

Curtains

Smino

6 AM the sun comin' up, you know what I'm sayin'?
Shit , now what I'm sayin'? I can't lie to y'all niggas
I got to tell y'all, you know what I'm sayin'? The real, you know?
Yeah, uh

Say this shit in my falsetto, but, I'm speakin' truth
God lowkey in the bravado (Uh)
My body the booth
Show me the way and be clear only way to see through (Uh, uh, uh, uh, uh)
'Cause we hardly scratching the surface I'm positive
Don't need a dermatologist, I got this
That got me goin', fuck is we goin'? (Yeah)
Baby, blindfold, and point
Reach for the stars (Yeah), but don't reach for my guys
I'm facin' the facts, nigga we black, so, we blackin' out
Like curtains for certain, I check my account
Buy my grand-daddy house, and passin' it down

Put that shit in rotation, catchin' contact from this high
(I'm talkin' fifty 'leven years after we done even smoked out this ride)
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Gang, yeah

This that rigatoni past, I put everythin' in this
Put canaries on my wrist
So they can sing about me while the world around me drownin'
I was fried like a fish
Weighed it on my scale, and well it wasn't worth the wait heavy on the bulls
hit
Talkin' karate 'bout me I just chuckle at the nunchuck, you dumb fucks lucky
I bought the big ol' body with the pretty wheels
Riding with the ones from when it was ugly
Shawty jawbone so strong
I can give her now or later
She'll blow a bubble
No, we do not run nor pop gums
Nigga trident, and we blow his (Pop)

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Uh
If Amiri redid the American flag (What?)
It still wouldn't swag
Still feel like they holding that shit over our head (I do)
Whenever it wag
Okay, fuck out your feelings, and get you some bread (Go get it)
Goin' through Hell-meant hittin' my head
Somehow, them knots manifested to knots in my pockets and knots on the bowtie pasta at Issima
Bon Appetit with my partners
The people come greet me, my eyes on Konnichiwa
Tribe on go and we keep Tiki 'round for any of the tweaky ones
Young globetrotter, how the fuck y'all people know me out in Incheon?
Ordained orchestrator runnin' with the bands
Nigga feel like Dr. Lee or somethin'

Been a while, really been a while
I just needed time just to s-s-s-slow it down
I been trying time for my m-m-mind
In my mind, oh mama, oh my God (God)
You don't know what it been like
I was cheering for myself on the damn sidelines (Go, Chris)
Inside
Always, inside
And these peanut butter seats
Ooh, you motherfuckin' right

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And one, one, there's one thing about your performance that I've always been admirin'
You engage with people
You move them
You direct them
You know what I mean? Yeah
They hear you, and they move with you
You know what I mean?
See what I mean
And, and, it's just like, this boy -- and excuse me for calling you boy

Forever

But, it's like E-

F, he have, he's got that aura about him that he can take people places

Okay y'all, my lil' cousin gon' sing this next song

I get my fruit from the source

My answers from the master who guides my spirit

I get my fruit from the source

Answers from the masters Who guides all my ways

I been on my way

I been on my way, love

On my way (Way there I been on my way there)

I been on my way (Mhm)

I been on my way