

# Spring Winter Summer Fall (feat. Jimetta Rose)

## Blu

Through the valleys in the shadows of death  
I half step off the sidewalk to catch my breath  
While they glorify thoughts that immortalize chalk  
I jog life through cemeteries where? mortifieds walk  
Took the hawk out, feed it chickenhearts when its dark out  
Parked in a dark spot where havenots talk loud  
About anything sinking under the sun  
Converse mind never spotless died a hundred and one  
Saw a child without his shoes tied run with a gun  
Yelling back at one saying all he wanted was fun  
Where's the love touched the dial and the crowd went wild  
When the hand hit the three and the nine time smiled  
And I glanced at it, I saw an old man dance frantic  
Aint no half step he was playing out of band blasting  
It was tragic when the magic in the city left  
Good thing the people by the sea kept plenty depth  
Some say they would throw a bottle of wishes  
Out to the fishes who presented it as visions to the other side  
I never swam that far  
But I saw the same results casting cars at falling stars  
Thought it from the tippy the people from the city sang country tunes  
And humbly tripped the humpty under drunken moons  
A baboon used to gamble his jewels to pay dudes  
His hand was so hot he thought that ever moon was june  
Ayo my man took a flag out the moon and made a cape  
Gave away saturns rings to venus and changed space  
Told? philosophers the heart aint a stone its a ruby  
Every beat it made turned to compliments and precious jewellery  
And the world rained diamonds simultaneous  
The homeless were the only ones who knew of the engagement  
I sat and sang hymns on the empty stage faded  
Woke up the next morning on a crystallized pavement  
Wondering where the day went  
Golden gates sent down an angel who told me to hear the secrets  
I didnt know I was holding  
That moment rap slogans were quoted like scriptures  
Rich folk went broke and spent the night with us  
I invited my niggas to rock tuxes at the function  
Bebop was transformed to boom bap production

It was true that the subject reminded me of someone  
Her face kept changing from one to another one  
I added all my numbers up and counted out a blessing  
Equated lifes lessons, subtracted my transgressions  
Rested on a mountain where a woman ran naked  
Heard the last call right before they played my mans record  
At last we were headed to a place more familiar  
The eyes opened so wide to earth they could fill up  
I took a picture of her with her hair up in a rainbow  
And when I finally met her I just asked her why she changed so

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