Greyhounds (feat. Usher)

De La Soul

[Verse 1]
Fresh from a bible belt town
That's what she's givin' up
Not really livin', just flesh comin' off a greyhound
Right at a blink of an eye he provides her with charm
Hides that he is a shark
Suggests a few apartments, never hints to the home
That's what he wanna do
She just wanna new zip code for an old dream
Lost in an appetite now the big apple might
Find her habit of a queen
Feel the negro that's filled with an equal match road
Destination unknown
She's Little Bow Peep
And her and her whole sheep gonna have their wool unsewn
Now the wolf give a push
Now watch her jump in with two feet
Blue heat don't know how to swim through the limbs
Everyone huggin' her, tuggin' her
Ride on the merry-go-round of four drinks and two white lines
Go fast with the fast life so she needs more
One fun fix, now a daily chore
Provide the score, written and produced so perverse
He's a pro well versed
Told her that the purse that she want
With the shoes that she love and the rent that she need paid
Can be earned with speed in a day
Escort on the high class side
Champagne glass rides
White snow waterfalls, oh how time flies
When you're flyin', crash and burn
She learned that her soul was dyin'
That's worth savin'
She's cravin' that bible belt town
So she crawls back on the Greyhound[Hook: Usher]
Next stop, NYC
Take your seats please
I know exactly where you're goin', I can see it on your face
I know how to get there

And I give you my word that I get you there safe
I don't need to check your baggage
I don't need to know your name
All I need to know is
By the time you arrive, you'll forever be changed
[Verse 2]
Fresh new Gucci belt, bound
Fast to the city scape
Dash to deliver fate
Stashed in this duffel bag, proud
It's no scaredy cat
Life was always spared in thy name
That the gamblers fold
No chips if the scramble got cold
But them warm cushions and them soft bus seats
Push that second thought along
Beneath the roof of a Super 8, he sleeps till it's night time
Then connects in the streets like a pipe line
In dark shades he supplies dark brigades
Of lost souls with his chemical morsels
He's no lab tech
He was born into a legacy stretched from Aztecs and beyond
Assets he was drawn to
Had him spreadin' the wool over his mother's eye
He's the black sheep
His pops career driven, he's the backseat
The man on the wheel that cruises on sunrise
That the man brought eyes to his pay per view
Kind of paper make a fool shoot his statement through
And take the label too
Till he's can't (?)
Till a pancake pocket change the landscape
Take a short visit home in the town
It's time to re-up, it's back on the Greyhound[Hook: Usher]
Next stop, NYC
Take your seats please
I know exactly where you're goin', I can see it on your face
I know how to get there
And I give you my word that I get you there safe
I don't need to check your baggage
I don't need to know your name
All I need to know is
By the time you arrive, you'll forever be changed[Verse 3: Usher]
By the time you arrive, you'll forever be changed
By the time you arrive, you'll forever be changed

Forever be changed, forever be changed
So watch where you're goin'
And this food you're chosin'
I don't need to check your baggage
I don't need to know your name
All I need to know is
By the time you arrive you'll forever be changed
Forever be changed, be changed
You'll forever be changed

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