Suicide Doors

Skyzoo

As I think of how to begin this, I already thought up the ending
And if the ending dictates the way the start of it's written
Then I'm really rewinding what isn't, get it?
Swear it gets harder to get it but when you got it
To get it again's more innocent, it's like product
Concealing the end is in a sense how lights got us
And sealing the win's where it begins, it's right by us
Labeled it type bias, to be one in the same
Or maybe they might buy us, to see one of us change
Or say that they might bye us, and leave us yet again
For a gain like pills on the banners of your screen
Know to handle the regime is the handle on the lead
And the hands do extend 'til a hand is outta reach
And the reach be the limbs that'll balance out the means
And the means to it all will get a ski mask involved
And you winning or you swimming in a flood of the maroon type
Sheets by the dozen and you covered by a boom mic
Pardon, the most humble of an autograph
The threaded needles of desert eagles and honors raps
The high of thinking you can find more
The balance of the script when a shooter signs off
Ballerina fits like two inside four
All for the intrigue of a suicide doorSaw the doors lifting up
And then they never came down
I mean they rode around the block with the doors lifted up
Like they was flying off the ground
And then they told us that they call those suicide doors
They said they call those suicide doors
The break lights was 100 dollar bill green
And we was green for a suicide doorAnd as we take this to a further route
The steps move like its word of mouth
The steps move like if they was stepping with us when we further out
So step two becomes to work around
It gets lighter than a fly knit, tighter than a eye slit
Brighter than the writer you was bright enough to climb with
Complimenting you while biggin' up me
Just brings us up to speed to the steps that we aligned with
Then it all ties in, tied up to keep down
Or cover up your eyes when it flies like you Dee Brown

The complexities of rubbing arms next to me
It all adds to these bags of longevity
It's like, I'm Wayne Shorter with a ratchet fetish
Or, I'm Mendecees with a jazz collection
In other words, I covet what they covered
Like overflowing cupboards spilling gold medal dreams
And running to the cupboard like you're gold medal breed
Or bred, and fed how that gold medal steam
Meanings all over, you can pick the one that suits you
Depending the tie the accessory could lose you
See how we still twisting shit together?
Black ice dangle from the mirror that reflects us
Black ice tangled til the loop is tied off
All for the intrigue of a suicide door

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