

My Notes

Atmosphere

I saw the sun rise, then the green grew
Weaving through the concrete cracks that we cling to
As long as I can hit my notes, I'ma
Try to keep up with my folks
I smelled rain that brought the flash flood
With a river of permanent tear drops and rap hugs
Bad luck, play with the effortless
So I backed away from quick benefits
She'd skin of those that spit venomous
Yeah that's him, he's the one that tips generous
Still trying to define my description
A life with a little spare time for living

But even if I wanna hold the position
I gotta go, like "Daddy don't know any different"
I saw the noon sky, look at the snow melt
I left most my baggage up in a hotel
As long as I can hit my notes, I'ma
Travel down that gravel road
I heard a bird cry - it was pathetic
Man, if you can fly, spread feathers like a message
As long as I can hit my notes, I'ma
Stay on top this box of soap
I felt the track slip, but didn't pull breaks
I'm half dead, but already got a full plate
As long as I can hit my notes...

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