

What Money Taught Us

Skyzoo

Dreams make green and gilded pedestals
Breaking day as we display desires own end
The more we wait, the louder the echoes
Digging deep in the shallow pockets
Never let go

Silly me for wanting you about more
Same silly me that was shoving you out the door
Adorned with everything that both you and I would adore
And the slam lock on the top of the lock is probable cause
And the door got everything you'd imagined hiding beyond
Any measure you seen fit, from what's left of the seamstress
Blessed like leaving six on the floor, rolling trips
So it's 3 of those, like heaven don't seem close
But you next to a re-up though, so heaven be close enough now
Enough to feel like he don't gotta come down
Why intervene with propping open the door
With a prop that interest the hall and a proposition for y'all
Like when proposition's in awe
Word to an east side dealer with unified intentions
But ain't no civilizing who in the trenches
Bottle what you intended, bottles cover the entrance
Bottles dump into stems then there's bottles up where you sitting
You know the vibes, where it's no surprise except for everything right
And you stick to that Morse code with whatever's left of you right
And whatever's left of you might
Be the right to the passage that's left
Or the package that's left, let it suffice, right
Right or wrong, it'll still be rightfully yours
All that you deserving to hurry you right along
I decided long ago if I go and write for the cause
There wouldn't be no return to the turn that y'all would reward
Meaning these ain't the parts that get celebrated
The toll on the face of this watch is forever weighted
Arm drag on the floor from that arm forever raising
And arms backing you off due to the loss of better patience
Wait for it, got enough weight for it
The sound of the bag you attract that'll pay for it
They telling you pick a corner, you in and out of a circle
Advice from Candace Owens and \$50 from Virgil
The lights be Off-White so you thinking how could they burn you
Same as the hole in your pocket left to confirm you
But validation ain't never make me no difference
Bet that I'm more persuaded off wearing these Good Intentions
On my sleeve, I done seen fiends carrying their cross
One to bear with nothing clearer then having you involved
Do believe, favorite slogan of mine cause that's what you should do
A recurring theme when I get to weaving a few to you
The theme song is still marketed the same
You get it or you're ignorant, I don't argue to explain
But shit, what do I know except everything I done seen?
Along with all the parallels they was tucking to sleep
Thread count on the covers compared to what's underneath
Is worth every bag they spent to keep you at peace
But bet I got my bag, bet I got my bag
Difference is I ain't let them sell me how to act nah
Bet I got my bag (shit), bet I got my bag

Filling up the trunk space, forever I'm attached
Counting doubles like a Raekwon skit
One for you, one two for me
But that one two is for my seed, do believe
Told you I say it a lot cause you should do so
My faith be in who circling a pot to break a loophole
Time still weighted, heavier than a Hublot
That we started admiring for kudos
As quiet as a sumo, provider like bushido
Your life is on the line, survival by a free throw
Entendre ego, double sided Kinkos
Making sense of both of them, free breakfast and reloads
Power to the people, arms high as a steeple
The paintings on that stained glass made them not believe you
Overturn underneath you, as smooth as it gotta be
Berets in abundance, crowns on properly
My Alec Monopoly says 7 the God hour, that's if you follow
Traditions started by the school a block from the Apollo
My fuck tomorrow motto through the views from before
I'm not in the mood to do the one-two anymore
One-two, one-two are we on?
We been on since forever but y'all choose to ignore
So now forever is just as true as before
All the times it came together but y'all drew them apart
But bet I got my bag, bet I got my bag
Difference is I ain't let them sell me how to act
Bet I got my bag, bet I got my bag
Filling up the trunk space at last, type of shit money taught us

Gotta credit my highs, can't edit my highs
Flew up here like whatever, bet you remember why
Tryna sing to the tune, still don't get the reprise
Still don't get the reprise

Bet I got my bag, bet I got my bag
Difference is I ain't let them sell me how to act nah
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Filling up the trunk space, forever I'm attached

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