Mark (low bass)

Shahmen

Skin the color of bark
Clothes smellin' like trees
Diggin' my earth, find my roots and weeds
My truth bleeds right back in the arm
No scar, but I left my mark
My friend got clean and O.D.'ed, life is just that darkClothes smellin' like trees
Diggin' my earth, find my roots and weeds
My truth bleeds right back in the arm
No scar, but I left my mark
My friend got clean and O.D.'ed, life is just that darkBut life is just that bright
That when the sunset shines
See the graph he writes
I'm back tonight, with a sack to light
In honor of the past I write
I'm wide open, with no glass of wine
Stuck in a barrel, I'll get better with time
While you measure how the pleasure declines
I'm stackin' cheddar while the bread just rise
With my eyes and my ears glued here on my grind, cuttyCreepin' on a come up
No sleepin' till the sun's up
Tellin' secrets to the drum thumps
Pledge allegiance to the blood pump
Until I leak my last liter, here's my one loveAnd all these angels got their guns up
But no fear when my teeth and my tongue touch
I am here, and I speak for the young bloods
Who've seen the flood, and they drug all the anchors up
And set sail through the world, in the name of trust
Hard work, and the crux that it made in us
I'm 'bout to bust, all my veins full of gold dust
That 1985 California gold rush, in the spine plus the flesh that it holds up
I'm out for mines and my wolves got it sewn up
One crow, one eagle on my shoulders
And my eyes hold the light that approaches
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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