

Lari White F/ Travis Tritt

"Broken Wing"

Visit "[Broken Wing](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Dah nuh na na nuh
G4 fo sure, we're goin to war son
On his snide pride lyin with a smile and forked tongue
Stealin with his eyes, chillin back of the forefront
Will's design to ill the mind, but here the fourth horse
comes
Screamin come freedom in this season of drought
Masonic demons meet in secret, we believe it aloud
Without the greedy, grubbin, ducky hands just feet in
the clouds
Swingin sickle at these anti Christos, keeping us down
Blingin, heathen at this bloody freak-nic, geekin to
drown
Crowds of weekend warriors, but Meaty seeked so we
found
Never peace on this earth, reserved for sleep in the
ground
Awaken only perfect in to keep the weakness without
But who's that creepin in the teachin without speakin a
sound?
The loudest deacon fell asleep and shrouds his speech
with a doubt
Yah's fallen singer, fingers you down to scheme and a
shout
Blinded eyes screamin, "why?" tryin to beef with the
how

(on the ground)
Wonder how with no wings, but we'll both fly
Only a fool would bring war on the Most High
(is that your broken wing)
Is that your broken wing? misery lovin company, huh?
Hopin we both die

He who's living in vain, though it's given us blang
And paints life in image, gimmicks in this splintering
frame
Tainted gift, that fallen angel clipped, crippled and
lame
Limpin for sympathy, bitch-like, but his riddle's his
name

His fiddle dribbles out the brittlest twang, the vain
cynical
Derail the faith train to enflame your fame, literal
Brang pain, vain to maintain the slaves brains
and claims of brave ways, but can't stay safe and
hidden though
It's either beefin or vegans or white Jesus in the middle
road
Posed for sold simpletons
Frozen in a glimpse of hope
Focus dimmed and interscoped
Floatin winter's splintered boat
Notice hiss in intervals
Lotus twigs and integrals
Known as bitch to flitty hoes
Golden grip and fixing votes
Sold us six in Christmas "ho's"
Broken scripts and videos
Jokin jist skinny bows
Locin shitty city folk
Hopin if the kiddies quote
They'll see him as the pinnacle
Yah

My eyes open high to the bloody horse soundin
Real birds and bees, honey forty four thousand
Comin on this cloud with a quake and a loud wind
Singin with this, Jesus to the drum of war poundin
We found him, now's the season, ain't no reason for
doubt, shit
If you ain't bout it, bout it, you're about to get drowned
kid
Til all praise Yah's triumph, Zion, this mountain
All that realized, I find my ties at his fountain
Bounce on witherin, slitherin ain't no side round it
Or way to stay out, to catch the snake on his down rip
With triple six brow, frow toutin this foul chip
Blazin, amazed at how this truth just sounds sick
Fakes ain't forever like the weather just sound bit
When lightning strikes twice on my mic and resounded
We wonder in the thunder ground without the dumb
proud shit
To see you on His judgment with a Blount and a crown
vic

Visit [Lari White F/ Travis Tritt](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.