

Nostalgious (feat. Taelor Gray & B. Reith)

Christon Gray

The layaway flow
Lot of things been on hold
I've been paying for something he gave away, though
Guess I feel obligated
Probably since the day i came home
Don't make a lot of sense
The problem is I'm day to day low on change
Say it ain't so
Probably spent a lot of days on condemnation
I paper plate fold
Moping, I'm motivated that will make me change clothes
I'm Django, I feel like a slave so I'm cautious
To say no but in the same note I'm bossin'
I stay broke but on the same note I'm flossin'
Knowin good and well I'm outta my range so I'm falsin'
Falsetto vibrato, I lost it
Singin I am a god, but this ain't livin'
If you just buying Lebrons, and this ain't winning
If you just trying for bronze medallions
I used to keep my eye on the prize
Nostalgia
My oh my, my blue eyes telling me
A story I describe as a true crime felony
The cruel world through the pupils of a school girl
I'm doing my best not to let it take form
To my surprise I'm nothing more than a pedigree
Working like a dog to keep the dogs off my door
But every dog has its day so I'm torn
Between home or the tour, rose or the thorns
I'm doin' my best not to let it take form
Me and my angels, triangle is the norm
But I'm caught up in the circle, spinning wheels till I'm worn
Push 'em to the edge, edges look worn
So I'm kneeling at my bed till my circle transform
To an octagon red, still I ignore
Back to the circles, now I'm back in the storm
Blue grey eyes, gotta Skype her in the mornin
Night-night to Mya, to mommy its the norm
The honeymoon is gone, back to the swarm
I'm making more money but honey ain't impressed
Cause she know about the stress and she knows about the porn
I can feel the disconnect, I can feel it even more

I'm trynna take a breath, but there's nothing like a scorn
I'm feeling so withered, ain't no sunshine when she's gone
I gotta go get it
The circle's your rock ladawn
Yo, this is King meets Calvin
Cold blooded, 100 below kelvin
This nostalgia harder to read than Melville
On the same tide and we rolling like Yeldon
I drop anchor, vibing to Ben Tankard
All of this advertising, mind of a Don Draper
Gold rush in the tomb with the finer things
Meeting women on the fly, grew some designer wings
Ribbon in the sky, how cruel is the irony
I may never see it on my stool in the winery
Was in the swimming pools calling it the liver pool red-eye
Used to rock forces like a Jedi
Turn Puma turn lunar and eclipsed
Did the son preach my funeral the universe's expense
None rich and journey big up in the system
Elevation is forever, indwelling is the sixth sense
At times I tend to lose focus
Should I scratch lines to render men hopeless
Or flat line my own dreams of show biz so
His love can shine through this opus I remember that moment like yesterday
Your smile came through the cloud
Nothing else mattered more in than that moment when you called me out of the ground

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