

Nitty Scott

"Flower Child"

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[Nitty Scott, MC]

Pardon my bohemian ways, I know I act like I be stuck in
a bohemian daze

You said you love me, so don't rush me

Love is patient and now you gotta trust me

To take form, like the canvas of the Grand Canyon

Product of a beautiful storm or an unborn

Carried just below the heart, quietly preparing for a
start

Let me Michelangelo my Sistine Chapel

You know they say Rome wasn't built in a day

And diamonds need a while 'fore they hit the display

So I guess I see myself in a similar way

I'm paste like my mamma in the kitchen whippin'

Always mixing up and fixing

Begged her for a taste and she said it wasn't ready

She stir it up slow and she cook it up steady

This is not a race track, living in the ASAP

I'm just tryna do it justice when it play back

Sometimes I gotta stall the BPM so I can weave these
dreams and polish up these jems

In the end, I got love for the showbiz

But sometimes you gotta stop and smell the roses

Keeping up with the Kardashians and Jones' nah

I take my time and compose this

[Kendrick Lamar - Hook]

They say greatness gets better with time

They say concrete roses hard to find

Sit inside my room and let these thoughts bloom

It's a secret garden in my mind

Flower child

[Nitty Scott, MC]

Okay, buffering, creativity suffering

When you bustlin', hustlin' for the numbers in

You miss the journey if you climb too fast

The beauty of the struggle when it comes to pass

Amateurs I swear they need to balance it

I want that legendary like Excalibur

Chasing calipers, liberated as a bachelor, traveller

Never fallen victim to these calenders
Uh, rough draft after rough draft
No staff, perfecting all my abstract craft
And now they calling me celebrity
Only thing I give a damn about is my integrity
They play the game like checkers when I'm talking
'bout chess
Tryna do more when they talkin 'bout less, I stress
Quantity aint always quality
So let me formulate my prophecy

[Kendrick Lamar]

When the lights get low, you notice I am the sun
The winter time was snowball, only little you know
I still breath, give me the cheese
I'm resuscitating the game, see me and cpr
My name is a gun cocked gunshot, dead and I won't
stop
Gun cocked, gun shot, head in a palm box
With a dozen roses, hole-less with a giftcard
Gun cocked, gun shot, flowers?

[Kendrick Lamar - Hook]

They say greatness gets better with time
They say concrete roses hard to find
Sit inside my room and let these thoughts bloom
It's a secret garden in my mind
Flower child

[Nitty Scott, MC]

They say greatness gets better with time
So why expedite my prime
See I'm just a life lag tied to the earth
Exuding the fragrance of light and birth
So respect my photosynthesis
My petals, my stems full of nourishing flow
You thought this was a love song but no
I just need you to let me grow

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