

## Mandy Winter

### "1987"

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Acid-wash Guess with the leather patches  
Sportin' the white Diadoras with the hoodie that  
matches  
I'm wearing two Swatches and a small Gucci pouch  
I could have worn the Lugi but I left it in the house  
Now, my niggas Duce and Wayne got gold plates with  
their names  
With the skyline on it with the box link chain  
I'm wearing my frames  
They match my gear with their tint  
And you know Lagerfields is the scent

Now, my nigga Rafael just got his jeep out the shop  
Mint green sidekick, custom-made rag top  
"Strictly Business" is the album that we play  
"You're A Customer"; the pick of the day  
Now there's a nigga on the block, never seen him  
before  
Selling incense and oil, my man thinks that he's the law  
But why on earth would this be on their agenda?  
As he slowly approaches the window..

"Uh, uh, I've seen you before, I've been you and more  
I was the one bearing the pitcher of water  
I rent the large upper room  
Furnished with tidings of your doom  
Or pleasure, whichever feathers[?] decree."  
Yo Ralph is he talking to me?  
"No I'm talking to the sea son's resurrected  
I'm the solstice of the day  
I bring news from the blues of the Caspian"  
My man laughs, he's one them crazy motherfuckers  
Turn the music back up - 'cause I'm the E-Double'  
"Wait, but but but but I know the volume of the sea  
And sound waves as I will  
Will you allow me to be at your service?"  
My man Ralph is nervous. He believes  
That this strange tounge deceives  
And maybe he's been informed that  
He's pushing gats hidden in the back, beneath the floor  
mats

Come on Jack, we don't have time  
For your bullshit or playin  
A'salaam a something' or another  
"Wait isn't Juanita your mother?  
I told you I know you, now grant me a moment"

At the gates of Atlantis we stand  
Ours is the blood that flowed from the palms of his  
hands  
on the plow till earth  
till I'm now  
Moon cycles revisited, womb fruit of the sun  
Full moon of occasions wave the wolves where they run  
And they run towards the light casting love on the  
winds  
As is the science of the aroma of sleeping women  
Lost in his eyes they soon reflect my friend's are  
grinning  
But I'm a pupil of his sight  
The wheels are spinning  
Yo I'll see ya'll later on tonight

In the beginning her tears where the long awaited rains  
Of a parched Somali village  
Red dusted children danced shadows  
In the newfound mound of mascara that eclipsed her  
face  
Reflected in the smogged glass of carlos east street  
bodega  
Learning to love, she had forgotten to cry  
Seldom hearing the distant thunder in her lovers  
ambivalent sighs  
He was not honest  
She was not sure  
A great grandmother  
Had sacrificed the family's clarity for God in the late  
1800's  
Nonetheless she had allowed him to mispronounce her  
name  
Which had eventually led to her misinterpreting her  
own dreams  
And later doubting them  
But  
The night was young  
She the firstborn daughter of water faced darkness  
and smiled  
Took mystery as her lover  
And raised light as her child

Man that shit was wild you should have seen how they  
ran

She woke up in an alley with a gun in her hand  
Tupac in lotus form  
Ennis'[?] blood on his hands  
She woke up on a vessel  
The land behind her  
The sun within her  
Water beneath her  
Mushed corn for dinner  
Or was it breakfast  
Her stomach turned as if a compass  
She prayed towards east and lay there breathless  
They threw her overboard for dead  
She swam silently and fled  
Into the blue sea  
La soh fa mi, re do, si  
The seventh octave  
I don't mean to confuse you  
Many of us have been taught to sing  
And so we practice scales  
Many of us were born singing  
And thus were born with scales  
Mermaids, cooks, and fieldhands  
Sang a nightsong by the forest  
And the ocean was the chorus  
In Atlantis where they sang  
Those thrown overboard had overheard  
The mystery of the undertow  
And understood that down below  
There would be no more chains  
They surrendered breath and name  
And survived countless as rain  
I'm the weather man  
The clouds say storm is coming  
A white buffalo was born  
Already running  
And if you listen very close  
You'll hear a humming  
Beneath the surface of our purpose lies  
Rumors of ancient man  
Dressed in cloud face minstrels in the sky  
The moon's my mammy  
The storm holds my eye  
Dressed in westerlies [?]  
Robed by robes ol' man river knows my name  
And the reason you were born  
Is the reason  
That I came

Then she looks me in the face  
And her eyes get weak  
Pulse rate descends, hearts rate increase

Emcees look me in the face and their eyes get weak  
Pulse rates descends hearts rate increase  
It's like "beam me up, Scottie", I control your body  
I'm as deadly as AIDS when it's time to rock a party  
We all rocked fades, fresh faded in ladidadi - and  
when we rock the mic  
Ignore the feminine side - we rock the mic

I presented my feminine side with flowers  
She cut the stems and placed them gently down my  
throat  
And these two lips might soon eclipse your brightest  
hopes

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