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 mindThe 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 mindThe 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 mindI 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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