Recoil (Crimson)

Notes to Self

[Chorus]
Took my money out the bank last night
? put it on the line
? put it on the line
put it on the...
we don't know we don't know why we do it
But I'm gonna let it ride, think I'm gonna let it ride
(we don't know we don't know it)
I can't see tomorrow
(we don't know we don't know it)
I can't write this down
(we don't know we don't know it)
I can't read these lines in my palm I've gone far too long
(we don't know we don't know it)

[Verse 1]
Where the time go, where my time spent
Where the last five years of my life went
How to work harder than I am now
How to turn off, how to stand down
But when you people that you count on is frontin'
And theorizing trying to count so you was counterproductive
Especially when this shit is on account of you buzzin'
And they see you was one sided like you counterfeit money!
Catch me if you can, so you can tell me all about this mess up on my hands
When I pressed up on the gas I had no ID
How the fuck you think we got here, those my keys
Long Beach, California across to Boston, Mass
Got dreams of performing all across the map
Swamp D had a shorty but it's not that bad
He's still three and a quarter in that (Padre cab?)

[Chorus]

[Verse 2]
How we got here, when I bust strong
It's the top tier, what we got going
How to not care, should I stop there?
We don't know we don't know what we got here

Too close to home, too far to the left
Sugar coated when I wrote it, so pardon my French,
But to the counterfeit I don't know how to sound a bit
(Anna Nicole I'm down us?) no matter what I get out of it
This is money ball, we ain't suppose to win
This is do it yourself rap, this is my closest friends
So ya we fight like blood, but their ain't another motivation quite like love
And the playa' gotta drive in the dry or rain
I could tell you rode tiger at the driver range
But now swimming out the (wood?) work where the times have changed
And I'm rolling the green alone trying to find my game

[Chorus]

I bought back to back flights
Two cities two shows in one night
How it feels at the grammy awards
When you never see your family on tour
We don't know about killing a little time
Chillin' at the green room and Jimmy Kimmel Live
We don't know what the stadium lights feel like
Do they feel bright, do they feel right?
Right now the kick just kicked in, I chipped my chips in fixed the fix in
Shed my fixed skin, skin myself doubt read the tea leaves and left the rest out
Certain uncertainties, nothing here is a certainty, but certainly you see my circle inside of my circuitry
Promise I'm on it, I speak it honest so brutally
If you can't see the writing that's right in front of you google me

[Chorus]

Lyrics submitted by Dave Smith.

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