakness I was blind to my very season  
Gotta try timid as I am take time see my father hands is like mine slaps tones on a high bouncing father hands callous Cause playing was never a challenge seek prayer it needed some balance truth sayer I'm bleeding the malice I'm bleeding the malice

Six days I was grazing in the grass and my father said oye aye Father said oye aye  
Truth sayer I'm bleeding the malice seek prayer in need of some balance  
Cause playing was never a challenge Uh