

MATRE

Song: **Droppin' Lines**

Album: **Easter Sunday**

Chorus

There's a line between people
We draw it with our mind
I've got my own body and my own thoughts inside /
A whole galaxy's going off in here
A voice talks non-stop
No one else can hear
Stand behind the line I only get more scared
'Cause now I locked myself in with my only real fear /
Many lines for many reasons
But they seem to disappear
When we do some deep speaking
And reality's shared.

Verse 1

Yep,
Yesterday a friend that I'd recently met
Saw the line and took a step so we could deeper connect
As I was leaving this event we had both been at
We walked slowly as he told me without holding back
That he wondered how I was feeling as he noticed that
I was white and everyone one else who rolled was black
And would I trip or feel intimidated if the topic escalated
To a conversation 'bout our racist past?
I was struck
But immediately appreciated what he asked
We stopped walking
Locked eyes
I answered "Yeah"
Probably not intimidated though uncomfortable
But that's just more of a reason that I need to show up 'cause so
Much of the time
It's killing me in mind
Inequality is a disease and it drives me crazy when it stays inside

And at that moment
My universe tilted
Maybe just an inch
But enough that I could feel it ("drop")
And I guess his moved
Just a little bit too 'cause all of a sudden there was an opening we could see each other
through
A couple hours had gone by since we'd arrived
But just then, our spirit's had their first chance to say hi
Almost laughing, he smiled, said,
"I know what you mean"
I hear you, but I feel like I'm listening to me
He pointed at his temple
Put his hands behind his back like he was handcuffed
And said, "I've had enough of this mind trap...
I wanta' be free, damn I've been trippin' out,"
I heard him speak and felt like it was me that was talking now
I nodded to tell him, he took the words right out my mouth,
"Think we're neighbors in the same prison, how we gettin' out?"
And there on that street
I wonder how it appeared
Two men staring at flip sides of the same mirror
But that mirror was merely air
And that air was barely there,
Gave a pound, and said,
"Let's keep talking brother take care."

Chorus

Verse 2 (Shout Outs)

Beat produced by my man Marechal (hey)
Keep you loose with my man Jericho J
Peep the truth as a family we won't stray
Universal 1 came to usher in a new day.

Check the scratch with my big brother Chaps (hey)
'Round the map, Brazil to Canada to L.A.
Drop the lines, talk and find we share the same pain
Boom bap Rap, old medicine for new change.

Chorus