

# Nostalgious (feat. Taelor Gray & B. Reith)

## Christon Gray

The layaway flow  
Lot of things been on hold  
I've been paying for something he gave away, though  
Guess I feel obligated  
Probably since the day i came home  
Don't make a lot of sense  
The problem is I'm day to day low on change  
Say it ain't so  
Probably spent a lot of days on condemnation  
I paper plate fold  
Moping, I'm motivated that will make me change clothes  
I'm Django, I feel like a slave so I'm cautious  
To say no but in the same note I'm bossin'  
I stay broke but on the same note I'm flossin'  
Knowin good and well I'm outta my range so I'm falsin'  
Falsetto vibrato, I lost it  
Singin I am a god, but this ain't livin'  
If you just buying Lebrons, and this ain't winning  
If you just trying for bronze medallions  
I used to keep my eye on the prize  
Nostalgia  
My oh my, my blue eyes telling me  
A story I describe as a true crime felony  
The cruel world through the pupils of a school girl  
I'm doing my best not to let it take form  
To my surprise I'm nothing more than a pedigree  
Working like a dog to keep the dogs off my door  
But every dog has its day so I'm torn  
Between home or the tour, rose or the thorns  
I'm doin' my best not to let it take form  
Me and my angels, triangle is the norm  
But I'm caught up in the circle, spinning wheels till I'm worn  
Push 'em to the edge, edges look worn  
So I'm kneeling at my bed till my circle transform  
To an octagon red, still I ignore  
Back to the circles, now I'm back in the storm  
Blue grey eyes, gotta Skype her in the mornin  
Night-night to Mya, to mommy its the norm  
The honeymoon is gone, back to the swarm

I'm making more money but honey ain't impressed  
Cause she know about the stress and she knows about the porn  
I can feel the disconnect, I can feel it even more  
I'm tryna take a breath, but there's nothing like a scorn  
I'm feeling so withered, ain't no sunshine when she's gone  
I gotta go get it  
The circle's your rock ladawn  
Yo, this is King meets Calvin  
Cold blooded, 100 below kelvin  
This nostalgia harder to read than Melville  
On the same tide and we rolling like Yeldon  
I drop anchor, vibing to Ben Tankard  
All of this advertising, mind of a Don Draper  
Gold rush in the tomb with the finer things  
Meeting women on the fly, grew some designer wings  
Ribbon in the sky, how cruel is the irony  
I may never see it on my stool in the winery  
Was in the swimming pools calling it the liver pool red-eye  
Used to rock forces like a Jedi  
Turn Puma turn lunar and eclipsed  
Did the son preach my funeral the universe's expense  
None rich and journey big up in the system  
Elevation is forever, indwelling is the sixth sense  
At times I tend to lose focus  
Should I scratch lines to render men hopeless  
Or flat line my own dreams of show biz so  
His love can shine through this opus I remember that moment like yesterday  
Your smile came through the cloud  
Nothing else mattered more in than that moment when you called me out of the ground

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