Glass Ceilings

[Skyzoo](#)

Figure its a clock work orange how I'm pardoned wit the top of it
Leave it up to me to see the bottomless,
bottom is
Meaning what the moral or the object of the riding is
Told 'em all before, no Radames, riding with
couple dreams in a duffle
Damier's all around it
, guess a dream might run you
And the run's a 100 yarder, the dash mite barter
And you tryna shake a Dash like a Carter
I'm tryna play the back as a starter, the irony in that
Wanting all of it but wanting no part of the react
I react like, all we ever wanted was to be up
Nobody could guard us but regardless they should lead us?
Still playing ringer, told me chill while they king him
Background live or die, they can still raise a finger
Those around us can see the same tent
Windex the roof, it only makes sense
It's all glass ceilings
High enough to let up
Low enough to feel it
Blowing thru the ceiling
Looking for it 'til its all said
And then it feels like when they killed Cornbread
Or Cochise
or Voletta's son
The common thread?, its prolly better if you never run
Or find a ledge that you can level if they ever come
I'm 'bout this bread, God bless you if I'm ever shunned
Say I took it just the way that I was taught to
You wait and you'll be laid when they applaud you
You say that if I lost you there's nothing left to seek out
I say that if I lost you, you wasn't supposed to be found, so we out
We out, outside living like this outside living wasn't out the side limits
Or living like the roof up above us wasn't loose enough to touch us
Mu'fuckas wasn't true enough to love us
And all of those around us can see the same tent
Windex the roof, it only makes sense
Big money in my sentence

Sleep ain't what it was, it come a little different
If we can't cover up then cut a little distance
Each and everyone of us just want it how we live it