

Pour that cup, roll that blunt
Keep on floating 'til your mind get stuck
Say what's real or hold my tongue
Keep on floating 'til ya feel messed up
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Say what's real or hold my tongue
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When in doubt settle down
It's hard to see
But I'm swimming on painted clouds
I'm taking my time move slowly
All I knows, what I want
And that's to be free
Used to think I wasn't good enough
I couldn't feel the love
But
Now I'm making waves
Now I'm making waves
Now I'm making waves (yeah)
Now I'm making waves
Now I'm making waves

Tired of being tired
Ain't tired of being live
Born a Gemini
So I'm tired of choosing sides
Some drank in my cup
Its a habit no crutch
Reminiscing on the days
When you had my trust
Summer nights spent together
Saying when I blow up
We'd get a house in the hills
Somewhere that we could go chill
Until my journey got harder
And the road got real
I was missing for months
Metaphorically speaking
Mind on all the attention
And the love that I'm seeing
Blame my ass for the distance
But shit I had to go reach it
Now the only way you hear me through the speaker, I'm preaching

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