

Coffee Break

Sylvan LaCue

I been thinking centuries
In twenty years will these niggas mention me?
I'm all in your odds
Don't know many times I've played these cards
Just keep your guard and disregard facades
Tunnel vision has brought me this far
Hennessy guzzling, lies have been muzzling
Fuck was I on?
Holding grudges, I should let these bygones be bygones
If I'm on then I'm gone, and my dawns can flourish in peace
Snakes will never be stand up
I had to switch up my stanzas, was money motivated
Ironically, no apologies
I thought it would be wiser to speak the truth
I'm tired of struggling, I'm tired of making excuses
If you want change then make a change, don't get lost in the 'clusive
That shit ain't conducive of forward thinking
Too many blacks is dying
Too many cops acquitted
My skin is a splitting image of fear and misunderstanding
I feel like my mistakes done cost some chances
But fuck that shit, at least I caught some glances
I can smell it, stronger than fakeness around the corner
Gotta be bigger than self, don't ask (me out if) you want ta
Don't say I never warned ya
Music was all I had, I turned away the world to find myself
You know I hate to brag, but fuck your legacy
I followed no recipe, this is my shit
Rather build from the bottom then stand behind of your cockpit
Use my talents to better humanity
How long will I be a slave to desires and vanity
I search for the man in me
Responsibility for my passion
I pray that my talents be used by the law for more action
Can't leave this world with nothing but judgment of acts reenacted and form
emotion
What have you done to make my land a better place though?
Nigga case closed, since my father I don't carry on with
Refusing offers from seat and sponsors
You so accomplished, you so above
All this nonsense, self-righteous
Come and write this sense of, higher purpose to ruin past creative felt like
this, mmm
Amazing grace, you face mistakes, my pen escape, then wake your soul and wit
ness how long it actually tends to take
I pressed the breaks so many times, I might as well be a mom
I move in silence but nothing actually climbs
Don't lose your soul, nigga
Don't ever lose your purpose when it's told, nigga
Be aware of those who never wanna fold with you but go with you, when more f
igures, go swole picture
These cold liquors invest in my whole liver
Fuck them toxins, My brother surrounded by oxytocins
Told him I'd whip his ass if I found him around them problems
Drug culture, used to glorify the sellers
But now we users, open abusers, destroying ourselves
Avoiding thy hell, or preach your head off

I'm feeling best off when I'm open and private
Fuck all that silence, what constitutes the root of suicide?
I know some niggas who cried
Came to my side, nothing but tears in their eyes
Like "I wish my homie heard your music", he'd probably survive
Chills down my spine and what I'm concerned with
Spotify plays and how to make amends with niggas I give two fucks about so I
can route how to maximize this clout
I owe y'all apologies
See, I been making music for the wrong reasons
I think my vanity's catching up with my sense of being
I think my lust for status is tragic, imagine
Ain't spoke to friends in like seven months [?] for this passion
Fuck all that reenacting, I'm more concerned with memes than taking action
Then getting public with strangers, and hating or acting
A slave to these boxes while suffocating through all this madness
I cannot suffer, I have a voice that needs more extracting
I'ma do everything in my power to watch the masses
I'ma get...