

Slow Groove

Oddisee

Been on the road for quite some time now
En route to work is the only time that I wind down
I feel like Caesar on a quest to make Rome bigger
I played in trees as a child and could never climb down
Becoming introspective, I need to be more selective
I'm way too nice got me feeling bad to ignore a message
I traded secrets with homies I really thought could keep it
The Minute I leave and they steal my dreams and they try to sell it
I can't tell if it's, my fault or theirs
People being themselves I need to be more prepared
I guess it's time to tighten up the circle
Put some notches in the belt for all the weight I've had to shed
More locks up on the door, a couple cameras in the front
Yeah I know who you are but what do you want?
Fool what you want?
Fool what you want?
(I'm sorry scratch it like that)
Fool what you want? Slow groove
I just wanna take my time
I don't mind the wait in line
I ain't goin' nowhere soon
I just wanna take my time
I don't mind the wait in line
We ain't goin' nowhere I've been contemplating drinking and the use of drugs
My favorite artists do it, they all influence us
I ain't talking Future but rather older names
I'm talking Hendrix, talking Davis, talking Marvin Gaye
They were kings but to the coping they became a slave
Know that I got it in me don't pass me a shot of whiskey
Anything I do, I do it the most
It just so happens I'm rewarded for being extreme
Applauded workaholic falling asleep in the office
And I'll never get fired
Irony, I'm a boss cause I could never get hired
Ain't got an off switch, therefore my bills higher
Somebody get coffee, black, single origin like our ancestors
Oh you forgot cause you tan lesser
This is me in a jam session cram a lesson in
Like party now, study in the end

100 percentSlow groove
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I don't mind the wait in line
We ain't goin' nowhereI'm really good at my job, that's because I understood it's a job
I'm not interested in coming to your studio or chilling after shows
I've got to do this all over tomorrow
I'd rather chill in my home, go out to eat just me and Ziz in the park
Seldom see me in the streets after dark
Cept' my name in that mar- quee
Traded street lights for stage lights
I'm trying to make a living from art
Have a life full of love, memories you can not like or remark
I'm only posting what I'm seeing in parts
I mean what's more tragic, living in a hyper reality
Or the the systematic murder of magic
I'm chasing the wild things and they're becoming harder to find
In time I'm sure they'll only live in my mind
But for now I'm on the prowl for the how's
Leave it all up to chance bruh
Sometimes I'd rather not know the answer
But that's just meSlow groove
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Songwriters

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