

# Matches (feat. The Hics) [prod. by Ron Gilmore]

## Bas

I guess the lights that been shining a lot brighter  
Lets have a drink with the girls from the videos  
If I wasn't preoccupied, self absorbed, you self alone  
I left you with, I got the world  
Still felt alone and ever since been lost in the stars  
Missing on what Heaven sent godly  
I'm faulty, I'm fraud maybe  
Probably was the reason why your dog hate me  
But fuck that bitch like the law baby  
Girl I'm just playing but I'm off though  
We should grab a drink before we link up at the cross road  
Pick it all apart, don't be tickling my heart you'd say  
I was with you from the start you'd say  
I really thought you did it for the art you'd say  
I guess the lights that been shining a lot brighter  
Lets have a drink with the girls from the video  
I must have been through this once in my past life  
I see the pit falls, dodging the difficult  
Rolling down a slippery slope, stay on point I tippy toe it  
Won't you smile it gives me hope  
Pray that you forgive me for it  
Rolling down a slippery slope, stay on point I tippy toe it  
Won't you smile it gives me hope  
Pray that you forgive me for it  
You understand?  
Can't remember last night a nigga under Xans  
My haters I lost sight can't see 'em under Bans  
My niggas yell, "lets ride" they see I got a plan  
Me I understand, I just understand it  
I pray to God when I see how far we've come  
Tears of joy I think we could drown the sun  
And let that marijuana twist up  
Put me right up in the lineup never been sub  
I'm next up never mind when we get snubbed  
They getting Michael Jordan, Harold Miner mixed up  
We gone show 'em that Dreamville this year  
We gone show 'em that when the people come together ain't no holding back  
And that's the only fact  
I been holding back tears for these young black souls lost in the past year  
Some by the law, they ain't even flash steel  
Some by they own dogs, most by their own fears  
And you can watch it all young nigga stand still

Niggas yelling 100, they ain't half real  
Fuck a line in the sand, I put a line on the dot and leave you right where you stand, and I'm just trying to  
understandRolling down a slippery slope, stay on point I tippy toe it  
Won't you smile it gives me hope  
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Rolling down a slippery slope, stay on point I tippy toe it  
Won't you smile it gives me hope  
Pray that you forgive me for itBeen there before, lust in my eye  
Times in the past  
Drowning my sorrows, my fears for you  
Louder, in my head getting louder  
I'm holding on tight darling  
The roots to places I found  
I'm closing my eyes closed  
I'm back with you in my mind

Songwriters

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