

Derek Pope - Lost Woods

{Verse 1}

Off in the lost woods, with the no goods
Splitting like a wishbone, finger like a fishhook
Quick look, I can see them all from here
With the pitchforks, throw a curveball from here
Like a missile, Pistol Pete between your feet, I don't miss those, Schizo,
is it really me or I'm wishful
Thinking I'ma die with the rich folks
Fist full, guarding the garden I tiptoe

{Verse 2}

Off and away now, outta range
This not one of those, this a bouquet
She dope said she go one of two ways
Telescope lookin out the window through the haze for days
Animals breaking out the cage
I can see the demon on your face, the one you paint

{Verse 3}

Flowers still bloom start sticking like glue
Body move slow but mind on Mach 2
Said I'm not a artist I'm a whole mood
Damn that's a bold move ma'am, this a Whole Foods
I remember days tryna figure what to do
I remember days tryna figure who was who
And you never do
Still my alphabet soup all W's
Still I'd rather be me than some of you
Everything on point that's my point of view
Arc for a villain when I'm coming through
When I've done a few, this is not a honeymoon