

The Medium

Navy Blue

Uh, uh, yeah
On the couch waitin', waitin' yeah

Hold up, slow down for your own sake
My heart on the ground for the moment
Whatchu know about self-love?
Desolate can't be touched
Measurements ain't enough
Blessings sent from up above
Brodie know that I'm the truth
Navy Blue the runner-up
Niggas thought that I would give up and throw the towel in
No SOS, I found the source while I was drowning
Like my mama, shouts to MIKE
He know I'm proud of him
That's lil bro, I'm lil bro to most
Raise the glass and toast
I strip my past of hope
And fed it to the moment
These shoulders known atonement
I'm growing
I can't boast, Navy, Max and Liv.e, three amigos
Dismantle my ego, reverse tuck bruk up the weed
Buss' like my cousin gun
Pain weigh about a ton, enough to crush you
Cut the vision, flex ya muscle
Pack my clothes inside that duffle
Too many days I wore that goddamn muzzle
Speak truth now as always
I was only 8, caught my brother spirit in the hallway
Light flashing, dancin'
I chased him bro, I wasn't scared

I learned patience makes sense, mm
I learned patience makes sense
Spent days on the couch, type senseless
My sixth sense went
Learned patience 'cause it makes sense
Spent days on the couch, type senseless
My sixth sense went
Outta reach, outta touch
My sixth sense went
Sixth sense went
On the couch, type senseless, uh, uh, uh

My dad was a Christian
He taught Sunday School and he prayed, and we read the Bible each Sunday morning before breakfast
And the kinds of scriptures which he read, the prayers which he prayed, gave me to know that uh, I had the support of my family