

Pardon

Blu

(Pardon me brother, as you stand in your glory)

Yea, When you get too old to fight

Hummin' like a bird does dubs etcetera

Instead of collectin' her you rejected her

Respected her, let her be hurt

Wrote her a letter and she read it for rescindin' (or "resending")

Gone with em' fell victim to the prism of what

Seeds don't grow by the farms they are

Gentrified sent alive to me, beliefs

Optimistical paths so predictable to rituals

Habitual, laugh if it tickles you

Funny money live for you bruh

Mom said its for the French and you

Parlez-vous Francais

obviously probly just me

Feelin like Gs, Surrounded by thieves rounded by the trees

Planted by the rivers and the waters, praisin' daughters

Bought a grave for the father

Behave I'm no martyr just, (ask Marty kin?)/(Ass-smarty kid?)

You's a loser if you ain't with somebody

On the fourteenth goin' on the twenty-sixth feelin' like a bitch

Cuz I was feelin' this bitch

Wasn't doin' nothin' but feelin' her, Now What?

Back to feelin this paper, feelin' this vapor caped crusader

Ain't the same, I came close but no cigar folks

(Pea Job split?) to the head like a drop-kick

Through the snares and all but who cares

I cut my hair instead of pullin' it out of my head, dawg I was

Something like it, now I'm

Nothin' without something sunk in my chair thinkin' bout

Lovin' someone so rare but I can't keep followin' in

Starin' at a dream, Moonwalk talkin' to ghosts

Gone off of that, endo smokin' we elope

God bless the child who grows the:

Lone Ranger from, out of the manger born

Knowledge reign supreme over nearly anyone that's afraid to dream try...

You think those guys look like they'll ever be sensitive to my record collection? (laughing)

A bunch of football jocks, 'What do you got here? A bunch of old albums or something?'''

Transitions into track 10 "Vanity"

Lyrics provided by
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