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"

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