

Duffle Bag Weekends

Skyzoo

Two cribs but couldn't keep me inside none
You know tryna be outside until outside's done
Too many reasons to not be out when the time comes
And too many dice games, so find me inside one
Born in the 80s, raised in 90s typical shit
Dirty handed or not, you know what the gist of it is
Couldn't duck it, so we become it, easy to fall in love with
But young enough to not understand all that it come with
So umm, inset parents here
Couldn't turnaround without seeing both standing there
Still on my 1-2, same as the ones with me whenever I come through
Forever we're one group
And solo records could never come outta son group
But I had a Nike bag who always sung too
The hood like damn Sky in the house, what son do?
Nah if you don't see him come around then he back at his mother house
Word, same rules at her house, I couldn't slip through that
Her new boyfriend's trash, I wanted to get him clapped
Different story, but my mother was still the difference for me
All the composure I use to get you off me is from her
But I still got that other side that comes alive
Picture furious styles pushing a bubble 5
There it is, raised by it over a shot of Henny
Nowadays we reflect on it til the bottles empty
Old Knicks and Ralph Lauren and Spike
And all of my catalog and the songs that get him hype
And he laughs like you know how many shoot outs I was in
For him to be your hero off the movies I done lived
But still, he understood all the glare in my eyes
You never think that a hero can be where you reside
And I ain't never turn an eye, never took it for granted
But it was everyday so I ain't have to understand it
He said he was joking, I poured him another shot
Knowing he wasn't joking bout everyone that he popped
Trained me the same way, that I truly understood
And I ain't have the same reasons but I shoot it just as good
Me and mine got a story or two
Nothing that needs to spoken up over the loop
Just know that it all makes sense when it's hindsight
My mother told me be like your father when the times right
My pop told me your mother's here to give you emotion
And I'm here to give you the aim to blow shit open, fully loaded
Recollecting shit til the song stops
A green Nike duffle bag's still my soft spot, for real

Saw it all but that wasn't the only thing I saw
Corner store said I promise we can get it all
Momma taught me through it all just to stand tall
And poppa taught me if they reach blow their hands off, blow their hands off
I bet you I can fit a whole weekend in my duffle bag
I bet you I can fit a whole weekend in my duffle bag
I bet you I can fit a whole weekend in my duffle bag
I bet you I can fit a whole weekend in my duffle bag
My duffle bag, duffle bag, duffle bag