

Love on the low, love everywhere I go
And I can't face it all I need is right where I belong

My ears are ringing, my palms are shaking, my heart is racing
Somebody's mama's heart is aching, can't take it, partly fainte
d

Found these body parts in awkward places, like apartments, base
ments

Garbage vacant, lots, garages, spaces, Harlem's far too spaciou
s

Sometimes I wish I could get away and charter spaceships
To get away from my inhuman race with hearts of Satans
Took off my Mason Martin's, lay on back like Martha Mason
Smoke away my eye and lung 'til later die at 71

I lay down now
This someone's journey in the streets who gotta keep a, peace,
peace

I lay down now
As I lay me down to sleep I pray to God I rest in peace
I pray the Lord my soul to keep

Gentrification split the nation that I once was raised in
I don't recall no friendly neighbors face on my upraising
Back in my younger days or razor blades with gangs who bang and
never stood a chance

Some boys don't dance, but left 'em Harlem shaking
On the pavement

And my generation fucked, and my society

Very trippy pages in my diary

It's the irony how LSD inspired me to reach the high in me

Used to never give a damn now I don't give a fuck entirely

I think my pride died in me, somewhere inside of me, it's gotta
be

A whole 'nother side of me

If you seen the shit that I'd have seen in 26 years of living
That's how many fucks I've given