

Around The Block

Pretty Lights

My goddess eh
The bi-product of New York City nights
When you criticizin' you caught up in all the pretty lights
Getting high in my city is like requirement, its my environment
I won't harp on it like a violin
Analog back in the house like a santafar
Posted up like a fan on the block
Hand to god, Word is bond
Right now its the best moment you ever known
You gotta make it your own
Let's take her home