

Dark grey at the bottom of the wall
Light brown in the background
Twenty stories tall
Blue and orange for the welcoming
Letters on the draw
Need another can of brown
And a yellow for the star
Use that for the awning
Save some for the morning
Put it above the buildings
But shade it to show the dawning
White tee corners with blue and whites upon 'em
Brown paper stash in grey sewers support 'em
Purple tops is down
Purple pouches are crown
Black leather Bibles, gold robes and gowns
Green and white dice games
Charcoal calibers
Silver hops out and burgundy the parameter
Running through burgundy cans
I can't keep one
Try painting that high up
But I can't see none
Red and black J-O's
Hands on the payroll
Stephen Strasburg your curve
Let a base load
Navy blue rent-a-car
Trunk pop, lift it off
Black duffle bag
White K's, clear signatures
Huh, marathons when the signals drawn
Green Newport boxes could make a finger tug
No innocence turns to more innocence
Paint it yay high
And see if it grows into it
Still trying to find the colors of how the growth looks
Black and white marble color notebooks

My graffiti-
Something like FADE, something like DAZE
Something like IZ, something like SLAY
Something like SEEN, something like Quiñones
Colors everywhere when I throw this
See that?
Krylon heavy, I'm heavy on them cans
Krylon heavy, I'm heavy on them cans
I be Krylon heavy, I'm heavy on them cans
Krylon heavy, I'm heavy on them cans

Eggshell for the door that she led him to
Gold for the bracelet he wore that helped get him
through
Green eyes got her using every trick she ever knew
Locked on whatever, like whatever he should ever do
Shit is all worth it, driven off a purpose
Dark blue for the Dereons that she curved in

Purple sidekick, fly bitch on her home screen
Tanned Gucci bag off of everything a blow be
Fifty for the wop, a hundred for the walls
Saying fifty's a lot, but her tongue is like an
applause
And money right from the door knew what it was gon be
She hit him with what it'd cost
He hit her with all he need
Black for the Mag box, tickling her stash spot
Grinning off the image, said the pussy like a padlock
Beige for the unroll
Shorty told him pump slow and she could take it from
there
Sweet dreams, drumroll
Duke said "nah," and started spazzing in her hips
Hands on her throat, went savage off the rip
Red for the way the room looked when her eyes closed
Screaming that rape shit from behind a blindfold
See no evil and hear no evil
Can't walk unless your sure of where the stairs gon
lead you
Looking for a color that could help those jogs
Like a green and white metrocard

[Hook]