

# Hourglass

## CunninLynguists

[Verse 1: Deacon]

I'm waiting for growth to show up and for hope to manifest  
3 A.M.? I'm awaiting awake to hand me rest  
Fate to send caress and a face that I can feel  
With weight from heavy breasts  
An embrace that helps me chill  
Grace that human males can't feel  
Unless he builds with a female until time stands still  
When we take off our shells and chill  
All before fingers learn bodies like we got blindman skill  
She speaks no evil but says whatever  
After Shaking up bed-feathers still prays together  
On a parlay flip, permanent private party trip  
The next Ruby and Ossie Davis, I'm talking great shit  
Up walking late, lit. 4:25, high  
Her mighty fine thighs silhouetted by sky-rise  
Place the know how, behind my eyes  
To take something unfortunate  
And show them they're a fortune in my life  
Look KY side, lend me a hand, send me a plan  
A Remy Shand message of love, tell Cupid we fam'  
And to clock something that'll learn who I am

As I learn with, chillin out, watching our hourglass sands[Hook][Verse 2: Deacon]

Spent Pubescent years, blessed with peers I could trust  
Spinning records to a game of checkers after dusk  
Laughter rushes out of mouth, clutchin my stomach, abs burning  
From fast learning, not cash earning  
Cause we wasn't really on 'at yet, just yes' y'alling  
At this point, our lil' brainchild was hardly crawling  
But had fallen enough times to keep a niggas head strong  
Fucked with enough spiders to charm a mama leglong  
We's dead wrong, many days and nights  
Trying strange thangs  
From jane to cane and variants of the same change  
Get trapped, you off map, no Peter Pan scenes  
Where everythings tight and lily whiter than Klan dreams  
Tryna get something ripe, a nice woman queen  
Stay strong and fight life, like Sudan kings  
Pray to make cents for giving

And make sense out of living  
Lord give me patience to gain wisom, please[Hook]

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