

Collateral

Skyzoo

Can it all be so simple, Cory and Dennis?
Top 3s and chopped cheese all thru the winters
Box Jeeps and Cardi B's off of the scrimmage
Mahogany behind the seats, caught in the lyrics
Do you know, where you going to?, draw up what they know of you
Picture that with enough space for whoever should go with you
Told me what we here for, same way it was told to you
My Saint Laz's heavy enough to pray over both you
Meaning, ya'll and me is, a-alikes for the being
Of time, time being a way to find you a lead in
Gil Scott Heron, Jill Scott heroine
Hands folded for apple bags or you Elohim it
Be as it may, shit will seem to be straight
And banking on collateral's what it be out the gate
The beauty of it all but you still see the decay
And counting's even prettier baby, so either way, either way

This shit feels like we living a life on borrowed time
This shit feels like we living a life being caught in a high
Been in jail since my daddy was born
But my pen is collateral bond
Oh my God, oh my God
Are we really free here?

Either way it's, more than just what they're saying
Say you look in the tone and it shows you what they're portraying
They giving you the tone that you need like you was related
Feeling like to atone is to keep it from ever fading
Til you knew the tone you receiving was off a payment
Like when it's two tones on the V' that you serenading
Mike '92 tone on the Beamer, Rockaway Ray it
Or white and blue tone from the D's all in the way and
It gets, in between, soon as you got it you grey it
I mean, silly me for tryna Co-Op and New Day it
I be, centerpieced like I was tryna two way it
I preach, Hennessy but I see the need to Dusse it
The thought of pink bottles of Spade turns into spilling them
Over flow on the dough like the red bones that deliver them
Yeah, be as it may, shit will seem to be straight
And banking on collateral's what it be out the gate, either way

This shit feels like we living a life on borrowed time
This shit feels like we living a life being caught in a high
Been in jail since my daddy was born
But my pen is collateral bond
Oh my God, oh my God
Are we really free here?

And you in the back of a rental, in front of a bag of maybes
Like maybe shit'll move to where you can call this the 80's
Or maybe this is ruined and you in for an awakening
And the tone that you knew was the root why you mistaken
And waiting, and still waiting, and still waiting
Told youngin on my second classic to drill a way in
Word to any misconception that they drilled to us
'Cause you still shooing to kill if you kill the shooters
They told us fuck it...

Either way it's what we want so do believe what we on baby
I respond like We just here to pick up on some money 'fore they tell us we g
one baby
They respond like Get it how you live and how you live is how to get it to G
od baby
And I respond like either way you put it this collateral is all off the arm
baby