

Golden Years

The Russian Futurists

Ya

Check it out

It goes like this

Yo

It's the warmth when it's cold and it's stormin

It's driftin off to the sound of the rain

It's gettin up, kickin goals in the mornin

It's liftin up from the ground with your flame

It's the strength to with stand life lessons

It's the clock as the hand strikes seconds

It's my movie, where every memory's a color I collect to expand my spectrum

It's the simple days, Childhood here now, then it's gone in an instant

Back when the wall around my world was a little to high to see beyond in the distance

It's the smell of my mitt in the fresh grass

Little league, and the times that I'm so free

It's snow days, Martachello park

When the sleds hit the hills and their flyin through the oak trees

It's the kid who collects cards, back in 91 summertime comin out the store and

It's the fact he's unrappin the pack with a smile on his dial cause he's scorin the Jordan

Past times, I hold em dear. It's Maryland Virginia, bold and clear

The way the leaves on those trees in the streets would fall in the fall, all to paint my golden years and yeah

Chorus: X2

When the Sky's gray, I live on light rays

I've written every page of my life's play

I've drawn through my eyes

I've colored outside the lines

Tryin to hold these golden years that are flashin by

It's a bumpy road, tryin to steer through the years of a genius

Can't conceal what I feel, this is real and the deal is it heals like the tears from a phoenix

And I remember those days with my dad in the great outdoors getting raised by the land

Not knowin how hard life gets

Call me huckleberry when I start my quest

So jump on my cloud, sit back and lounge

My wings are the size of a rich rappers house

I'll never leave, so, picture a Viking

Who's, memory is like Christian the lion

That was me goin town to town

On fireworks night you couldn't count me out

My mates older brothers had a hundred of the buggers
Take cover cause we nearly burned down the house
I remember when they took away my wu-tang
Sittin there till the bell in my school rang
Playin pool on the cool where the rules are abused
My adventure to the center where the youth hang
And grandmas, we'd visit every journey
A living room stage where I'd mimic Eddy Murphey
Or kid and play, I'd play delirious
So damn much, they couldn't take me serious
When the Sky's gray, I live on light rays
I've written every page of my life's play
I've drawn through my eyes
I've colored outside the lines
Tryin to hold these golden years that are flashin by

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