

Rich Rhetoric

Skyzoo

I ain't tie a lace on my sneakers since I was 10
All the inspiration I needed was by the bench
18 look like 30 to 5th graders
And smell like Dior Fahrenheit and Phillie paper
Know the vibe now, from how I was catching it then
Like when it dies down, you go out and stretch them again
Paint pickany, whether by example or literately
Literally, here to hand to hand you epiphanies
Literally, same corner loops we was raised on
Flip A to Z and cruise, word to a Faison
All Love, or whichever part that the phase on
Hundred thousandaire's in the coupe to set the stage for
Scene set, play your role and bet your scene stretch
Carry the loop forever like it was Keith Sweat
Bet it last, forever or what you make it do
But know the rhetoric is irreplaceable

They said to keep it richer, said to keep it richer
Sing it 'til the morning, lullabies and liquor
Sing it 'til the morning, swear that we got the picture
And treated it like if God sent word to the curb
They told us to keep it richer, said to keep it richer
Sing it 'til the morning, lullabies and liquor
Sing it 'til the morning, swear that we got the picture
And treated it like if God sent word to the curb
They told us to keep it richer

Rich talk from a broke adolescent with bigger eyes
But turned richer from how he listened when sitting by
Like this shit is whatever if ever you hit a stride
Saw them decorate a parade and then they died
Corner like a campus, talk turns rampant
Bottom of my fitted is grey like misunderstandings
Young city bandit, lugging it single handedly
Where they're arms deep in the O's like Vinsanity
So simple, can it be
Aura of it all draped over like canopies
Guard us from the dormant, part it like a chorus
Never forget what sticks
Like how the city was better when Melo was still a knick
Peace God, word to the 7 threaded on my Compound
Sometimes it gotta get blatant for shit calm down
Words from the wise whether they're here or not still
And all the rubber bands I rock still

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That's all that they spoke for
And hoping you heard them right is all that you hope for

A few get roped in, and a few get roped off
They know where you keep it at, vision like O-Dog
Cause yo par
My man caught a bad one son, lawyers was fighting
He bided, came home and called me while I was writing
Reunited like the best song on the second Wu shit
Followed by the Cream Part 2 shit, the truth is
Cash is part of how we knew shit
Like how much these cost, and how much the coupe fit
Most of the time they only threw that talk once
But lucky for us we always knew us how to loop shit

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