

Yo

The final straw is usually the smallest
Divine law guiding my trajectory is flawless
A few people next to me are lawless
But we all are in our own ways
They see the hair, then see the chains
I see they tone change
I hit depression didn't pick up when the phone rang
Never those days again
They were just growing pains
And I learned just like a flower none of us grow the same
And I'm learning my power come with some shoulder pain
Cause when it come down to it, nobody gun round proof, and you
dumb if you think you is
I'm near the sun, mount Fuji ring on my thumb, thumbing through
the cheese, smoking runtz, and my beautiful queen stunting, th
is life is a dream
And I'm just hoping I don't wake up from it
Praying for strength and sustenance
Thoughts internally rushing
It's wild
Most aren't cut for this style
I keep getting lost in the moment, keep gettin lost in her smil
e
Finding my way through the world, lost in the clouds
Carry, the weight of the world growing
The state of the world showing
They hate my complexion in every place in the world, but heaven
That's how the portray it
But the way that I'm winning I know somebody praying for me
I live in a state of semi-euphoria
Melancholic and glorious
Hypnagogic in Astoria