

The Feelling

Skyzoo

I keep it realer than most, I know you feel it
High off the allure where the hopes go thru the ceiling
Ride until we all got dough stuffed in the ceiling
Spade throughout the day so the hopes that I'm revealing are more honest than ever
We keep it honest together, and on 100 like the pedal I'm on top with these leathers
Playa these are Michael Toschi's
Easy I be low key
And if you heard that new either it's now you know me
Or you knew from before
On my back, the flyest clothes cause if I flew through the store
My splurge is just to cover my nerves over these turns
You see they lead us to this road we get on
Then we collide but for now life close your eyes and, feel this long
All 9 and a half
And since the day before Christmas rewriting my path
Is all I ever really did, and still
S.K. drowning models his wave
And if mufuckas ain't talking them duckets, then what they saying

Even if it ain't sunny shit it ain't no different
My passenger side still looks like Erica Mena
Well shorty, "where you disappear to son? ", I'm with the winners
Putting myself in a position like no one that's living
I'm living, the ill street blues will get your stomach turning like what the word is?
Until that word will make your peoples get to turning
Fool, I'm thorough, pick any borough, nobody word it
How I do so my promise to you, is to paint you murders
You feeling it?
To all the girls who bought the tape cause they thought I was cute
And a month later I'm the reason for all that they knew
Who say they understand they man off of all that I threw
Now bid adieu to what you used to like
And to all the corners, all the servers, all the shooter types
Who said it made sense after they heard me and I threw 'em light, hovering
These fake rappers can't really know I'm loving it
You feeling it?

What y'all ain't heard that S.K. got it
This Ace of Spade will have your favorite rappers table watching
I keep it tight for all the nights my mama showed support
She saw me dreaming but my scheming, that was low of course, right?
You see them dreams that I used to have, was really nightmares that I needed to be shooting past
Man y'all don't feel me, but the joints know what we about
Long as the denim is expensive I can peel her out
I'm so confused, ok I'm getting weeded now
And I don't smoke but off these hopes I might need that now
Like just once in a blue with a biddie in the room
And she's rolling up a relló for my sober mind to cut through
We start to blow it down, her eyes low but they telling me to stroke her out
I free my mind, free her body, then I close the round
Take one more toke then that haze alone now
It got me going, for real