

Red Wine (feat. Syd & Elena)

Common

Red wine time on the couch
Happy you agreed to hang out
Keep my head in the clouds
Keep them old names out your mouth
I can make you laugh out loud
We the only ones in the house
I can help you body wind down
Make this bottle disappear right now
Get comfortable, comfortable
Get comfortable, comfortable
Get comfortable, comfortable
Let's stay in for the night
Maybe take a walk outside
Let's distance your pride
Me fall in love with your mind
If I look deep in your eyes
I can guess your zodiac sign
We ain't got nothing but time
We can just chill and unwind
Get comfortable, comfortable
Get comfortable, comfortable
Get comfortable, comfortableFreedom is the road less traveled by the multitude
The mood, it's the mode, it's the culture
Where there's food there's vultures
More Tony now, back then I was Sosa
I was sent like a penny in a loafer
The 2Pac Deepak Chopra
On a plane drinking wine with Oprah
When I missed the dap I ain't mean to insult her
Black Caesar, ey o amo roma
Tuto biene vino rosa
My dominican girl she loves soca
Take her to Minetta take her to the MOCA
Most of my friends at home that I'm close to
When they talk, put it on stone like a sculpture
Used to be a hooper, now I'm a hoper
Thoughts I bring to life like an ultra sound
I'm bound to the underground
Breaking walls down for the black and brown

A activist is active now
How far will you go for exposure?
Little homie in the paint tryna post up
Don't make me have to put you on a poster
Posterized by what I vocalize
Weathered the storm like I know the skies
Yea we wear the mask but I know no disguise
These signs of the times are notarized
Written by the lord of the skies mortalized
In us, I got cold through cruel winters
Grandmas, defenders, Fred Hamptons agenda
Never been good with pretenders
They lying on the king like Simba
Dinner, branzino and red wine
Quality shared time
Fucking and laughing 'til its bed time
Red like my lips
Blue like past thoughts
Brown like your eyes
Just enough time
I can't think now
You're too close and I
Might be too nice
These New York nights
Got me taking chances
I think your hands
Might look just right
If they held mine
Get comfortable, comfortable
Get comfortable, comfortable
Get comfortable, comfortable
Get two glasses
Now I'm swimming
Off the deep end
Heightened senses
No pretending
Make my head spin
I like dancing
In my bedroom
It's just me and you
Put that tape on
Tell me what you want
Let's just make time feel, long
Get comfortable, get comfortable
You could just stay for the night
Here, let me turn down the lights

You can let go
Passion comes from down below
We go together like so
Let's make a toast
That we both can make the most of this time
Red wine

Songwriters

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