

Pressure Points

Navy Blue

Yeah, yeah

Photo with the folded arms, my brother charm infinite
Call my mom, call my pops, my little sister missing me
Day 55 smokeless, benign empathy
Divine christening, fortune child, I know the sky and all the stars vividly
Shoulder cries and when my poppa died, his spirit live with me
Everywhere I go, you are apart of all that interest me
Palms are open, pray to God she love me and he cherish me
My heart is like a pit, an open wound, I raise a cherry tree
Love to Knoxville and Nashville, the land of Tennessee
Papa's Papa lived and had his kids with no comparisons
Arrogantly Harry Barnes when Kobe wouldn't dare to flinch
Grateful for my water source while terribly aware of Flint
Listening to Ghost on the ropes when we made "The Mint"
Leading with my soul and not my nose
I'm known to cherish things that never last
I made the path and not the bed
Cherokee, Choctaw, Navajo, Mapuche and Guaraní
Mayan and the Aztecs, Lakota and the Sioux Tribe
European settlements with not a care for who died
We living with some anguish
Why I gotta say it two times for me to be heard?
So absurd I gotta cool down, keep a cool head
My tool shed is in my home now
Machete getting home still
Atone of the wise owl
The shrine of my dad house
Emotions getting cast out
The garden of the chosen ones
A vocal tongue, I had to bounce, stretch the boat
Next to go, Mexico
Blessings go, arrive new
Tied to the truth
Strange fruit hanging from a noose
They blind too
Crying through the hands, I'm trying to provide for you
You and you
And the night is still a vibrant blue
It's Navy Blue