

Big Ships

E-dubble

[Hook:]

Big ships still sink, but my boat's afloat
Hands up high for the ones who knew
I'll get by for the ones I know
With a drink up high for the ones I know
And I'm standing tall
The lights shine bright as stars, -
and I'm feeling like I might be one
So tonight it's on
The drunk mind pens the poem, -
and the poem feels just like home

Live blogging from the spot with some thoughts of granger.
Puffing something strong enough to cure most cancer
Shouts to world peace, and the shit we yearn for
Sometimes I worry that we only hurry to earn more
Sometimes I worry that we only hurry to hustle
Forgetting why we love, and all this beautiful struggle
Shouts to Talib and the poets with backpacks
Graduate to Ray Bans, chains, and snap-backs
Long as we backtrack, people can process
Smoking that good life. Look at that progress
Two Tone Rebel, I can never say enough
We fight the status quo when the status quo sucks
So I'm balling in my own right. Fighting that good fight
Think I got a chance now. Think I got my shit right
Throwing knives in the air and hitting suckers
I be finding angles on these chickens like Chuck is

[Hook]

I got a story to tell. My anxiety's high
So pass that Dutch 'till the feeling subsides
Need illiteral high. Need audible dope
Those critical times I make audible smoke
Let the audience go. Let the lights get turned off
Like I'm too grown for this shit like Murtaugh
Lethal Weapon hecklers be fretting and oh dog
Like I ain't even sure what side to butter the toast on
Robots can't drink. Robots can't smoke
And I ain't fixing anything that ain't been broke
Two tokes is healthy. In my lungs is hope
One syllable lives. One syllable croaks
And I probably killed it on my on my tartan-clad shit
Lighting up trees with the Green Eyed Bandit.
Spit a couple bars for a large advance
Harlem shake with these shakers 'till the cars is fast
And I'm gone

[Hook]

[x2:]

Do it big like Wallace
If you don't know the name keep quiet
We going to do the mother-fucking knowledge
Keep that shit modest
Wonder where the bread's like holler

Even when the bread's on notta

Gotta pay those tolls

So I be riding clean at the most

Five man I'll be giving the post

Never seen a gift horse looking back at his mouth

Gift of gab, so he might as well toast and let it marinate

I don't assume too soon. I let it marinate

It's like an Olsen twin. It's like Mary Kate

It's like an Olsen twin who likes Mary Jane

Even if we stumble, still bubble just like Perrier

[Hook]