

Navajo Rugs

Stalley

Most slippers dreaming through this peace pipe
Praying in the dark hoping that I see light
Trynna stay sharp with a dark vision
Gotta couple heathens with me trynna bombard the system
My man just went to jail and brought a gun charge with him
On top of that other felonies
I told him hold his head I'll make sure he lives through these melodies
I hate to see him trapped, wish these raps could just set him free
Whoever thought selling heart would get you seventeen, that's seventeen
I mean yesterday was everything if there's no hope for tomorrow
And money ain't everything, I can go broke tomorrow
Sometimes I find happiness in a broke down cigar
In an isolated room on this Navajo wall
Mind drifting, smoke disappearing through the wall
I hear the loud voices, that's my homies calling
Open up the windows, let the angels fall in

As I bob and weave between stars
Learn and dream between Mars
When words are weaved, pictures are painted
Like Navajo Rugs or woven blankets
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Got so much on my mind, all these thoughts weaving in and out created design
So intricate like hand spun rugs
They say they talking outside
But I hear no love
I feel the shots in my back
But there's no slugs
I brush the dirt off my shoulders
Wipe away all the mug that's been slung
They say the sword ain't as mighty as the tongue
The horns get the attention
But the war starts with the drum
808s and low ends beating on my chest like King Kong
Gorilla warfare, the force here
You could feel it in the song
All the warrior in this gone

I sip Indian style wrapped' in blankets
Smokin' on the bong, trynna find my inner peace
Jugglin' stone, never take it for granted, what the struggle is for
Cuz through that dark hole life is beautiful, like emeralds and gold
There's diamonds in the dirt, you just gotta dig through some coal

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I woke up among the confused, but yawning
The bloodstream came to collect dues this morning
For all the signs we drop, the parachute supplies
Are limited, coated in images
Yet the code of the streets leaves our thoughts with no access
The revenue of colour, all reduced to a blackness
But aside the thought, I can find the calm
That's why we close our eyes to concentrate
The cons debate, against the pros talking first degree
Murder on the clock, they got time to kill
I'm intricate to be up in it
So I defend every minute, cons hoping for dimes to deal
Perimeters occupied by a few chosen
To take heed to the fact a few in here are posin'
On the laws of lies, attracted to the warm like wool
But don't let it get pulled over your eyes
Oh, lord

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