

Rediscover

Skyzoo

My discovery different
16's made a way where if you want it, you get it
A couple wasn't as lucky but if you love it, you live it
I throw a wand in the john, make you bubble the liquid
Ok, rediscover me, I just be what I should be
A king
Word to Bernard but still keep a couple leaves
My thing work like a charm but if this genie up and leave
My friends work with the bomb and I just need what I just need
It's whatever for this living if this living sublime
How they living in the maybes, subliminal lines
The subliminals they giving you is different from mine
Cause I don't get you no subliminals, my shit is defined
And if you don't get it today, then shit, get in the line
And as you scroll through your calendar you'll get it in time
They say a five-year plan is at the end of this line
And I'm just tryna find the heart that starts giving you kind
Rediscover

Discover yourself, uncover what else
When it's done, did you do it for the love or the wealth?
If you love it could you do it if it's stuck on a shelf?
Look in the mirror and still fuck with yourself
Never somebody else
It's taking me hell to be king just like Martin Luther
Except I had a Dream, you steam, I might have to shoot you
They Vined it and Tweet, you turn the other cheek
To try to keep the casualties count, the murder and the beat
No surrender, no retreat
All it's left to discover is gaining insight and knowledge
Ascertaining one another, still remain if you my brother
The fakes wither away
Either the radio, the video, the stages still the same
Real name, no gimmicks, attain no image
Used to scream fuck the world till I came all in it
Should I say so vivid, it's easy to see
It's like the LPs on DVD, rediscover

They used to call me Guantanamo
Put the underlay on your Ebok, quick as a cheetah
full as Hiroshima
Yeah your condom broke
Blu been busting raw since the fetal
With a femme fatal feline fine as a zebra
Rediscover me, Discovery Channel on Coco Channel
Smelling like an animal
You can tell I'm rocking well, Norman Rockwell
But not for sale
Andy Warhol and all the color girls say that it's a work of art
Deco on the A ceiling
Penning a bezel
You can watch me but the clock is ticking
My money echos
spit a Picasso on your console
Aquarian gospels for the prophets
The apostles you can Aristotle but who cares?
Tomorrow I spit a hollow

He stuffed a wish in a bottle relay to Rollo
I say, let my revolver solve the problem hombre
He borderline gay
Plus his shit is body like a porta potty
Damn
Barrel Brothers
Blu