So Sick Stories (feat. King Krule)

RATKING

Now do you see this, the way the grey controls only
The souls that go to sleep to sink and dissolve
I set adrift, in between the concrete and the mist
Just another inner city bliss
Now do you see this, the way the grey controls only
The souls that go to sleep to sink and dissolve
I set adrift, in between the concrete and the mist
Just another inner city river blissUptown, soul of American century, no dispute
Our foreign coup, Malcolm gets shoot, shot
Harlem screaming, "How come it's you, not?"
Some other fucker at that audubon spot, got
Houdini to seedy schemey, junkies who would easily deceive me, believe me
Monthly, must be, easy to fuck with Wik
In my ear saying "Suck this dick 'fore I get sadistic"
I'm in the corner, crying "what's this shit?"
Seems I'm either puffing that bliss or cuffs on my wrist
Yin and yang, either stinging with pain or bringing that grain
Either way yo it's all the same thang
Thinking, might it be worth it, life in the circle, write in my journal
My journals the, city it flows with the prettiest prose
Mixed with the gritty and gross, I pity the
Hideous shmoe, not the idiot shmucks, still giving a fuck
But I pity them so I guess I care too, prepared to
I-I-I dare to, keep trying when dying
The island be my heirloomNow do you see this, the way the grey controls only
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Just another inner city river blissMarred Muts, upstream harbored us
Luck loop of lucky louie shufflin' suave struts
Wrists carved up, from center street souls
Whose scars won't shut, no scars won't shut!
Back in kickball they were the kids that got cut
Type to lick ya tears off, poke ya gut and such
Now who's stuck? And where's my luck?
Barged baxter in bayard boom, where's my buck?

You wouldn't last long on Lennox, you scared to come up
But you need to be as scared of the come up
When you need to be shootin' shoats and saving the young pups
Torrid heat, Time Square post let it erupt
We're bashing and barking like, dogs in the fog
Down the South, slow draws, haggard hogs
I can feel ya hunger baby, scribble and make ya starve
Taught you 'bout tatted walls, scratched and scattered scrawls
Night you like to breathe but you talk timid towards tamed with awe
And tongues rip through holes with pockets to draws
I was born in the ocean and adapted to life ashore
Take it as a simple world, world, world
Guess I'm spatting off like hell, now what the hell
All the, all the, sick stories to tell
Sittin' in ya cell thinkin' to yourself, "how'd I fail"
Well, why'd I wail?Now do you see this, the way the grey controls only
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The souls that go to sleep to sink and dissolve
I set adrift, in between the concrete and the mist
Just another inner city river blissSuave slobs, conquer, Manahatta
Wally's on my feet, Squallies on the creep 'cross the
Street where the people that peep the nostalgia
All dat karma can come upon yaSuave slobs, conquer, Manahatta
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