

## Black Flag

### "Appreciation"

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[Chorus]

Hold on, cause you'll never miss your own  
Until that water's gone, it's wrong, it's wrong, so hold  
on  
Hold on, cause you'll never miss your own  
Until that water's gone, it's wrong, be strong and hold  
on

[Cashmere the Pro]:

It was morning she was brisk with her words  
He apologized but all she was thinking was this is  
absurd  
She understood he had to work but it was hittin a nerve  
She hated his out of town trips, and this was the third  
One in two weeks, he ain't wantin to beef  
Explainin' hes the one the job picks when they need  
someone to speak  
Hope to make up for lost time, but she's PO'ed  
And somethin bout this morning's coffee seems eerily  
cold  
"What about your family?" she repeats the exclamation  
You seem to up and leave for work without the slightest  
hesitation  
Aggravation... floatin waves, why you rockin the boat?  
Baby, this is my job, what you think I'm not gonna go?  
All she thought about was the weekends, and opted to  
blow  
Felt her caution in the wind when she started to throw  
Cups to the floor  
She wantin to war cus she misses her home  
Didn't want the wave of loneliness she gets when he  
gone  
But she insists to be on blast but not burstin with light  
It gets heavy as she yells "Who comes first in your  
life?"  
He don't wanna be hurtin his wife  
But he got a flight to catch so for now he's desertin the  
fight  
Goes for his goodbye kiss, she turns, He takes a cold  
cheek while she yearns  
Hates his job but loves him cus he's so sweet

But she wants him to have a night of dwellin without a  
goodbye  
As he drives off to make Flight 11"

[Chorus]

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[Deacon the Villain]

It was hard times following the death of father and  
mother  
He felt disconnect now, though is guardian was his  
brother  
Whom he envied, cause he always seemed to be the  
favored sibling  
The one people always assumed would create a  
greater living  
He despised it, sick of his brother's shadow  
Felt like a jester wanting to be king of his own castle  
Moved from Brick City to where girls got fixed titties  
Hollywood, cause there that shit's pretty  
Big brother would write, call, and email  
Tryin to make light of the situation, askin to be sent  
seashells  
Little brother was strugglin, in and out about three jails  
Tried to stand on his own two but he fell  
Called his older brother one day, cryin' apologizin  
It was a Monday, said he was sick of dramatizin  
And that his Hydai, had came to the end of it's road  
His money was froze, too broke to launder his clothes  
Old bro was understanding though, expressing sorrow  
Said he would hit the first flight out tomorrow  
That they'd get a rental and pack up a carload  
They'd bond on the drive back, and he'd cover the  
barcodes  
Cause tomorrow, family ties would no longer be  
severed  
Remaining bloodlines would be back together  
Tuesday morning at Newark airport it beautiful weather  
9/11 will be a day that they'll remember forever

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