

## Intro

**Taylor Bennett**

I want it more than yesterday and yes it's showing  
I got a buss down Rollie, I was a bust down poet  
Feel like when Spenzo dropped "Wife Her" man we all went global  
Only nigga to go oval when they say circles can't stretch  
Shit if I was really that nice, I wouldn't have all this shit  
I wouldn't have all my friends I probably wouldn't have my-  
Because if I ain't have music then I wouldn't exist  
Vacate the stratosphere when I put these fumes to my lips  
There was always soundtracks when I was losing my shit  
Just for comfort or circumference on how high I could get  
Or how far I could run, or how much I ain't know  
Now I'm part of the show, not just the artist you know  
How many favorite artists did you have and where did they go?  
Moving these people's mouths like puppets and then watching them grow  
And never letting them go  
Geppetto Records on repeat, now watch the real Boy Glow  
Nothing tougher than James Brown and Muddy Waters with dishes  
Diana Ross in the kitchen, Poitier on television  
The few freedoms we were given  
So submissive to the picture that display when they deliver  
In the streets it's makes a difference, see my skin shade and I quiver  
I think the key to segregation is the lack of conversation  
So it's fear perpetuation  
To isolate our nation  
Lil more paralyzed sedation, just be patient  
But momma I'm a spaceship  
They say I got a strong shot, come on Mah let me chase it  
I want it more grade 6th know Junior High I stayed lit  
Trying to find some tv characters that I'd relate with  
Blame it all on D.W. Griffith & The Slave Ships  
Real talk boy, I was made for this  
The systematic structure, go ahead and put some waves in it  
Cut back on these sugar drinks and drugs to raise a stable kid  
Cause I don't want commercial vibes, just marathon the way we lived  
Said, I don't want commercial vibes, just marathon the way we lived

I don't wanna go home at night, let's sing more rock n roll  
Don't tell me this is not my type, please don't speak in codes again  
Gucci Mane Zone 6 that's right, turn me up and smoke again  
Frankie Valli in my head screaming, Oh, what a night it's been  
Frankie Lymon, I'm such a fool, but I'll fall in love again  
Cause all my life I was only waiting on this moment... to arrive (again)  
Back in the days when I was young, I'm not a kid anymore  
Sometimes I sit and wish I was a kid again  
So if I'm not back again sometime tomorrow...  
Ooh, child... some things never change, that's just the way it is

The air is poison, I sing softly, tread lightly  
Call me anything but dismissive or passive aggressive  
Focus on movements, not the symbols or message  
Yes, I confess, God moves through these vessels  
Vest-less, restless, from 79th to Teslas, you cannot manifest this  
Thats why it's a hard concept for artist & movie directors  
You cannot project or protect the message or The Messenger  
See, that's not a job for Him and Her  
Thoughts of adding colors to black and white pictures just made it hurt  
We all wanna leave our mark on this Earth so we could live forever

I use to want that too, but with that life I can't have Heaven  
See I was tripping, overstepping, trying to reach what I saw referenced  
Thinking lessons were not lectures and these diamonds do come with pressure  
All the extras have to exit, I got purpose I got blessings  
And I want y'all to get the message