

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
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