

Skyzoo

"Maintain"

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[Intro - Sample from "Pretty Flower" by Harold Melvin & the Blue Notes] It's the end of a day And I made it this far But what will tomorrow, bring for me-eeeeee? [Verse 1 - Skyzoo] Further than they ever thought I made it this far learnin what they never taught Fingers is permanently curved, they forever crossed The cloud said I'm not alone if I ever walk But it's easy to fall victim, harder to brush it off When any dream you dreamed will probably run along Time flies when you starin at the stars But time dies when you clear away your heart And fuck seein facades, none of that is payin Neither is complainin, just thank God you made it But what if you didn't make it? What if this whole time Everything that you made, was a product of closed eyes And by the time you wake, the time that you had prayed Will still be on your side, took the time to fly away And before you even get to reflect The minute hands is walkin and you missin your steps Huh, it's ironic ain't it? You could try to wait it But there ain't enough colors for you to try to paint it So tryin to explain it to anyone'll get 'em lost And points don't exist if they don't ever get across Mama said it's up to me to keep the lights on I said "cool, long as God keep the mics on" I could speak the right song or sing the right poem And I could find a way to light home [Chorus] - 2X - w/ sample playing in background I maintain, I maintain, I maintain I just maintain I maintain, I maintain As long as I could open my eyes, I maintain [Verse 2 - Skyzoo] The sacrificial lamb, the carrier of loads Who showed no pain 'til he was carryin 'em home Who showed no gain but if you added up his growth It would show, that it was off balance from the go And from the go, chance wasn't nothin that he knew Nothin that he was given or nothin he could have blew And the road was too dark that he wanted to lead But he said he saw better when his son was asleep So he starts footsteppin and he saw another set On the right and then he saw another on the left And every night, he's judgin off a coin toss Clearin the way so that nothin throw the coin off When a decision is decided, he's either tryin to hide it Or lookin for somebody that

he could ride with Slow breathin, goin for evens tryin to
break the odds So close to a murder he could taste the
charge But, people's lives depended on what he
scribes So now his pen move differently and in time
The pad may fill but the pen'll never drive So as long as
there's a wall, he could penmanship his mind It sort of
like coppin You only get half of what you wanted when
you asked but you can't seem to stop it I told 'em it's
just the problems we face Sittin on a stoop, starin up at
God everyday But I felt like I was talkin to someone who
couldn't hear me Until I looked up and I saw that the
one near me Who was lookin for advice was in common
I just wasn't lookin at 'em right and his problems Was
similar, too similar, way too familiar Lookin into his
eyes, was lookin into a mirror Tryin not to break it,
along with who I be Saw that the whole time I was
arguin with me (*echo*) [Chorus] - 4X - w/ sample
playing in background [Outro - Sample from "Pretty
Flower" by Harold Melvin & the Blue Notes] It's the end
of a day And I made it this far

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