

Life is a Loom

Outlandish

Sometimes I mean you should just leave it to God
Coz in one way or the other we all puppets in this game
It's like
Life's a loom and the threads are the days
And only God decides when to cut them
Even though the job is unfinished
We're all by his mercy

U know I can recall when pops left home
He used to write us twice a year
We didn't have phone
I grew up on my own
My Mama cried often
I mean he didn't even show up when she passed away
She had a heart attack 'cause they said he got married again
Cut all ties with us 'cause he had a new family and friends
So I was expected to step up and be a man
Quit school got a job you know just be there for my family
You see I'm nothing like my pops I see my woman twice a year
And one day I'll bring her and my kid up here
You see that picture there
That's our wedding she was 21
Ain't she pretty and my first born was a son
And now she's pregnant again
Thank you
And if it's a girl I'll name her
Fatima, give her the world
U see my friend life is a loom
So you keep smiling like me
Oh is this where you get of?
50 bugs please

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Threads are the days
God decides when to cut them
Even though the work ain't done

Vamos! gente vamos pronto
Esta lleno el aeropuerto
Todo esta difuso
Tengo un sentimiento incierto
Es el dia de su regreso
Ha estado encarcelado
Tiene un temperamento!
Y atencion yo no le he dado
Tuvo unos problemas
Nadie me ha contado
Nunca supe yo que mis palabras
Le han faltado
Ahora si se la importancia de ser padre
El mio para mi fue un cobarde
Pero eso es punto aparte
Lo primero sera un abrazo
Una lagrima, coraje y alegria
Un grito muy oculto
Remordimiento y agonía

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Shu!!!
I ain't going for the American dream
It's too fucking far
Can't swim across the Atlantic
Too many sharks
Put me down for the Euro instead
I will walk the Mediterranean
And "que pasa?!" in Spain
Don't give me that weird look hombre
I got my passport
Name Chris, born Swiss, in 1944 sport
Ain't no telling whut I'll do just to get up north
I'm tired of watching them young guns coming home building them floors
Rolling fast cars, but why?
On our streets there's no asphalt!
I'm stuck here, stressed trying to open this door
They'd be cashmoney, bling-bling in front of my boys
Playa hating? Ya damn right
I hate these mo'fuckers
Act like their lives' like glamour and shit
Flash their visa
While my city struggle like Gaza
I dream too about looking nice when I cross the border
And come back on a sunny day and tell my mamma: "I told ya!"
Who said anything about illegal gots to be dirty
Affirmative action, next year; a wife and a mansion

Believe in the moment and you will be here with me
Here with me
If God is willing