

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]

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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