

Soft Eyes

Skyzoo

Last call for alcohol
Never like when they hit the lights, but shit you had a ball
More than you assumed would ensue
But what you knew was if you was late to the room it still came to you after
all
Everything I did was with you in mind
And there was always a mirror attached when I threw a line
As long you're doing fine, then my shit is duly lined
Depending on how you spell it, I took care of you and I
Or this was all expected, properly tied I was defined
When they was geeking son I was beefing with property lines
I gave you more, came here to paint the store
Added happy trees where bodies decorate the floor
Rest In Peace to Kelly and the homi's that came before
And shout to all the broads who bought a body to make it yours
I was writing records that embodied what they endured
As well as who be loading up a shotti to paint a wall
Along with who was ignoring the part where they aim at y'all
Like somebody got through to them, so what else could you do to them?
I'm comfortable including them, when everyone was losing them
I was out pursuing them, feeling like I'm crew with them
So none of this is new to them, they been in the loop with me
From every which a way but shit it came together beautifully
Fit you all suitably, and it was worth the kitchen time
Petals on the window sill, you're overdue to give me mine, for real

I gave my all, I gave you my all
But was my all ever enough
The pain outweighed the pleasure
But is my purpose above my plight?
Gave you life, dropped gems and pearls
Took this all around the world
Truly yours for as long as you need
With all that you need, until I
Came to realize
You closed your eyes and still wanted me
Your eyes wasn't soft enough
To see what you needed to see

So last year I was writing my retirement speech
Looking back at all the grounds that I'd aspired to reach
I called Phonte and we kicked it for an hour or three
Brotherly love, he put a little fire under me
He said yo you're one of the few, shit is obvious B
So how you talking bout retiring? You outta your bean
I said bro you got a point, that's why I called
He said don't let these mu'fuckas say when you're time is gone
Look who you inspired dog, I started to take a peak
And counted all these greats that they be praising that came from me
Humble brag, I was too busy tryna save a culture to double back
More hands than I'd ever known, but still I juggled that
Shoulders like Kiyan dad, the 7 with me
So whoever bet against me, tell em I spray back
Single handed, other hand was playing 68 olympics
Stretched out, from Tommie to John, gave it distance
Justice to poetically speak on whatever mattered
And gunning for the rest to believe it because it happened

You're free to be on your Kappa, that's whether Kaepernick
Or Kappa's passing the stick or capping back with the blick
The perils of understanding them all, my hand involved
Bill Withers grandma hands how I hand it off
In search of Nirvana I'm honored to tread it carefully
Room full of reasons why, singing make it clear for me

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