

COPPA

SBTRKT

Can't you tell my pockets smell like copper?
Good don't always mean proper
Coins rattle like a quiet prayer
Strands of synthetic hair scrawled across the underground
Some tracks are never found
Leave the scalp and scatter with the rats
And instead bring the block back a platter
Not just the scraps instead
Seven Eastern got me perhaps mislead, trust the
Back of my hand for the maps misread, lead myself into the belly of the beast
Hoping I could take a seat
Now the hustle took away all that's free
Emptied my pouch of all that's me
Got coins, but I prefer the change
Got passion for I'd prefer the rage
But in exchange what you're ready to exchange
A couple mill' will only buy you a bigger cage
Turn your pain into diamonds
Lower your standards and horizons
So enlighten
Now it's heads or tails
Fly or fail
But we keep our eyes bound tight so we can hardly tell