

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 burning How 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 daughters Thirst, 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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