

The ProcuSSIONS

"Today"

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[Verse 1: Mr. J. Medeiros]

New self he just wanna be a whole person
Old self found cursing him for soul searching
Other self writing poems on how the world hurt him
Too close to home he gotta hold it down in third person
Now who's the first person I'm saying I am
Give me a second and you will know why I'm dammed
It's in the record our youth and every blind hand
Our recollection of truth within our time span
Cus when you add am you just attach you
Build a bank, build a church, build a statue
Build up rank, Bilderberg, fill up that shoe
With one foot in the grave is how it has you
The one you couldn't save now how is that true
No one stood in the way of having that fruit
It's 11:28 I mean in Mathew
They say we gotta go back
But what we got to go back too

[Hook:]

Today

[Verse 2 - Stro Elliot]

I used to say that by the age of 31 I'll be long
Long gone from here, far away from the year
That I decided I would live a live a life divided and
clear
Of any threat or danger aiming at my life or career
Some call it fear and a prison I barely fit in it's true
Who am I kidding I've been hiding in my tiny igloo
Outside it's frigid, but it's life, and I ain't living it
right
Without some cuts and bruises
I blew a life with Susan, I was afraid of moving
Too fast, and out of a situation that I was cool with
Now maybe I should do it, but now she's married
stupid
Blame it on being young timid or maybe clueless
But 31 came and went with very little improvement
What am I left to do with the rest of my time breathing
I'm leaving Las Vegas without a gamble I'm

breaking even
I kept the dice and this seven eleven that Iâ€™m
squeezing
Got me thinking of dreaming
Or Dreaming, of leavin

[Hook:]
Today

[Verse 3 - Shad]
Yeah this got a nice sound
And this is real life not a lifestyle brand
No nikes â– Iâ€™mma just do it
Right now
I'm in the booth
And itâ€™s kinda like a fight how
I'm saying hit me with the beat up
Knock the lights out
I fight doubts like bouts
Spitting live rounds
No grill and still what comes out the guyâ€™s mouth
Is brilliant as the rings on a king or a viscount
I'm feeling like a million
Little children singing
In the building when
My quill pen is spillin
In the moment not beholden to past
Gotta let it go
Not talking forever-ever cuz ya never know
And life ainâ€™t a bed of roses, itâ€™s a ebb and flow
And one spectacular spectacle
Til you're head to toe medically deaded
Bless the show til the credits rolls
Check it: procussions/shad k make the record dope

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