

Record Store Day

Skyzoo

I love girls, girls, girls, girls
Girls in record stores
Yo your taste says a lot
And based on what you got
We might be able to put each other on
I love girls, girls, girls, girls
Girls in record stores
Put your number on this receipt
I'll scoop you in the jeep
And show you my collection in the morn'

Knowing mine is rare like, like
You spending money in here like
Three double takes before you disappear right
That's a six eye "Kind of Blue" type of rare sight
You caught that, you caught the details
You being record store clientele don't even seem real
Pardon me love, my name is Skyler, and honestly love
I couldn't tell the last time I saw part of a club
But I ghost write the records for who bought out the club
Both of my record collections could go start up a club
But I'm out the way, I prefer the back
The type to spend a bottle service tab on a Donald Byrd slab
Slow crawl but the feeling kinda works fast
The highs of it like when you started your first stash
And I'm somewhere at a band, give or take
And most of them come with a band from like '68, old soul
Back to the mode though, more importantly where your phone yo?
You could be a Savage x Fenty logo
And I'm with it as soon as a playlist start up and loop back
That'll be A.S.A.P if you cool with that

Cause it was record store day
And she was all in the aisles
Blowing down change
Habits running wild
Thumbing through a crate
Walking 'round with a jewel that she found singing

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You moving like you been here before
You look as good as you sound when you veer off
I'm crate digging so that I can't stare no more
Treat you like a test press, I just wanna hear it all
I'm talking Freddie Hubbard, you talking Isley's
I'm talking Jones Girls, you talking Mobb Deep

I'm talking hearing what you be talking surprised me
Feel like I did the same, we got it honestly
Cause check it you can reach and I can teach and you can throw me your tab
I mean, I'm from Brooklyn so you know I'ma brag
With my toothpick dragging, corner store connected
But on the flip I'm Toro Y Moi eclectic
Maybe I'm conflicted, maybe I'm invested
In all of this Griselda and this Gil Scott-Heron
I'm a sucker for cornrows and manicured toes
And 33 and a third being your Morse code
Picking out who gon' serenade while you levitate
Long enough to literally set the record straight, ha
But for now it's whatever 'til whenever
With both of us addicted at this register together, Purple Rain shit

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