

Johnny Reznik**"Waughter"**

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[unknown singer]

Love is like water, flowin, flowin every which way
When you think it's flown one direction
It does, it does go the other way-ayyy-ayyy

[Grand Agent]

Ohhhhhhhhahhhhhh
End to end, end to end
Experience, experience, a new sensation

Some of this is factual, most of it ain't a lie
Two days before autumn, fifty-two after July
The sun shone bright, on time was her flight
Shot to LAX absolute, positive like
Only the shit-brown '82 Corrola could
Drive up inside arrivals, guess who lookin good
like five-six, archive thick, broad hips
I downshift and coast to the curb like word
She cheesin up while I easin up, double park
Throw the blinkers on, jump out, God bless her heart
Lookin like a tourist with the duffel and camera
Throw the bags in the back, we embrace then I slam the
hatch
Right back where we left off
When we built for three weeks but then I stepped off
It just so happened, we met like ships passin
Rappin, no actual action
Now here she was live, all the way from back home
Bodily counterpart to the voice over the phone
I spoke to for strong minutes, long distance
Even wrote a note with a quote of song in it
The bus thrust me sixty East of L.A.
The length to which I went to find words to say
3K, took me three days to get here
It took her six hours - that equal twenty-three years
Love won't let me wait a minute more
There's a bomb to the left of my passenger door
with a hundred-twenty hours to diffuse it or lose it
Got to need to relate to this queen like music
Or else, else or go from wealth to poor
Never that, take the prize and floor it to the shore

No small talk, give me a medium speech
We fitta slit the wrist the of time on Manhattan Beach

[Chorus: same unknown singer]

Love is like water, flowin
flowin every which way
When you think it's flown one direction, it done
it done flown the other way

[Grand Agent]

Said the flight was peace, said she happy to see me
Said she wanna check her aunt in the valley of Simi
Can't believe that she here, told I couldn't either
Right hand volleyin, gearshift receiver
Cause I play it by ear and she habitually plans
Twenty minutes we was parked fifty feet from the sand
Laid our troubles, down like bodies on the quilt
on the strand on September 21st and we built
Anatomical ebonics was the language
Speakin much silence cause we both thinkin bout the
same shit
How we found ourselves back together
by a bond that was based solely on fair weather
Truth be told, we ain't even know each other
Tryin to prove that we did gave us somethin to show
each other
And it can never be chumped again
We left the beach and jetted East towards the Comfort
Inn
Sixty-two minute transit through Southern Cali
The hotel was near the rest in Moreno Valley
where I was stayin with a friend of the fam
who had made no concessions for a friend of the
Grand
Agent at the front desk who checked us in
was Filipino, the housekeeper was Mexican
And, 217 was the room that she cleaned
After me and this queen has said and did everything
We traded baths, body massages, laughs
Future aspirations and accounts of the past
Quality time, probably rhyme material
The last breakfast: donuts, Tang, cereal
'Twas continental and the trip monumental
Did a gang of things coulda swore I wasn't into
But the swearin was impairin my ability
to give and receive love, plus humility

[Chorus]

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flowin every which way
When you think it's flown one direction, it done

it done flown the other way
Love is like water, flowin
flowin every which way..

[Grand Agent]

Than real time, I was movin faster
On a stage, with no Ceremony to Master
But then saw the lights like the rest of my life
Just mics, no whores, imagine wives on tours
wit Momsug, Like yo, "How would you rather...?"
The cockiness to pop quiz Wiz didn't gather
Well not before she left anyway
But I feel like I can spill and reveal it any day
And never be too soon or too late
These thoughts and others, they run through me at the
gate
while, she checkin bags bout to make her trip round
Back to a world minus me she was bound
And I was left behind to write this rhyme
It took time cause she bounced with a piece of my mind
Yeah, disappear she did, my new cohort
I was back on my solo and the whole airport
it felt vacant, I'm just another face in the pool
Now that my reflection is no more visible
Back to my MCI empty identity
I wrote before she bounced even like, "Remember me!"
Yeah whateva ya do, darlin do
Cause whateva ya did took me outta what I'm all into
Even had me second guessin my profession
Her presence like a lesson that inspired such questions
What the fuck am I still rhymin for?
If I ain't blow yet, I must got bad timin or
it ain't for me, could that possibly be?
I even lost a battle to a lesser MC
Being the fresher MC, I got my little pride hurt
for holdin the mic, like the body inside of the skirt
And practically gave the title away
Cause in a spell I would have to say, "L.A. farewell"

[Outro: same singer]

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