

The Opener

Skyzoo

Jesus is the savior, tell him what you want
Call him on the main line, tell him what you want
Jesus is the savior, tell him what you want
What you want, what you want, what you want
If you want salvation, tell him what you want
Call him on the main line, tell him what you want
If you want salvation, tell him what you want
What you want, what you want, what you want

Twenty-four/seven, three sixty-five
Twenty-five years, embedded in these lines
If I push the pen past the margin on the side
You can feel the words and every part of 'em is I

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(Salvation)

So I push it to the far right
The bare minimum, overseein the far sight
I'm clear into 'em, no belief in the far height
Conversatin with Lucifer and the God's light
Low when I'm kickin it, caught myself whisperin
Coverin my mouth, so if you look you can't figure it
Knowin that he read it but I still be pretendin it
Knowin I regret it but I still put my fist in it
Waited on a long run
From the same places that they all from
First name basis with the wrong one
Still by the end of it, I back and forth wonder who be listenin
I don't second guess it, I'm just visionin
Pardon my inquisitive
Saw the other hand and wanted the upper hand but ain't agree with the grip o
n it
You see the hardest thing I ever had to do
Was determine what I could and what I couldn't tell to you
If it's worth it, then I'm good and I'm good to get it through
But if it's not, then I'm just workin to pursue a pedestal
And off top, I could show 'em the end reel
It's hard to really chill or sit still
Commit to the page
I write a rhyme, sometimes I won't finish for days
Cause before I get to finish, all the imagery change
But the game is the same along with the Bodeg'
Next to the liquor store where all of the hope lays
I mean, the Arthur Agees could bypass the baggies
But the common goal is drop hoops in broad day
So you play the hallway, with your heart on your sleeve
And the walls is like a car to the beat, follow leads
I mean, the temp got you walkin before you get up
And the wrath of it'll put you anywhere that you want
You see from behind the crowd
And even your dreams get to see from behind the clouds
But speakin is not allowed
Mama said peace when she see that you out of bounds

Her sight's good but her believin is by the ground
And so she kneeled down, hands folded in unison
Her cares in the air, tryin to follow the truth in it
+Tears For Fears+ and +The World+ He +Rulin+ In
Burner under the pillow, you don't sleep if you usin it
I call it like I see it
And if ever the call fails, I redial, call and hope you receive it
By unanimous decision, all of 'em's tellin me
That it's me that could paint true Brooklyn like Shelton Lee
I ain't aim to make a classic, I aim to state what happens
And if the outcome gets praised, then blame the havoc
If the outcome gets praised, then blame the tragic
Cause everything I pen is a mirror of your reactions
And everywhere I've been is mirrored within the absence
Where they four five through the static
They say that the habits is head strong
And the more that it's pressed on
The deeper you indulge and I could be dead wrong
But if I end up gettin any of this right
There shouldn't be anything left to write, right? So

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