

Innocent Ambition

Skyzoo

And as I look out the window, I see the sun start to
Climb. Early morning...

He told me I can have it all
Well not direct, I mean he told me from afar
And as he opened up the doors to 100 thousand awes
It was loud enough to send my inhibitions thru the floor
Intuition getting drawn like Kadir was by the wall
And all, I wanted was a shade
A hue of a sort I could sort to replace
All the hues of the halls and the walls where I stays
Attentive as I should be, but the thought of it shook me
'Cause my diligence puts me, where God overlooked me
So he came up and took me, where no one ever put me
And put a bag of pieces in my hand and it hooked me
And if someone mistook me, for being from his stream
Then I'd be overzealous of the jealousy received
And seeing my desires transpire from my dreams
Is as sweet the hopes that my mama sung to me
Like "fuck I used to dream", but now I'm more sleepless
And I doubled my age by erasing all the dreaming
And my innocence fades into black, Michael Lee shit
But how my transition to the kitchen came seamless
Stamps for the fly out, culinary sequence
Sean Combs '94, hands in the remix
Prayers to the highest, and send 'em up the most
Feeding you your diet, and burying my lows
He said I'd have it all

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Less dreaming, and more living
Early mornings, same difference, right [?]

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He said I couldn't have a thing
I mean aside from what my mama usually sing
And the song that's being sung is sitting high enough to ring to The ears of
who forgot us
He said it should be obvious
His hand was on his 40, his title on his collar
He looked about 40, 27 my scholar
He said why even bother? I wondered what he means
Then looked back at his 40 and proceeded to agree
My agreement was for me to prove him wrong
Then I started to hear the harmonies of all the songs
He mentioned to me before, and not before long
I was less about proving the already foregone
Assuming him as wrong, was more wrong me right?
The cameras turned on, with no room for rewrites
I mean what could I rewrite? That isn't just hopeful
It's better to leave it and believe he at least knows you
He said look I can show you, threw me on his Impala

The 40 to my fitted, no one around bothered
Like who's supposed to bother? He said look at these doors
Another couple years and none of these shit will be yours
A change gonn' come right? Y'all said it yourselves
So y'all can blame each other for the changes that prevailed
I put away my youth and I heard somebody call
It sounded like a sweeter version of my mama's song
And he said I'd have it all

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