

# 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