

# Grape Soda

Wiki

Thanks for tuning in  
We should do it again  
Soon  
Shout out my good friend Navy Blue

This sound like Grape Soda in the summer  
The heat rising, let the fire hydrant spray over  
The street, seeps leaves, the concrete a deep color  
Damn, it's hot, cools us down before the days over  
Keeps us covered without shade on 'em  
Before the Sun fade on 'em  
Need all the vitamin D, the Sun laid on him  
While we got this weather  
After winter, always blessed that we got the pleasure  
Do me one better  
Let go of all the pressure  
All together  
That once stressed ya  
With just one gesture  
Wipe your hands clean  
Then take a fresh sip out the canteen  
All that grape soda gon' clog your arteries  
Give you diabetes, shit, make it hard to breath  
Leave you panting, drink more water  
Let that can be, before you can't breathe  
I wanna see you be  
Everything you can be  
Playing toy soldier's  
To playing with yourself, some hand cream  
It was Bally as the boy got older changed to brandy  
Then took the choice to go slower  
Still smoke mad weed  
But its a joy to know I can't see  
No more bad dreams  
Keep having one took a Toyota Camry  
To the grand prix  
Like there must have been a mistake  
And when I win, I wake  
Asked the psychic what it meant  
She said the kid was straight  
I'm fine  
Whatever I find, I'll take  
But I'm still in a state of mind that'll drive me to finer place  
And whatever it is that's mine I'll make the best of it  
So the dream I had I'm starting to make sense of it

Better days  
Better days  
Better days  
I can see better days

Stayed in the city like a cabbie  
Tryna get his last dollar  
Unless I was with mom dukes out in Sag Harbor  
With Aunt Patty and Aunt Donna  
Never laughed harder  
Or out in Akron visiting my last barber

He moved back home to the O with his crazy ass mama  
Was from out of town, 'cause of that, he held it down harder  
Loved playin' ball in the street, the ice cream parlor  
And I had to say I felt the same way  
Now go to the Dominicans to get the fresh fade  
On Forsyth  
They bet on cockfights, it ain't all dice  
There's more bite  
Than spades or craps  
Summer hit and there's more bikes outside than the Tour De France  
But they're motor bikes, more advanced than are soaring by  
Cops stop, wanna catch em, but they can't  
Ain't gon' try  
For a split second there  
All their control deprived  
Shows me a sign  
That there's more to life  
Not every God given sign you get is on a hike  
On a mountain top shown by some sort of light  
Some are more subtle  
I saw what I saw alright  
Call it a Godly sight  
Meanwhile  
When out the back of my ear, I hear some freestyle  
Out the speaker loud on the weekend  
I start cheesin'  
I have to say I'm proud to be a Nuyorican  
When summer come, you can see it  
Lotta red, white and blue  
Ain't for the fourth  
It's for a different reason  
For a brief three months, say too-da-loo to the season  
Slow it down, smoke a few  
'Cause this the closest to the Island that we going be seein'  
'Cause it's been 94 degrees  
This whole week  
We ain't inside, we be todos aquí occupy the whole street

Better days  
Better days (You know how we be)  
Better days  
I can see better days  
Better days  
Better days

Mejores Dias, Mira  
I can see it  
I'ma let you take your time to get it  
That's where I'ma leave it