

The Experience

Skyzoo

Smothered chicken as far as breakfast goes
Shout out to the left overs that left us those
Cheese grits like a remix how we stretching those
In 9th grade Pierre would keep his weapon close
I still treat breakfast the same, my friends still catch wreck with their ai
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I'm still henny and coke, and speaking of
We was surrounded by it
And ducking all the jewels from the users on that diet
And we ain't have the heart to try it but saw the brave ones
And looked at that as a jewel on how they became one
We all shared last names with them same ones
And Penny's where I learned my J from, I'm built how I'm built
Solo artist but I never had to sing alone
The scent Creed and the Timbs is never single sole
The whip was low enough for me to be low
But loud enough for you to be in the know
Know we salute to the experience

We were the loud ones with quiet souls
Intentions well and good but buried underneath over pricing
We wanted nothing more than everything, simply everything
Whatever that entails, we wanted it and still do
Still do we never sit still, as being settle is being settled
And we could never became that
And never will

Grew up with a bunch of Lenny Cooke's
May God bless 'em all like a Biggie hook
They hooked us early as far as the way these women look
And looking for 'em had us looking for a bigger push
Call it the laws of attraction baby
It's nothing more than a reaction baby, we push this to get you
Whatever "this" is, as long as what it gets is
All that we assumed but shit you know the way that "this" fits
In square trucks Tryna bring a couple models 'round
The same ones who brought your bottles down
I bottled up the ambition and passed it around the room
Til half us around the room know the logic now
And all of us ain't see the vision so some of us got left behind
But nothing could yet divide us from our calling now
Like how the call to the corner was as sweet as quarter water
All for you to wanna climb up on us now
Salute to the experience

Sweeter than sweet potato soufflé
Store runs for extra sugar and those runs showed us
More than those who sent us ever would've
Or as sweet as a scam that left our finger prints dirty
But our sneakers clean and our company cleaner
The taste of life in all its glory
Be it Harvard or heinous, we took it where none would take it
And poured Henny over it's glory

Back when me and Biz played the coupe
He showed me the lane, I showed him stoops
We showed each other money, and loyalty be everything it seems to

So lil Biz will be straight if you ever need dude
The same agenda applies to all of my friends who
Saw that coinciding was nothing coincidental
Never, it's just the way we're put together
And none of this shit could be any better
Salute to experience

A generation generating genius
Hard headed like the curb beneath us
They say in the absence of logic you search for motive
But really motive defines us based on being aware of logic
And aware of the dollars and yea "mo' money mo' problems"
But no money no options, see the logic?
And for that, we salute to the experience