

# Heyyy

Grits

Hey! Taxing with the traction  
I'm parlaying in my zone  
Forget what they gonna say  
Haters and their fake gators  
Catered to the ideals  
That we gonna break, shake, at the site of my wheels  
Turning like 20, 20  
Hundred spokes on baby blues  
Powdered like the Johnsons  
Once its done, and its being viewed  
Relaxing when I...hey  
Taxing with the traction  
I'm parlaying in my zone  
Forget what they gonna say  
Hey...

Hey, find the moment together, all the evidence  
Fathomed what is sub-sequential  
Paths in the barrel, we lobsters and we love to pinch you  
Get you in a bind like notebook paper  
Kidnapper of innocents, oh you the ones who take em?  
Run em hard, bend em break us  
Fools, whose? Say it, say it  
Choose trues playa playa  
Whose blues? Don't confuse the blues, clues, playa playa  
Why don't you chose the tools that's gonna well equip  
Keep you fresh like celibate  
And maybe one of these days we'll fellowship,  
Ain't that a trip!  
Ha, ha, you must've missed it,  
Ha, ha, ha, Don't get it twisted  
Ha, Take the time, revisit  
Is it what the games been missin'?  
Do you know that lanes change?  
Or do you simply underestimate the fact  
A new outlook could evolve and brain change  
I don't just be sayin' things,  
Allow my heart to know the words  
Played the bubble, bask and glow, luminescent, laugh and double  
Troubles abound, rebound, to shake the fiber of our being  
Seein' status for a moment,  
Warning: a crack destroying each component.

I hear the chitter chatter but it never matter  
Flip with paper batter, tryin to get these themes fatter  
Seem to make these haters matter  
Look at em, so sound, bout to cry, no sir, but my flesh wont let me do it  
Got me numb to all emotion  
Like the killer with a post it  
Im all off in my zone man  
Wish theyd leave me 'lone man  
Understand their bone  
Tryin' to lead them to the throne  
Where there's healing for the soul  
And the least is made whole  
And the grown is getting' born again  
Severed from the secret sin

Hidden from the eyes of man  
Hopeless on the ropes again  
Drownin in the shallow end  
Takin' dirty water in  
Quickly dying slowly  
Slippin' deep into the distance  
I'm pressin' with the sisters  
Resisting the resistors  
They're trackin' my sisters  
My commitment is consistent  
So they listen when they listen in  
And digress to digest the diction's definition  
And bypass the backlash of hater's that forget 'em