

Porch Steps!

REASON

September 22nd 2015

Yeah, yeah

Yeah

One-two, one-two, one-two

Soul

Yeah

Straight up off them porch steps, I ain't ran my course yet
I done made some bad choices, I been feelin' boisterous
I been feelin' energetic, get it from these porch steps
The city gon' give me fuel, the ghetto like a fortress
I just heard gun talk, that nigga ain't hoarse yet
That nigga gon' keep yellin', blood gon' keep spillin'
Hope it ain't my brother blood, why we makin' bad decisions?
Bullets went crashin' in 'em, prayers don't cover accidentals
Why we make bad decisions? Ghetto like fortress
Why a tell queen "No"? Why I tell these whores "Yes"?
She just wanna love a nigga, Dasia gon' bust it open
My girl gon' bust it too, but this one doin' more provokin'
Shake it like a rattle, lose battle every single moment
Forget my girl got feelings, can't hurt her if she don't know it
Why we makin' bad decisions? That shit just poor stress
Why he never leave the hood? The ghetto a fortress
Aye, aye, aye

Oh, fuck it, I'm at god speed

See I got too many problems and I know I keep it poppin', I'ma fuck up all n
ight

Momma told me to be cautious, got me movin' way back

I can tell I got some problems

Gotta get it how I want it till I got it, and that's alright, uh

Back up on the porch steps, huggin' the block, aye

Jams out the stereo bumpin' a lot, uh

Never hesitatin' when I'm uppin' the Glock

But I swear I wanna leave out, ah, hey, aye, aye, aye

I swear I wanna leave out, yay, hey, hey, hey, hey

Glock 17 in the shorts, he never wore it

God fearin', positive nigga, momma adore 'em

We was chasin' goals

We both lived in the hood, but it ain't what we chose

I quit hoops, he stayed steady, focused on the road

Said Rob, "I ain't reach my dreams, I'm glad you reachin' yours"

Through Christ anything possible

Most positive nigga I knew, nothin' else optional

So how Dell die from a bullet? That shit ain't logical, shit

Some days I think about Chuck

'Cause he just lost his best friend, niggas ain't ownin' up

And to think that it's even a thought that he set him up, shit

But grief a muhfucka

Some days I just wish that we could love each other

Dell, if you listenin', thank you for yo' positive forces

The ghetto feel too normal, so we treat it like fortress

I wonder how it'd be if we had different porches

Soul

Whether it's the stoop or the steps
The older we get our kin sin blown by the wind, only a few of us left, two o
f us left
One of us left and found success
And we look at bro like a square for findin' hope 'cause it's somethin' that
none of us kept
Crabs in a barrel pinchin' and pullin', pinchin' and pullin', pinchin' and p
ullin'

Surprised we got limbs remainin'
Gotta stay ten toes, shit, if all ten remainin'
I know God lookin' at me foul the way I been complainin' about these porch s
cenarios he's been arrangin'
When will the "woe is me's" wear off and
When will this chip on my shoulder get small enough to tear off?
Eyes dry from the amount of time me and my demons been havin' a stare off
As the demons lurk below the steps, the angels peak above
But we're too fixated on this motherfuckin' porch to receive the love
Nitpickin' each difference from each stoop or step
While ignorin' the fact that the view from the roof is best
We don't have to be used to less
We don't have to be used to less