

Open Late

Vansire

I could see you from the drive-thru
Moving too fast
Right where Broadway hits the railroad
Baby don't crash

What do you think about hitting taco
It's like 2:30 AM

Oh yeah
For sure
Let's roll
Crunchwrap
Rucksack

This is not

Dunlap

You know
This is not an ad
It's just raw
It's just what we want

Yeah

OK
Can I get uh

Open late we always workin
Ain't never closed curtains when you not on the stage
Might put you on the TV if you hot on the page
Now we getting new paper baby hot off the press
A traffic jam and it's like streets a rage
I know we blessed
More than burning this sage and more than burning incense
Morning breath when I tell them this truth
It's how they react it's clockwork
You start to tug at the roots
I mean that's how Black thought work
They got you running in boots
You couldn't match with our speed
You couldn't match with our weed
You smell a sack through a purse
And somehow we still got seconds to bliss
No oven mitts I hold heat like this shit never hurt
Cold pressed shit fresh to the taste
We open late
I got the opportunity but my mans' holding the space
It ain't a race

It ain't a race