

# Quicksand (Instrumental)

## Yancey Boys

I always knew I'd touch the sky  
With heart full of fire and third eye  
Steady my vision, my climb  
I, I knew with all my mind The dream manifesto, to get it and don't let go  
Praises to the most high, eyes are kinda set low  
A man of many faces  
I rock the crooked smile since they took off my braces  
Back on Stony Isle we was on our own oasis  
Mild sauce, hot tempers cold cases, huh  
I ran the town not knowing it was races  
Standing on the deck smokin' aces  
Grace is the wonderland  
I see the face of the Son of Man  
A fatherless child that made it to the motherland  
I think how far these raps really took me  
A veteran in the game I stay fresh like a rookie  
When I was underground, they used to overlook me  
Now flicks and book tours make it hard for them to book me  
The presence of Ra, the essence of a star  
Jewelry and a car, suggesting who we are  
The blessings of Jah, that come through us all  
I'm seasoned y'all, I never knew when to fall  
In the quicksand  
I always knew I'll touch the sky  
With heart full of fire and third eye  
Steady my vision my climb  
I, I knew with all my mind The picture's been clear since this man's been a shorty  
Consolidate the dollars go dumb E-40  
No pimping in your poetry  
No sleeping with your jewelry off  
And when you get your chance slam dunk it, Ronny Turiaf  
And I did that, me and my guys repping the city  
And I hustle with no pity, they christen me Frank Nitty  
And I took that and I ran with it, made a few stacks and some bands with it  
But then I brought it home, a student must then teach his own  
And I could never dream it could go from the Yancey's basement  
To be standing up on stages in front of some foreign faces  
Get love in those foreign places like we from there, and oh yea  
They like, "Where the dollars at?"

I'm like, "Imma call you back"  
And please let me clarify  
Playa, I'll be damned if I  
Ever let the picture fade to black before I say goodbye  
Spot you like you Spotify  
Nitty make the song cry  
Imma let Illa sing his lullaby  
Quicksand  
I always knew I'll touch the sky  
With heart full of fire and third eye  
Steady my vision my climb  
I, I knew with all my mind I heard a hater say I never be more than J Dilla's little brother  
I never be more than an insignificant other  
I never be more than a video stand-in  
But here I am still standing  
When you haters try to leave me in the quicksand  
Left me outside the club with no wristband  
Now I'm pissed off like I'm repping the Pistons  
And I came all the way from fuckin' Michigan  
That's when the shit hit the fan then I moved back  
Had to do my Stella still I had to get my groove back  
Then I came up with a plan to put my shoes back on  
I ran hella hella fast until I proved that  
I could do it while I'm swimming in the pool of sweat, blood and tears  
My career I had to keep pursuing that  
And I could do that with my eyes closed  
Cause I know I'm fly, always knew I...I always knew I'll touch the sky  
With heart full of fire and third eye  
Steady my vision my climb  
I, I knew with all my mind  
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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