

Zion I

"Make U Fly"

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[Chorus]

I am the virgin, I'm the whore
So you won't push a brother, don't leave
I am the goddess, I'm the sky
I give you room to make you fly
So why, why
Don't you recognize me anymore?

[Zion]

An open letter to you sister
Mother, wife, and girlfriend
Hope to make it better before we reach the world's end
Spin, through centuries of hypocrisy when
Patriarchy subjugated your biology, ya
Divine feminine was always kept hidden
You know I love my mama, called you freak 'cause I
was trippin
Take you for granted, man, I've often been the culprit
But I'm crypted when I stand like a preacher in this
pulpit
Sex symbols like all imitation
A trophy, not a wife but you're the queen of creation
More than a beauty but it's harder to see
We told to never cry, hoes down, up G's, but
You gave birth to me, sacred like the Earth to me
Blessed, never cursin' me, your love is what these
verses be
Adam and Eve in the Garden, believe
Better learn to work together or there'll be no seeds
I'm runnin' home to you, nothin' else I'd rather do
Apologize for all the madness that I put you through
It's true:
I'm just a flawed human being
Tryin' to get it right; be my God 'cause I'm needin' YOU.

[Chorus]

[Grouch]

To be the bearer of life
What's the like? Still spit on
Mama raised me right

That's the track I'm 'bout to get on
Had to pay y'all back
Women: you're the ones who are real strong
And I don't feel good how we treat you on a hill wrong
Feel lungs breathe (breathe)
She's the equal I need
Mother Earth made her, as soft as the breeze
And if I take advantage, what's that make me?
Someone I couldn't stand if seen on TV
So I
Flip the channel, damsels in distress now
Get a handle on myself and my sex-style
I turn reptile
All the men around me gave me the wrong pep-talk
Man, I shoulda crept off
My sister wept, my wife fell, my grandma died
And my daughter's got three months to arrive
That's some vibe
And player, if I'm the king of my tribe
Who's my goddess, queen? On the side I see why (why
)
She's the sky to my dirt road
Not the target of my aggression, stresses, and sperm
loads
If burnt toast and eggs is all you need her for...
I hope she feeds your fall (fall)

[Chorus]

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