

Down

E-dubblE

Because we can all cheese, and we can all wild
And when you see Davis, tell him I'm Miles
Cuz' we can play cool, and we can play loud
And even if you're geeked up leaning stay down
Cuz' we live on that
Ground, ground, we stay down
Even in the clouds you know we stay down
Yeah we gon' trip, trip, yeah we gon' clown
But when you need back up, you know who's down

We be standing up tall for balloons and parades
The shoulders of giants pursuits and persuasions
The long path of the greats wasn't paved
But we loyal to the soil that we moved for the graves
And we digging in- yeah we down for the cause
And the calls from the friends who were down from before
We step back looking at the messed that we caused
Hoping that they know you'll be down when it's on
As the plot thickens... that timepiece glistens
As it mocks every glance like a chance went missing
That milkbox mission with that milquetoast motherfucker
He prolly trippin' over grace at his last supper
The stammer the stutter we Geoffrey Rush
We index cards as we work that clutch
We carpe diem but it's never enough
Little Caesars runnin' wild who delivers the trust
Everybody to the totem pole, and draw straws
They all the same length so toast and don't stall
New past, new future, sutures don't fail us
Trust tree strength deep roots and no ailments
Flailing arms and careless days behind us
Forward steps the next we let define us
Let the trumpets blare and live it up
Cuz' you know we always down and we never givin' up

Down like electric grids after the storm hits
Down like investments is in all our school kids
Down like your brain cell count after the cool whips
Down for the dumb shit- even, though it's foolish
Tryna find a bottle with a bottom get a message out
Taking off the blinders, ray charles do the mess around
- pink slime for the mind get a better cow
We can ground beef cuz' that peace got a better sound
But I ain't trippin' like a hippie sippin' cough surp
I'm just sick of seeing cellars with the mossberg
Half cocked, unlocked, better knock first
Second amendments just get a second til we bratwurst
Complicated handshakes for the mock birds
Mimicked by the cynics keep it simple til' we drop a verse
Dense enough to put a lil' dent inside of momma earth
But we ain't tryna hurt, we got alot of work
I'm tryna fill a void, I'm tryna plug a gap
And I ain't talkin' bout some graphic tee's or chino slacks
So let em' lean on that, just like the mannequin
A friendly face someone that they can share the panic with
So take a deep breath, and let it all out
That new soul is something they could never call out

We all down like a bank full of stick up kids
Chicken nugget luggage sweet n' sour through the bitterness