

## Farleys (Interlude)

Sylvan LaCue

Um, hi, we'll do two iced lattes to go, please

Baby couches and photo futons

Mama's cooking, I swear with the biggest coupons

Way too many flights, I'm afraid to track all the mileage

Outta Oakland hopin' eventually she don't ask me to break the silence

Truth is, it's been months since I've seen my family

No way around it

I've been praying for peace of mind and the way I found it

Missed calls keep piling

I got a budget that's 7 grand if I plan to balance

The lifestyle of an artist caught in the in between

Just enough to get you close for you to taste your dreams

You wake up early in someone's house that you met over Twitter  
replies and mutual friends in Los Angeles

All I hear is stories and fairy-

tales about rappers that's supposed to blow up and on the rise  
The closest point is it's hard to shift through the truth and lies

Opinions coming from niggas who barely get the picture

Shit

I sit and wonder like

What would I done if I stayed in Miami?

And never signed a vision there, took care of my family

Label me as conversations, too many

"Keep in touch and we'll see what happens"

Shit, by that time I could give two fucks about what they asking

Only a couple niggas goin' platinum

I've been traveling way too much to be out of action

But I can't end up like so and so or "what's his name?", who had that one song

I'm still refusing to play that game

Shit

Fuck it, I'd rather pave a newer lane

Back and forth with myself about doing newer things

A long way from the days with Dino in San Diego

A mere mark couldn't [?] praying for the pesos

Niggas counting on me

I can feel the pressure

But I'm still inspired, never did I need a lecture

Realities of a life of pain that will always get to ya

You haven't seen your family in a while

You've been out here, like, playing a rapper a little too long,  
you know?

You know I love you

And we'll find time to see each other, but I think it's time to  
go back home