

Late For The Sky

The Evidence

I dream what these wings won't do
Cause counting sheep is as easy as 1 2
Jumping out the nest to catch some bird food
Clutch so intense that the knuckles turn blue
I been hooped by wise men
Check horizons, read the flight plan
Spread the lifespan
Sky heights are set, it's time to climb these steps
We only try to get free from the spider's web
Gotta murder all the messing around
Carry the burden of work, never setting it down
With a spot like now, my shot, my chance
Put a plot of land in the pockets of my pants

Break loose, raise roof when the kick drops
They flew, straight through, no pit stops
Lift off with your head in the clouds
Or get lost in the rest of the crowd

Been here for too long
Said it's time to ride
Got to push it on
Cause I aim for the sky
Times have come and gone
Yes, it's time to ride
Early in the morn'

Here's a quotable Slash rap notable
Slash mic on the still controlling you
I'm rarely candid, my view panoramic
My eyes wide shut, if not one, I'm holding two
I'm packing double, getting up too early
I'm actually trouble, kind of acting 7: 30
Attracted to this Earth, maybe acting kinda worldly
But running on my work that says "Ev I better hurry"
I'd rather worry death than being pushed in the line
Still a perfect [?], never late when I fly
Epic so this time when I rhyme
Not an ounce of death dying, stay late to the sky
Late for my prime, something that was shaped by design
I been running while the others hurt from racing a line
Making it great coincides with making it mine
Coincides with the hate that I'm making in signs
Let me start from the beginning, I rewind to the top
Pitch my heart in every inning like I did with the And it don't stop, a body
in motion stays in motion
Coasting in between the wings of this flowing

From a chickenwire frame
And a house of wax
To a rocket exploding into a cloud of bats
I been it, doing heat in a '76 Plymouth
Sitting a We will be closing in 5 minutes