

## 4 Bar Friday

Skyzoo

Uh, bars open for the next four  
I start scoping over next door  
I carve open from the deck, whoever should want to step  
I'm known for the [?], I'm Rondo with the Connect Four

What's the connect, Tor got that dope  
The shit playing, what, y'all ain't know?  
Still spit that potent bars laced with that arsenic  
Pinning that authentic lyrical awesomeness

Know what the God in it, I give em 40 to flood them out  
And double up on double D's before the drought  
You cut a rug, I cut a scene and cut you out  
And based on the cut of your jeans, you cut a gown

These clowns is cut-arounds, but you know where they cut it from  
The blueprint of the written sentence is one to one  
You one and done, ain't nothing come to try the  
Jerry Bruckheimer of the rhymers, remind the

If memory serves then I've been on my Arthur  
Asheing for the cash, know I'm gripped like a halter  
Back to my react like the scripts is on the wall  
Packed to run the track like it's hitting off the arm

We're giving them the heron, the calm before the storm  
The timer before the bomb, a hundred stacks in the palm  
The 23rd and the Psalms, the Lord is your Sheppard  
And you shall not want the God stomp on the record

Recorded by the legions with Jesus hovering  
Worn with your Caesar, fade who we ducking it  
Call 'em how we sees 'em, measure the applause  
Lines over lines, 11 on the floor

So whoever want a war, take twenty paces and draw  
But better be Basquiat to the core  
I paint pictures in Pro Tools, shine on the track with no jewels  
A breath of fresh air like O2

If it ever approach you, however get close to  
The flow handle like burnt spoons and ropes do  
The brave one is the same one that will start wrong  
Pull your heart out the chest like Comme des Garçons

Comprende cabrón, on that Rosetta Stone  
Bilingual better flow, porque I let 'em know  
Sky and Tor, the stanza's 4 on 4  
Doing the most and they still want more, maricóns

"Bar for bar"  
"Give it to any nigga right"

"Bar for bar"  
"Give it to any nigga right"

I just seen the darkest nights and all they see is my success

The town heart pumping getting weaker by the breath  
You seen what I just seen and probably leap up out your chest  
Had to make it for my momma, caught a seizure by the stress  
That's 4 Bar Friday man