

Cocoa '88

Ratking

Yo, yo, yo
St. Louis, Missouri
Baltimore, Maryland
New York City
Fort Rockaway, Fort Rockaway huh

When I look in the sky
I see a hex like someone held a Baphomet high
And I ask myself, "who is that guy?"
Or is it just I?
Drawing with my eyes
There's been times I'm surprised I survived
And I wonder if its an angel that blessed this
Or what devil distresses with a messes mixed message in my head stuck foreve
r so blessed
Ooh wee, ooh wee
The lights's playing tricks on me
Faces and shadows displayed
Drawn on every which way
Make that light go away, so no contrast for shadows to play
There's no contrast for shadows to play

Days work for days pay, smooth talkers find nothing to say
Days work for days pay, if wishes were horses beggars would sway
Days work for days pay, smooth talkers find nothing to say
Days work for days pay, if wishes were horses beggars would sway
Days work for days pay, spit til there's nothing left up in my brain
Days work for days pay, willing to listen I kick it for days
Days work for days pay, spit til there's nothing left up in my brain
Days work for days pay, willing to listen I kick it for days

Immaculate exam
Winner gets ill, look as bad as a patient
In the hospital bed, hospital, hospital bed about to be vacant
Not cause hes healed and better
It's real he's deaded, I said, "It's sad ain't it"?
My bad, I'm so good, fucka so good so good you had to hate it
Some had to lump it
Had to shrug it up to the point had to bump it
No man ever mastered nothin'
That mentality's disaster comin'
6 bars and you braggin', done it
You a casualty, had it comin'
Loot and had to be poot
Move over, I decide to come over and blast the subject
You old and catching up, you wack as fuck that (you wack)
Twitting instead of a fishing and catching nothing
Whether it's rhymes or whatever you find
Whether I'm wetting the rain or sweating the shine
The weather is fine, for peddling dimes

Oodles of charm, kudos to mom (love you mom)
Lullabies on my arms, platinum plaques in my palms
Copper and calm rising riding the bar
Dropped out sing songs
Wanted on two counts marijuan
Out of many there's one, fell out of grace

Proved that it's fun
First thing your neck, tool to my tongue
Teen years are twisted a ton
Why am I thinking I'm dirt and I'm dumb
Why am I proving to you that I won
Tuning my ships, humble and young
Severed the knot, started at sun
Root in my mind, let me run
Like father, like son
City decides pay you pun
Paddling sin for the spray with a gun
Thought you'd forget me would have never spared
Looters on Lenox, laying with bums
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