

## Duffle Bag Weekends

Skyzoo

Two cribs but couldn't keep me inside none  
You know tryna be outside until outside's done  
Too many reasons to not be out when the time comes  
And too many dice games, so find me inside one  
Born in the 80s, raised in 90s typical shit  
Dirty handed or not, you know what the gist of it is  
Couldn't duck it, so we become it, easy to fall in love with  
But young enough to not understand all that it come with  
So umm, inset parents here  
Couldn't turnaround without seeing both standing there  
Still on my 1-2, same as the ones with me whenever I come through  
Forever we're one group  
And solo records could never come outta son group  
But I had a Nike bag who always sung too  
The hood like damn Sky in the house, what son do?  
Nah if you don't see him come around then he back at his mother house  
Word, same rules at her house, I couldn't slip through that  
Her new boyfriend's trash, I wanted to get him clapped  
Different story, but my mother was still the difference for me  
All the composure I use to get you off me is from her  
But I still got that other side that comes alive  
Picture furious styles pushing a bubble 5  
There it is, raised by it over a shot of Henny  
Nowadays we reflect on it til the bottles empty  
Old Knicks and Ralph Lauren and Spike  
And all of my catalog and the songs that get him hype  
And he laughs like you know how many shoot outs I was in  
For him to be your hero off the movies I done lived  
But still, he understood all the glare in my eyes  
You never think that a hero can be where you reside  
And I ain't never turn an eye, never took it for granted  
But it was everyday so I ain't have to understand it  
He said he was joking, I poured him another shot  
Knowing he wasn't joking bout everyone that he popped  
Trained me the same way, that I truly understood  
And I ain't have the same reasons but I shoot it just as good  
Me and mine got a story or two  
Nothing that needs to spoken up over the loop  
Just know that it all makes sense when it's hindsight  
My mother told me be like your father when the times right  
My pop told me your mother's here to give you emotion  
And I'm here to give you the aim to blow shit open, fully loaded  
Recollecting shit til the song stops  
A green Nike duffle bag's still my soft spot, for real

Saw it all but that wasn't the only thing I saw  
Corner store said I promise we can get it all  
Momma taught me through it all just to stand tall  
And poppa taught me if they reach blow their hands off, blow their hands off  
I bet you I can fit a whole weekend in my duffle bag  
I bet you I can fit a whole weekend in my duffle bag  
I bet you I can fit a whole weekend in my duffle bag  
I bet you I can fit a whole weekend in my duffle bag  
My duffle bag, duffle bag, duffle bag