

# Float

Wrekonize

If they got chains, I got aim  
To be livin' in the middle of the lane  
And they feel it's strange that I'm plain  
But it feels quite right to be sane  
I've been locked down to the lounge  
And I can't get a route to be proud of, I'm living in code  
Everything I plant in the ground comes back to me now  
How stylish I'm feeling en vogue  
What you got a house in the hills just south of Brazil sounds nice we been gettin' roundhoused to the grill  
But it's cool, we don't need whole lotta clout doused to be real  
Everything I ever wanted just right here  
Smiles bout a mile wide, yes, my dear  
Lotta health, little wealth, and a check I clear  
Without somebody trying to come and wreck my gears  
God damn what a day to be walkin' tall  
Bottle full of whiskey and barking dogs  
From South Beach out into to Arkansas  
They tellin' me the evils about to fall  
So we just keep on doin' what we all been doin' bruh  
I let 'em know  
That they can't get a stand if we ain't on the ground  
Don't walk with me now ya just float

Soon as you turn the pages I'm sure that you will find  
This vibin' is contagious, it's known to blow your mind  
See death has many faces, but life is mighty fine  
So if you think you're outta time...  
Just come now and turn the pages, I'm sure that you will find this vibin' is contagious, it's known to blow your mind  
See death has many faces, but life is so divine  
So if you think you're outta time...

I could show you how to float...

(Oh Ohhh)  
(Oh Ohhh)  
(Oh Ohhh)

I could show you how to float...

(Oh Ohhh)  
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I could show you how to float...

(Come On!)  
(Oh Ohhh) (Come On!)  
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If I got aim, they got pain  
And they keep blowin' up into the blame

On a people that just came for some change  
Like we don't have a right to complain  
I been goin' downtown with the sound bros  
All the real people that are in the town know  
That when we come around we bring the party down low  
For the ones that could never hear us on the outro  
I got fam in all states, puttin' jam on all plates  
I've been battlin' the rates but the tides are changing  
See the spice is cajun, mics are blazing  
You might Wrekonize the arrangement  
I'm a boom-bap child with a trapped out style that keeps Ben in the basement  
With a bowl full of soul and nobody I could talk to I'm awfully patient  
Whatchu got? Whatchu need? Who you were? Who you be?  
Here's a detailed statement  
What you believe in can also be a page you are not even aware that you're tracin'  
But we keep it all goin' for the day in day out love of the nation  
If you need to float with me take your legs to the head and forget about the pavement

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