

# Bodega Flowers

Skyzoo

I want flowers but I don't wanna tell you I want flowers  
'Cause then you just gonn' get me flowers 'cause I want flowers  
But I want you to get me flowers 'cause you wanna get me flowers  
I shouldn't have to tell you how much I want flowers

Salute to the petals, give them an echo  
Round of applause you loop it, don't ever let go  
Handing bodega flowers out through the ghetto  
The slab where the rose come from the color of metal  
Medals being rewarded or metal for being dormant  
Tryna get a handle on what you built like Geppetto  
Sweet as geletto, gelato  
Pronunciation errors full throttle  
Like blue lives tomorrow  
The same as they did the day before  
The only thing we got in common's not to play along  
Like you'll get what you're came here for  
Black attire in response to red roses  
My attire matching the strap that they left smoking  
So if we should get involved maybe we should do the same  
One fist in the air the other moving who remains  
Flowers for the thought of it  
Another set for the section that's in support of it  
My man straight out the gutter and he's an alderman, boxed every corner in  
Eric Garner tees through his City Hall offices  
Shout out Khalif Rainey  
Flowers for whoever deserve em before they take me  
Love is love, greatly  
But back to the shit that made me  
If seeing is believing then that could be what betrayed me  
Shit I saw too much, or it could be the shit that saved me  
So whether or not anybody reciprocate me, flowers is never maybes  
Not at all

Don't wait  
Don't wait 'till they're at the gates  
To tell them you appreciate  
I think you should tell em  
Don't wait  
Give them their roses while they came smell them  
While they're alive you should tell em

Bodega flowers, buy you a set, buy you what's left  
Catch em all 'til it's credit galore, kindly in debt  
Said it can't be that hard, outta respect  
I'm 6'1, 215, obvious threat  
So a bouquet, is always appreciated  
But will never be asked for, just bet I react off  
What's left on this crash course, the motive you blast for  
Everything front and center, I don't ever reach back for  
Made sure my peoples lit up the front like the dashboard  
Ain't a flower missing, ain't a reason to snatch yours, at all  
Still and all we clipping all, down 'til the ceiling fall  
Respect died, heads high, kill them with the nah  
Flowers for who bout it, ain't no twitching in their palms  
Reasoning surrounds it, intuition get involved  
Then your face mask sneak off, race draft recall

Give us Larry David and y'all can take back Shameik Moore  
Or maybe I'll just school him some, get to retooling son  
Word to Miles Morales ignoring his father's badges  
In the middle of November how I'm bumping summer madness  
Next to these Fort Greene high rises that's so attractive  
More or less  
More or less there you have it  
Less is never more but it be more than we'd imagine  
Ceiling on the floor, truly yours, automatic  
And every flower out the corner store wrapped in plastic, for real

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