

# Subway Car

Marc E. Bassy

Sweet, that's all you are  
Light a blunt up, in a subway car  
Now the sun's up  
Cash, yeah that's all you pay  
Got a resume, in a ashtray  
You ain't working for nobody but you

Ah yeah, the city moves through you, babe  
Ah yeah, the way it comes to you, babe  
You don't need to try it all  
The way it comes to you, baby

Scripture, what your daddy reads  
You a bad girl, he must be a priest  
You ain't praying for nobody but you  
Liquor in your family tree  
And your momma she went with the breeze  
Told you to stay on your knees, pray  
With the wind in your hair  
Nothing could take you back there now

Ah, yeah, the city moves through you  
Ah, yeah, the way it comes to you, babe  
You don't need to try at all  
The way it comes to you, baby  
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You don't need to change  
You were made that way  
Like your mama, her mama, before her, the drama  
It drip from the root to the soil  
I swear we just loyal to things  
That shake us and break us and make us feel like  
We could never ever ever ever get back there again  
So we keep drowning

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