

Crown (feat. Portugal. The Man)

Flatbush Zombies

I've been gloomin' and doomin' so long
I don't think I can carry on down
This long and winding road now
Can't you see that doom's been gloomin' too long
But I don't doubt we can stick it out
So when you hold me, hold me closer
Severed is the head that wears the crown
Bleedin' through people to see these stars
I'm needed in cities, large
Look down, tote out
Break down these walls
A stupid man could evolve
Losers told me I wouldn't be on the Earth for this long
My resurgence was strong, what do I do this for?
Gotta relieve, gotta release, everything beautiful
My fabric needs, kiss my niece, money don't soothe the soul
Ain't nobody perfect anyway, mama poured a glass of minute-maid
Rid me from the evils that away, the ones I gotta say
We could start a commotion
We can't help it, it's perpetual motion (motion)
It's just a drop in the ocean (ocean)
My crown of thorns in the city of roses, yeah
But it feels so right
And it feels so right
Real music's still with it
Fake niggas don't get on
Just a message to myself
Mirror, mirror, on the wall
This that Arc, Portugal.,
Meechy Dark, just go off
This my destiny written on the wall
Played my part
Real music's still with it
Fake niggas don't get on
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But I don't doubt we can stick it out,

So when you hold me, hold me closer
Severed is the head that wears the crown
No one gets out alive
So we live like we already died
No one will ever understand but the sky
Sometimes it's just hard to focus with these voices inside the mind
I'm a demon to some
I'm an angel to others
Gotta die for what you love or love until it kills you
Don't be the type to talk about shit and not live it
I manifested every single one of my visions
So I only blame myself when I don't make it to the finish
Please don't let this perception become your reflection
Uh, but excuse my aggression 'cause my tribe called for questions
If I'm made in God's image,
Tell me why am I blemished?
Simple question, huh, quite perplexin'
Them snakes will say they love you but hate you,
That's type deceptive
My voice a controlled substance, ingest this
Might fuck around and fail your drug test, reckless
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Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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