

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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