

# 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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