23 (Mo-Town)

Ty Brasel

(intro)
Uh uh uh uh uh
Mmmmmm
Uh uh uh uh uh uh

(chorus)
Uh, yuh,
Lately I'm writin' love songs. Can't get my mind off her
It sound like mo-town back now. I mixed the soul wit' rap now
God told me "Speak the Word." God told me "Speak your mind."
This feel like therapy. I pray for forty nights
Give me one more chance to see her dressed up lookin' divine
Oh, you an angel now? Don't go, please come back down

We runnin' outta time
I hope your time is mine
We runnin' outta time
I hope your time is mine

Uh uh uh uh uh
We runnin' outta time
I hope your time is mine
Mmmmmm mmmm

(verse)
Yeah, (go go) if I go (let her know)
let her know how I feel. Etch that stone
That was two times told the music for the soul. No sell out
If I don't go go, I got goals so cash me out
Big bo hit me up and he said, "Look bro, you know that I'm proud."
He know I put hours infinitely. Promise he would vouch
Uh, moving that coast, actually,
internationally traveling. Seven seas. Never seen
Woman like her angel wings
Is you alien or is you sent from Zion
Angel sings with the choir
Destiny, check my life up
Mozart, masterpiece. Most dope. Mash wit' me
Don't leave me on my own. Only one way to cope

(chorus)
Lately I'm writin' love songs. My mind consumed with her
It sound like mo-town back now. I mixed the soul wit' rap now
God told me "Speak the Word." God told me "Speak your mind."
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(dialogue of Ty Brasel voicemail)

(Bridge)
Yeah, light up the sky. You glow in the night
Light up my life. It's darker than eva
Lately, I'm goin' though Hell, when I'm wit' you I feel Heaven
I just need peace in my mind
Please help me relieve the pressure
I've been doin' shows back-to-back
Gettin' it popped off
Never takin' time for what matters most
Yeah, never takin' time for what matters most
All of my priorities is off yeah
Popped off, I've been in the city getting popped off
I just been busy wit' the music
I don't make no time for what matters most
All of my priorities is backwards. It just all off
I need to write my wrongs
I wrote another love song
Just so I let it be know that we runnin' outta time
I hope you time is not your own, our own

(chorus
Lately I'm writin' love songs. Can't get my mind off her
It sound like mo-town back now. I mixed the soul wit' rap now
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Lyrics Submitted by Emily and Akim

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