

Skyzoo

"The Opener"

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[Intro - Female Singers - singing] Jesus is the savior,
tell him what you want Call him on the main line, tell
him what you want Jesus is the savior, tell him what you
want What you want, what you want, what you want If
you want salvation, tell him what you want Call him on
the main line, tell him what you want If you want
salvation, tell him what you want What you want, what
you want, what you want [Chorus - Skyzoo] Twenty-
four/seven, three sixty-five Twenty-five years,
embedded in these lines If I push the pen past the
margin on the side You can feel the words and every
part of 'em is I Twenty-four/seven, three sixty-five
Twenty-five years, embedded in these lines If I push
the pen past the margin on the side You can feel the
words and every part of 'em is I (Salvation) [Verse 1 -
Skyzoo] So I push it to the far right The bare minimum,
overseein the far sight I'm clear into 'em, no belief in
the far height Conversatin with Lucifer and the God's
light Low when I'm kickin it, caught myself whisperin
Coverin my mouth, so if you look you can't figure it
Knowin that he read it but I still be pretendin it Knowin I
regret it but I still put my fist in it Waited on a long run
From the same places that they all from First name
basis with the wrong one Still by the end of it, I back
and forth wonder who be listenin I don't second guess
it, I'm just visionin Pardon my inquisitive Saw the other
hand and wanted the upper hand but ain't agree with
the grip on it You see the hardest thing I ever had to do
Was determine what I could and what I couldn't tell to
you If it's worth it, then I'm good and I'm good to get it
through But if it's not, then I'm just workin to pursue a
pedestal And off top, I could show 'em the end reel It's
hard to really chill or sit still Commit to the page I write
a rhyme, sometimes I won't finish for days 'Cause
before I get to finish, all the imagery change But the
game is the same along with the Bodeg' Next to the
liquor store where all of the hope lays I mean, the
Arthur Agees could bypass the baggies But the
common goal is drop hoops in broad day So you play
the hallway, with your heart on your sleeve And the
walls is like a car to the beat, follow leads I mean, the

temp got you walkin before you get up And the wrath of
it'll put you anywhere that you want You see from
behind the crowd And even your dreams get to see
from behind the clouds But speakin is not allowed
Mama said peace when she see that you out of bounds
Her sight's good but her believin is by the ground And
so she kneeled down, hands folded in unison Her
cares in the air, tryin to follow the truth in it +Tears For
Fears+ and +The World+ He +Rulin+ In Burner under
the pillow, you don't sleep if you usin it I call it like I see
it And if ever the call fails, I redial, call and hope you
receive it By unanimous decision, all of 'em's tellin me
That it's me that could paint true Brooklyn like Shelton
Lee I ain't aim to make a classic, I aim to state what
happens And if the outcome gets praised, then blame
the havoc If the outcome gets praised, then blame the
tragic 'Cause everything I pen is a mirror of your
reactions And everywhere I've been is mirrored within
the absence Where they four five through the static
They say that the habits is head strong And the more
that it's pressed on The deeper you indulge and I could
be dead wrong But if I end up gettin any of this right
There shouldn't be anything left to write, right? So
[Chorus]

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