Pockets Full (feat. Freeway)

Skyzoo

[Featuring: Freeway][Verse 1: Skyzoo]
How they talking it but ain't living it?
That Spade pop, I'm sipping it, made mine deliberate
Made mine in remembrance of a couple of doors down
Cause when you neighbors wit the greatest your applause sounds
Madison Square like, I rap for where its like
If nothing else is saving you then packaging squares might
They told me that I got it to Basquiat it
Brought you so close to it you thought YOU was buying product
Vividly I, forefront em when they sit on the sides
I gave em Linderella stories and the city obliged
I'm in a city of Gods and needles and Foamposites
Singing line for the line and see how this dope got us
Arms length, jeeps with dark tents
Damier Louis shit, Tisa's in all prints
For the desire of everything they deny us
They ask to define us tell em dreaming's the problem
So if you see us anywhere its pockets full
[Hook]
Pockets full
Pockets full of now
So know that if we down
We'll be down til we counting all around
And counting til we out
Tell em pockets full[Verse 2: Freeway]
My pockets was empty til I flipped and tripled my profit
I'm similar to Skyzoo, attempted to sky rocket
Posted by them benches serving them smokers that buy product
As hopeless as I had it, not bragging but baby I made it
Out the city where them people will bang
Flamers and double back, clap and shoot your dame in the same
Evening, your city ain't wild as ours, Philly raise heathens
Y'all city raise divas like Billy Ray Cyrus
Freezer count cheese, get green like I'm Irish
Flow wavy, I'm about to set seas like a pirate
Call the navy up, tell 'em Team Early up, wilding
I ain't talking 'bout the drink when I say its hypnotic
These rappers far from goblins and they're not goons
And when I'm flowing on the beat the pocket's full

Used to post up on the street, tell 'em cop and move
Now I bully booths, I got a lot to prove, tell them fools my pockets full
[Hook][Verse 3: Skyzoo]
We grew up singing keep your eyes open & your wallet in your front pocket
Riding along gave us one option
Riding along to the drum knocking, like yea the drums got this
And God forbid if the drums stopping
But if they ever do, then all we ever knew
Was so for real we can hand em what we've yet to lose
Soul For Real baby, candy coated residue
And know the drill if them cameras ever get to you, fuck it we on tho
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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