

Super Chron Flight Brothers "Drought"

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[Billy Woods]

"Walkin' down them same hallways,
Seein' them same faces...
Trying to figure out how you ended up
In the same place you said you were
NEVER going back to...
Ain't like it's a complicated story..."

[Privilege]

"Name, Boy."

[Billy Woods]

"William woods, esquire."

[Privilege]

"Occupation?"

[Billy Woods]

"Black survivor, dry goods,
Purveyor of that fire,
Sometimes minimal wage earner,
Menial worker rhyme sayer for hire,
Dodge City, august 1999, hot than a mug,
AC broke sweatin the time,
Waitin for these drugs, biting my nails,
Daydreaming weights and scales,
Big sales, fuck retail, yadda yadda,
Type scheming that'll keep me out of jail,
Eatin' proper,
Got half now, so just...
Front me 2 of them thangs,
So I can take one to the brain,
A hundred degrees my nigga,
We prayin for rain, prayin for rain..."

[Privilege]

"Sittin back, last seat of the bus,
There's one more chair there,
Third for weed by the window
With me in the middle,
First occupied by my smirk,
With left foot skirtin the work,

Plus a fat down jacket for these cold winters,
Lower Manhattan is chilly beans and rocks so,
Crack em like lips do, on the foot rest,
Just remind me, it's icy where I came from,
And freezing where I'm headed,
Hopin' jake don't find me workin',
With several years of fed time on my person,
Clearin' my head of all worser scenarios and situations,
Think about wage earners and modern day slave labor,
I'd rather brush my teeth, with a rusty razor,
Then front and bullshit with all you fakers,
I'm a kind bud breaker, stay quiet, with noise makers,
Cuz undercover lurk in shadows,
They say tomatoes, we move tomahtoes, with
avocados,
With the silent bravado..."

[Billy Woods]

"Yo nigga, what's up?"

[Privilege]

"Yo kid, makin' movements, son."

[Billy Woods]

"So what's up though, we down here waitin' and shit?"

[Privilege]

"I'm about to slide to the bunch right now homie..."

[Billy Woods]

"Oh word, you ate already?"

[Privilege]

"Haha... niggas ain't good... ain't good... healthy
niggas..."

[Billy Woods]

"Word word word, aight that's what I like to hear, man,
I'ma be down there to pick you up from the station...
Lookin out my window, mid-afternoon,
Thinkin' he better be here soon,
Blowin' my last piece of endo,
Children in front the buildin dealin' boom
Like they never heard of the goons,
The federali's playin got you in the zoom,
Can't blame the youth streets tried for moot!
Corner store lucy in the mouth uncouth
Blood puts in the proof when they shoot,
Eyes numb but the same playstation thumb
Can cock the gun!
Cuz if we ain't gettin out the slums

Then why should you?
If the weeds blue, keep that to yourself
If you value your health,
Back to the business at hand,
Crush out my stog,
Already count those grams in my hand,
Hop in the '86 buick, grab my man,
And get this bread,
Patient as a sleeper cell,
Better to rule in hell, jo-jo,
Out here that show and tell
Will have jake ringin' your doorbell slow."

[Cop Sample]

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