

# So It Goes

## RATKING

No need to be cooping it home  
Got the stoop as my throne  
Brick and concrete stricken on me, with a raunchy ho swollen  
No Rome throne golden  
Only beige with a mix of grey that's the closest, much of my motion's  
The Hudson a flowing  
Carrying Russian locust, Irish locust, Puerto Rican locust  
Get off the boat and seeking, to go kiss the golden streets, but  
No its, instead stop, still get hot off bedrock, accept home, left home  
To get a home, to get it on, to get a grip, to get a life long bird  
On a quite strong grip  
Looking at your New York Giants with eyes that realize how high it gets  
Business legitimate or you swiping shit, kind of like this Nikon lens  
Stole it from a ho, she was high on meds  
Brought it to Canal, now they buying it  
Recycling it on some unlicensed shit  
How could you put a, pu-put a price on this  
City we surviving in, city we be vibing with  
City I been living here my whole life, how could I be hyped on shit?Six million trains to ride, choose one  
Six million stories to tell, whose one?  
There's plenty as many as pennies in the futon  
Hidden, waiting, to be spitten once the crews gone (x2)  
City got me working, got me doing service, don't deserve it  
Witty, whittling, learning  
Most this wood is probably burning  
Most this wood is probably burningHow can you buy, sell the sky, warmth of the land  
Spit where you want, nigga don't give a damn  
Freshness of air, sparkle on the water  
Eagles are our brothers, and flowers are our daughtersThirst, desire dreams, pleasure sorrow  
Sacrifices in depth blue shade grove taro  
Where was it then it wasn't far though  
Attach your attention to now, no not tomorrow  
Air precious, same, same breath  
The beast, the trees, the spore, the man, the rest  
Rotten buffaloes on the prairie, no not the pain  
White chief from Washington shot from trains  
If all beasts were gone, life as one  
Man would die from a great longing to sing  
Cling to calls and fallen wings

Up to me, I'd spring to spring and fling this bling

Songwriters

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